



When Mother's
Away —

It's fun to make
cocoa for lunch

Baker's Cocoa

is easily made; of delicious flavor and aroma. Aside from the fun of making it,

it is a most valuable addition to a meal, as it provides a large amount of nutrition in a readily assimilable form



REGISTERED
TRADE MARK

BOOKLET OF CHOICE
RECIPES SENT FREE

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

MONTREAL, CAN. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Pack Your Butter In This Tub

made of indurated Fibreware—which is wood pulp—moulded under tremendous hydraulic pressure and baked to flint-like hardness. Affords positive protection against deterioration. Every farmer should use

EDDY'S INDURATED FIBREWARE Butter Tubs

Absolutely impervious to taints and odors—there are no crevices or cracks or hoops. They are light for shipping—and so strong and durable and so easily cleaned, they can be used over and over again.

Made in Canada
by
E.B. EDDY CO.
Limited
Hull - Canada

Makers of the
Famous EDDY
MATCHES



REAL HARRIS, LEWIS, AND
SHETLAND HOMESPUNS
DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

The Aristocrat of Tweed for Sporting Wear

Price \$2.50 per yd. Carr. paid
Patterns Free

S.A. NEWALL & SONS (Dept. W.H.), Stornoway, Scotland
State shade desired and whether for Gents' or Ladies' Wear

Christmas Prayer

By REV. C. R. FLANDERS, D.D.
Broadway Methodist Church - Winnipeg

Our Father: We thank Thee for the music of the Christmas bells ringing merrily. We thank Thee for their ever sweetening theme of "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men." We praise Thee for that Divine Love that wrapped itself in the swaddling clothes of our weak flesh and slumbered in a manger. For the Divine Man, Who in the sackcloth of our humanity built His house by the wayside that He might become the Friend of Man. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

We are glad for the love lure of His life of matchless self-giving ever beckoning us to the heights. For the love that would not let us go in that dark hour when amid shadows too dark for even angel eyes to pierce, Divine Mercy laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. For His return in the blessed Holy Spirit that He might still be our Guide, our Comforter and Friend.

We bless Thee for the Christian Civilization we have through Him. For our national life of peace and sunlit outlooks. For our happy firesides, and for the ever-singing joy of Immortality.

Hear us, we beseech Thee, as we pray that we may love Him too. That as we this Christmas linger in thought around the manger in the little town of Bethlehem, His vision of world conquest, His spirit of self-surrender and His devotion to the Brotherhood of Man may become all our own. May the very Christ-Child be born anew in our hearts, even while the Christmas bells are ringing and our poor earth seems vocal with the jubilation of the angelic heralds.

And, ere we close, hear us, we pray for those to whom Christmas brings only torturing memories of happy days gone forever; for those who through pain or poverty can only hope for patience to endure; for the prisoner in his cell, for lives too bitter to be borne; for the empty, aching home where a dear one comes no more.

"Oh, the Christmas that is fled;
Lord of living and of dead
Comfort Thou"

And this we ask, with the forgiveness of our sins, only in His name and for His sake. Amen.

EDITORIAL NOTE—Three days after penning the above beautiful lines, the Rev. Dr. Flanders was called to his eternal reward, thereby ending a life of ineffable sweetness and practical Christian usefulness. The termination of his earthly pilgrimage leaves Canada poorer, yet she is richer because of the many good works that he was for years privileged to carry on, and that from his own fine life he gave freely for the uplift of his fellows.



BABY COATES.

"Once weak and delicate."

63, Ellerslie Road,
Clapham Park, S.W.4.

Dear Sirs,

At 3 months old our baby was weak and delicate, causing us a great deal of anxiety. We were advised to try "Virol," and did so, with the result that now at 11 months of age he is as bonny a baby as any mother could wish to have; he weighs 22 lbs. 2 ozs., is firm and well proportioned. We feel confident that this is due to the regular use of Virol, and should advise all mothers to use it.

I am, yours truly,

E. COATES.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOYRIL, Ltd.,
27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.

S.H.B.



PUBLIC confidence in Birks' Optical Service has grown out of the satisfactory experience the public has had with it. People have found Birks' Glasses a success—and Birks' service accurate, prompt and friendly.

Write or phone for an appointment

J. F. TULLOCH
Optometrist

Birks
Optical
Department

Cor. Portage Ave. and Smith St. Winnipeg



FREE Lavalriere or
Rose Bud Ring.
Ring set with Rose Bud. Laval-
liere set with rex stone, green
gold leaves. Your choice for 12
cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.





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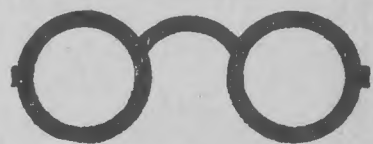
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MONARCH-KNIT

SWEATERS - HOSIERY - YARNS

"Monarch Floss"
"Monarch Dove"
"Monarch Down"

EACH of these well-known Monarch Yarns is spun from fine, long-fibre Australian wools, and each comes in forty fashionable shades in handy balls of various weights for various uses. Book No. 5—"Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns"—is just off the press. It tells you exactly how to knit many stylish Coats, Pullovers, Caps, Scarves, etc., and exactly how much yarn is required. Price 25c each from your dealer, or if he is not able to supply you, from the factory direct. Mail us the coupon at the foot of this advertisement and 25c and we will send you a copy by return mail.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING will be made much simpler, easier, and more enjoyable, if you have the forethought to include in your gift list Monarch-Knit Hosiery. Stylish as well as sensible, it will be welcomed no less for its usefulness than for its long wear and good looks. The new elastic-rib top, made with a special stitch, gives perfect fit with perfect comfort. Heels and toes are double spliced; legs are full length; ankles fit snugly and trimly, and the sizes are correctly marked. Your drygoodsman is now showing a full range of Monarch-Knit stockings and socks for men and women, in fashionable weaves and colors, at moderate prices.

If you wish your gift to be of a very special nature, let us suggest a Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat or Pullover, either of which may be had in delightful color combinations with that unusual refinement of finish which always distinguishes Monarch-Knit styles. An early inspection of your dealer's display will convey far better than words just what we mean by this.

The
Monarch
Knitting
Co. Limited

Dept. W.H.
Dunnville, Ontario

I enclose 25c for
which please send me
at once a copy of "Art
in Knitting Monarch
Yarns," No. 5.

Name.....

Address.....



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MONARCH-KNIT
THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED
MADE IN CANADA



Work for Busy Fingers

Cont'd from page 90

stitches, then decrease the next two stitches as directed in previous decrease round, and repeat from * all round. 138 double crochet now in round.

46th round—1 d.c. into each stitch all round.

47th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next twenty-one stitches, then decrease the next two stitches, and repeat from * all round. 132 stitches now in round.

48th round—1 d.c. into each stitch all round.

49th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next twenty stitches, then decrease the next two stitches, repeat from * all round. 126 double crochet now in round. Work eight more rounds without further decrease upon these 126 stitches. Now join on the contrasting wool for the border, and work one round, putting 1 d.c. into each stitch all round. Here the filet pattern is commenced.

1st round—Five chain to commence the round, miss two stitches, 1 tr. into next stitch, * 2 ch., miss two stitches, 1 tr. into next, and repeat from * until two stitches of round only remain, then 2 ch., and slip-stitch into the third chain of the five worked at the beginning. There will be forty-two holes in the round.

2nd round—Five chain to commence round, 1 tr. on first treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, repeat from * all round, then 2 ch., and slip-stitch into third chain of the five commencing the round. There are still forty-two holes in round.

3rd round—Five chain to commence round, 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch. 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round but finish at end of the group of four treble, making the fourth treble of this group by slip-stitching into the third chain of the five at commencement. There are five holes between each group of four treble in this round.

4th round—Three chain to stand for first treble of round, 2 tr. into first hole, 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole, 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round, finishing with 2 ch. after the group of four treble, and slip-stitching into the top of the third chain at commencement of the round, thus linking the pattern together.

5th round—5 ch. to commence round, miss 2 tr., 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., miss two treble, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., miss two treble, 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round, working at end the 2 tr. into hole, and slip-stitching into the third chain of the five at commencement to form the fourth treble of this group, and so complete the pattern.

6th round—Five chain to commence, 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round, making 2 ch., and slip-stitching into third chain of the five at commencement to complete last hole of round.

Last round—1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c., all into first hole, * 1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c., all into next hole, and repeat from * all round. Fasten off securely.

Turn the hat inside out, as this will be the right side of it, and brush well all over, using the brush in one direction only. The filet border should not be brushed, as the design is more effective if the border is left smooth.

After the hat is brushed turn back the border.

CHILD'S CROCHETED HOOD IN WEDGE-STITCH

See page 90 for illustration

Materials required are one and one-half hanks of 4-fold Germantown wool, white, or any preferred color, and a bone crochet-hook of medium size. While intended for a small child, this hood

may be very easily enlarged to fit any head.

Chain 4 stitches with white wool, join.

1. Chain 3 for a treble, 19 trebles in ring, join.

2. Draw up a loop, insert hook in 1st stitch, * wool over, draw up a loop, wool over, hook in next stitch, over, draw up a loop, wool over, draw through all the loops on hook, chain 1, insert hook in same stitch, and repeat from * until there are 19 wedge-stitches in the round.

3. Draw up loop, insert hook in 1st space, draw up a loop, over, insert hook in next space, draw up a loop, over, draw through all loops on the needle, chain 1, * insert hook in same space, draw up a loop, over, insert hook in next space, draw up a loop, over, draw through all stitches on needle, chain 1, and repeat, widening by putting 2 stitches in every 3rd of previous round.

4. Widen in every 5th stitch.

5. Plain, that is, without widening.

6. Widen every 3rd stitch.

7, 8, 9. Plain.

10. Plain to within 7 stitches of the end; break wool and fasten it at other end again.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Same as 10th row, leaving the 7 stitches for back of neck.

16. Fasten in, chain 3, and work a treble in every stitch. It is very pretty to use a thread of ice-wool with the Germantown when making the border.

17, 18. A double in each stitch around bottom or neck of hood.

19, 20, 21, 22, 23. A double in each stitch across front, working in both veins of stitch.

Turn back the border, finish with a bow of ribbon at back, a rosette on top, and ribbon ties.

To make the hood larger you have but to continue widening the crown until of proper size, which will make the front proportionally longer and leave the neck wider. Any fancy stitch may be used in the same way, following the general directions given.

Classify Our Eggs

Cont'd from page 87

The system of grading eggs is a very commendable one and should appeal to all consumers and retailers. A dozen eggs may consist of many kinds such as large, small, clean, dirty, new laid, and nearly stale. A bad egg or two in a dozen may give all the rest of them a bad name and cause dissatisfaction to a good customer. The systematic classification of eggs puts your business into the daylight and the various grades may be sold at a fair price as such grades. The adoption of the system of weight would be far more satisfactory than selling eggs of miscellaneous sizes, for with the latter plan it is somewhat of a gamble in regard to value. For instance, one customer may purchase some eggs for a given price, then another customer may come along and purchase the same quantity of eggs, paying exactly the same price and have a fairly good margin of value over the first customer in the extra weight of his eggs. Eggs should weigh a pound and a half to the dozen.

Cleanliness is a very important factor in the egg market and if the eggs are put up attractively one may rest assured they will have a far greater appeal to the buying public than a similar group of eggs with just as good merit under the shell but lacking in the clean appearance. Cardboard cartons with the name of the retailer on the lid and made to contain a dozen eggs apiece have a winning way with the public, and make the handling of eggs much safer.

An Easy Way to Raise Poultry

"What," said the lady who does her own marketing, "is the price of these chickens?"

"A dollar and a quarter apiece, ma'am," replied the market woman.

"Did you raise them yourself?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. They was only a dollar ten last week," was the reply.

Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

trading and bargaining the element of goodwill, is proving his religion. Extortion and injustice are wholly irreconcilable ideals. Every man must make his choice. No one can play a double game.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

In their thinking some men get little beyond the circle of self, others get little beyond the family circle. The great majority think on terms of the community and the nation, but sad to say, some never rise beyond this to the conception of universal brotherhood. Now, it is right that a man should be loyal to himself; it is an imperative duty that he should look after his own family; if he is to accomplish anything worth while he must unite with members of the community in furthering community ends, and if he is to discharge the duties of citizenship he must be possessed of a patriotic spirit, he must love his land "with a love unfeigned," and serve it "with a glad mind." Yet, there is a possibility beyond all this. The people of Germany were incapable of taking the next step. They were too intensely German. There are signs that some of the people to the south of us are too intensely American. It comes out in the utterances of their public men and the foolish claims of their writers in their magazines. So too, it is possible that we in Canada may be so limited in our sympathy that we may never see the people beyond our borders, nor understand how our own happiness and welfare are wrapped up in their prosperity and how our thoughts of self and man and God, are dependent upon a recognition of the rights and claims of others.

There are some who go so far as to say that national allegiance stands in the way of world brotherhood. This is a fundamental error. The only way for a man to reach the broader conception is to work up by degrees from the lower orders. Shakespeare was right when he said:

"This above all, to thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to anyman."

In the same way it is only the man who is true to himself, his family, his neighborhood and his nation, that is capable of the love, that will encompass all men. A broad cosmopolitanism which is not prepared for by concrete manifestations at home, has nothing in it of enduring quality. If you like to say it, here is the weakness of Bolshevism and related movements.

For those who have perfected themselves in the smaller sphere there is need to-day as never before of viewing all actions and problems as they affect the world or the whole of mankind. Anything that does not make for universal well-being is amiss. Good-will in its highest form is good-will to men. That feeling which prompted the great leaders of the world to aim at a League of Nations was a truly christian feeling. The expression of their wish may not have been satisfactory to all, but the idea was a noble one, and it must in time prevail. It is impossible that the people of this world shall continue to be arrayed against each other in worrying groups. Whatever others may say or do it is for christian people to emphasize that good-will which recognizes the right of all men to divine Sonship. Race, language, creed, and color, these represent only minor distinctions in the great family of the "Children of the King." And so at Christmas time we can all join in the angel song—good-will at home, good-will in the nation, good-will in the whole round world. Let the bells ring out peace—good-will to men.

THE REFERENDUM

The three prairie provinces are to be congratulated upon their decision to prohibit the importation of liquor. Whatever action will now be taken by the various governments will depend no doubt upon the expressed will of the people. The next vote will take the form: "Do you favor government control of liquor shops or do you wish the province to be bone dry?" This question is a simple one and people will have little difficulty in arriving at a decision. There are some things we have a right to prohibit in any land. Among these are forms of amusement, occupations and temptations that are likely to misdirect or injure the developing life of young people. We are probably guilty in not exercising supervision in many lines. In the case of liquor we do well to keep it away from children, and because of them we willingly forego any desires we may have acquired as older

people. The voice of a man who is claiming individual liberty is drowned out by the voices of children claiming protection. That is one argument we cannot overlook. My neighbor was right when he said: "I'll vote not for myself but for wee David."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

It was very difficult for a Canadian to get excited over the American elections. On one side a man who opposed the League of Nations, without knowing what he would put in its place, and yet claiming that something should be put in its place, on the other side a man who tried to win the election in America by telling Britain how to settle her distinctively local problems,—it was pretty hard to distinguish between them. Fortunately we have learned that in American elections it is possible to discount the utterances of the speakers. President Harding will no doubt work out something almost similar to the League and will claim that it is a wholly new idea. The Democrats will say that it is the same thing in a new dress. And so the agreement will continue. What need we care, provided the nations of the world come together to prevent war and to guard the rights of the weaker? Towards this end we can all work, and we can extend to the President-elect our best wishes that he may be successful beyond all expectations in realizing his hopes for world-peace. We trust that when his term of office has expired his name will be as highly esteemed as the names of the great men who have preceded him in office.

HOW "MEDICINE HAT" GOT ITS NAME By Max McD.

It will be surprising to many people to be told that a head-piece was responsible for the name of the Western Canadian City which Rudyard Kipling designated "The City Born Lucky" and there are few who really know the incident that called forth the name.

Medicine means more to an Indian than to us. We think of it as something diabolical that is good for us—queer anomaly—but the Indian distinguishes as "good medicine" and "bad medicine" anything that he fancies will change his fortunes for better or worse. Imagine that an Indian is hunting antelope and meeting with no success. Presently he finds an empty rifle shell or the top of a tomato tin, and shortly after he gets a crack at his game. Can he doubt that the piece of tin or the shell gave the luck. Not he. In this he is as reasonable as many of his white brothers. He wears that tomato tin or empty shell about his neck with his other jewelry and it is "good medicine."

Well, several years ago there was a Blackfoot chief who lived in the vicinity of Seven Person's Creek which is now the City of Medicine Hat. He and his party hunted mostly, and for diversion made war on their enemies, the Crees. He had much satisfaction in the wearing of a head-piece of feathers which he called his "medicine hat," for when he wore it he had good fortune if he had luck.

It was a dark day for the chief when he last met the Crees in the place where now stands the growing city. He fell upon them with great industry, smiling, slaying, scalping, fairly beaming with satisfaction. But just as the enemy was in flight a gust of wind whirled out of the west, caught the magic hat, and tossed it into the swift-running Saskatchewan. Instant was the effect; the poor chief lost all confidence in himself and his cause, and with victory at his hand he forebore to grasp it, but fled over the plains toward the Rockies followed by his tribe.

And thus befell the evil that leaves its record in Medicine Hat.

A Polite Inquiry

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, says a writer in the Cleveland "Leader," he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw the little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he.

"How is your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"



All Outdoors Invites Your Christmas

KODAK

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Issued Monthly
10c Per Copy

WINNIPEG, MAN., DECEMBER, 1920

Western Canada's
Home Magazine



De Olde Christmas Music

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EACH of these well-known Monarch Yarns is spun from fine, long-fibre Australian wools, and each comes in forty fashionable shades in handy balls of various weights for various uses. Book No. 5—"Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns"—is just off the press. It tells you exactly how to knit many stylish Coats, Pullovers, Caps, Scarves, etc., and exactly how much yarn is required. Price 25c each from your dealer, or if he is not able to supply you, from the factory direct. Mail us the coupon at the foot of this advertisement and 25c and we will send you a copy by return mail.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING will be made much simpler, easier, and more enjoyable, if you have the forethought to include in your gift list Monarch-Knit Hosiery. Stylish as well as sensible, it will be welcomed no less for its usefulness than for its long wear and good looks. The new elastic-rib top, made with a special stitch, gives perfect fit with perfect comfort. Heels and toes are double spliced; legs are full length; ankles fit snugly and trimly, and the sizes are correctly marked. Your drygoodsman is now showing a full range of Monarch-Knit stockings and socks for men and women, in fashionable weaves and colors, at moderate prices.

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Christmas Prayer

By REV. C. R. FLANDERS, D.D.
Broadway Methodist Church - Winnipeg

Our Father: We thank Thee for the music of the Christmas bells ringing merrily. We thank Thee for their ever sweetening theme of "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will toward men." We praise Thee for that Divine Love that wrapped itself in the swaddling clothes of our weak flesh and slumbered in a manger. For the Divine Man, Who in the sackcloth of our humanity built His house by the wayside that He might become the Friend of Man. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

We are glad for the love lure of His life of matchless self-giving ever beckoning us to the heights. For the love that would not let us go in that dark hour when amid shadows too dark for even angel eyes to pierce, Divine Mercy laid upon Him the iniquity of us all. For His return in the blessed Holy Spirit that He might still be our Guide, our Comforter and Friend.

We bless Thee for the Christian Civilization we have through Him. For our national life of peace and sunlit outlooks. For our happy firesides, and for the ever-singing joy of Immortality.

Hear us, we beseech Thee, as we pray that we may love Him too. That as we this Christmas linger in thought around the manger in the little town of Bethlehem, His vision of world conquest, His spirit of self-surrender and His devotion to the Brotherhood of Man may become all our own. May the very Christ-Child be born anew in our hearts, even while the Christmas bells are ringing and our poor earth seems vocal with the jubilation of the angelic heralds.

And, ere we close, hear us, we pray for those to whom Christmas brings only torturing memories of happy days gone forever; for those who through pain or poverty can only hope for patience to endure; for the prisoner in his cell, for lives too bitter to be borne; for the empty, aching home where a dear one comes no more.

"Oh, the Christmas that is fled;
Lord of living and of dead
Comfort Thou"

And this we ask, with the forgiveness of our sins, only in His name and for His sake. Amen.

EDITORIAL NOTE—Three days after penning the above beautiful lines, the Rev. Dr. Flanders was called to his eternal reward, thereby ending a life of ineffable sweetness and practical Christian usefulness. The termination of his earthly pilgrimage leaves Canada poorer, yet she is richer because of the many good works that he was for years privileged to carry on, and that from his own fine life he gave freely for the uplift of his fellows.



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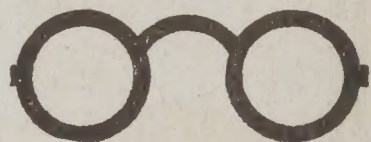
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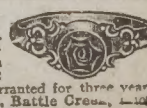
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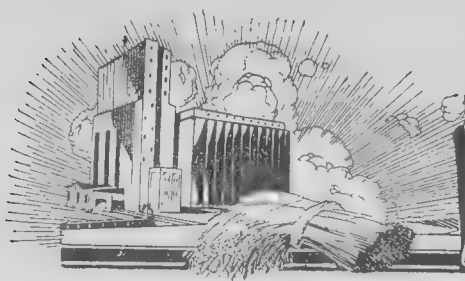
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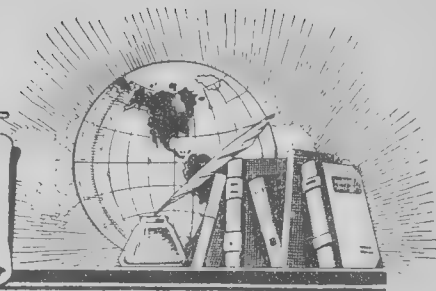
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EDITORIAL



Good-Will to Our Readers

IN the message of the angels there is one little word which draws the thought of the individual away from self, and makes him consider his relation to his fellows. It is the little word good-will. To a world torn by discords and lost in a maze of misunderstandings the message comes this year as in the past, that the cure for all distresses, the solution of all problems that vex mankind, is the practice of that unselfish virtue which Christ came to illustrate in His life.

Differences of thought and opinion there must be, because men and women have varied experience in life, but these differences are not a source of division when people are bound together by good-will. A man who is perfectly honest with himself cannot think exactly as any other man. His thought must harmonize with his own experience, and his experience is like that of no other being. Men band themselves into groups called sects and parties and unions and pretend to be the same in thought and feeling, but they are never quite alike, and the very condition that they shall help one another is that they differ, however slightly in their beliefs and opinions.

This is true even in the religious field. When an attempt is made to reduce belief and practice to dead uniformity, formalism creeps in. Religion becomes not a part of life, but is swallowed up in ceremonies and observances. A truly religious act springs from the heart of a man. It is an expression of his very self. So, too, a truly religious conviction is a personal conviction. A religion that is worth while cannot be assumed, it must be voluntarily adopted. Uniformity is not to be wished for and should never be insisted upon. The condition of progress is not that all individuals be similar in attainment, thought and feeling but that there be diversity in unity. What binds men together, in reality, is not that they subscribe to a common creed, but that they are actuated by good-will.

The best advice we can give those who are working for the good of humanity is that they shall put less emphasis upon destructive difference and more upon co-operation. The emphasis of the former ends in discord and misunderstandings; the emphasis of the latter promotes brotherhood and peace.

Good-Will in the Young

Good-will in the young may be cultivated in the home and the school. Home is in all respects the most important institution of civilization. In no other institution is it so easy to inculcate the virtue of co-operation and friendly intercourse. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Burns gives us a beautiful picture of life in the old Scottish family:

"Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, with her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as well as new;
The father mixes all with admonition due."

It would be sacrilege to add to this picture or to comment upon it. Fortunate the land which can boast of homes possessed of this spirit. Better than riches untold is the warm heart, the kind thought and genuine good-will.

The common school can develop the same spirit. The very fact that it brings together all races, classes, creeds, and causes them to forget their differences in the thought of a common Canadian citizenship, is enough to justify its existence. Then too the common experiences in school—the songs, the recitations, the drills and other co-operative exercises, and above all, the games on the play-ground—all these when performed in the spirit of friendliness make for that virtue which conditions harmony and peace in the nation. The greatest thing about a school fits him to live as he should among his fellows.

Good-Will in Business

If trade and commerce were actuated by good-will what a different story people would have to tell! Here is a man who passes wheat through his elevator, purchasing it from the farmer and shipping it to Fort William, the rake-off being 18 cents a bushel over all expenses. Here is a man who acts as custodian of the workman's funds, giving three per cent and lending out at eight per cent, thus making a profit of five dollars on an outlay of three dollars. Here again is one who buys potatoes from a farmer at \$1.25 and re-sells them inside of an hour at \$2.00. Here is a man that engages to do eight hours' work a day and yet designedly gives only half-time service. All such illustrations as this point to the absence of good-will and to the reign of unbridled selfishness. It was to protest against this selfishness, to point out a better way and to illustrate it in a beautiful life that the Man of Nazareth came to earth. In word and in deed—and He was the only one whose deed was equal to His word—He taught that each man can love his neighbor as himself, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is only when the whole course of truth feels the quickening pulse of good-will that conditions will be stabilized and harmony restored.

The spirit of good-will manifests itself in loving thoughts and gracious deeds. It takes a group of boys who are given to lawlessness and destruction and transforms them into a band of helpful philanthropists. On Hallowe'en such a band had planned the robbing of orchards, the tearing down of fences, the destruction of property. Under the influence of a kindly-disposed citizen who was once a stirring boy himself, and who understood the moving forces in growing lads, the projected invasion was turned in the direction of digging a widow's potatoes and placing them in a pit.

This followed by a taffy-pull and pop-corn supper was infinitely better than anything lawlessness could provide. So too in the business world, the lowering of prices, to a point where the poor can buy, the charging for services on a scale that will permit all to engage help, the imposing of profits that are reasonable and fair alike to buyer and seller—with the odds always a little in favor of the other party—this will mean happiness and contentment, and a joy that the amassing of wealth can never provide. And when it comes to the end of life on earth those pass happily into the new existence who have known what it is to be good and kindly and well-disposed to others, for the promise is for to-day as well as yesterday: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink." It is not to be thought for a moment that religious righteousness is one thing and civic or commercial righteousness another. Life is one, and cannot be divided. The true measure of a man is his behavior in his every-day life, not his profession nor his performance on what are termed religious occasions. A business man who carries into his (Contd. on page 96)

The Newspaper of the Future

Specially written for W.H.M. by Nellie L. McClung

I am sore at newspapers. They print the wrong sort of news. If a man strikes another man, he gets a paragraph, but if he lends another man ten dollars, he gets nothing, perhaps not even the ten. If a man beats up the whole neighborhood, he gets his picture on the front page, and a biographical sketch is written of him for the Sunday edition. But if he serves a whole neighborhood all his life, he is not mentioned in the daily press, except when he dies, and his family pay "Usual Rates" for the three-quarter inch insertion.

Strange, isn't it?

I read a column telling the usual wife beating story. Old man Smithers got lit up, in these closing days of the traffic, and under the exhilarating influence of John Barleycorn, decided he would beat up his wife and family. The story is told with gruesome realism, and I am so sorry for Mrs. Smithers and the five scared children, and I am so mad at the old man I can't go on with my work.

And when I say I feel this way, I know I am speaking for the thousands of other people who read the same story. We are all types. And this is where I find fault with the newspapers. Why do they print this harrowing stuff? Why do they let loose on a tender hearted public, a story that sends so many of us to our work this Monday morning, heavy hearted, indignant and dewy eyed.

I am perfectly willing to be sad of heart and teary of eye every day of the week, if it will do anyone any good—but it doesn't. I get nothing from the Smithers' story and its effect on me, but a headache; Mrs. Smithers gets nothing out of it—and worse still—the old man gets nothing. I contend that most of us get enough cause for grief, in the block in which we live, or at least in the circle of friends, without getting any from a distance.

Then too, there is the power of suggestion, which is a strong factor in human conduct. Stories of crime, lead to crime. We are all great imitators, and the newspapers see to it that we get a variety of iniquities to choose from.

I do not want to read about family quarrels, desertions, wife-beatings, stealing, fraud, cruelty and incendiary fires. I want to read stories of girls who went right, women who love their husbands and stay with them through the long years of adversity and arrive at a comfortable competency in the closing years of their lives. I want to read of heroism, generosity, neighborly kindness. I want to be reminded of the vast number of fine people there are in the world. I want to think well of my kind, and the newspaper which prints this sort of cheering, comforting and inspiring news will get my subscription, even though they do not give anybody's History of the War as a premium.

I wonder will it ever be!

Nellie L. McClung.

GRANDMOTHER'S DAY—LITTLE GIRL BLUE TELLING OUR FORTUNES

BY JANEY CANUCK

HIDDEN somewhere in the granary of their mind, most folk carry around an example of what they consider the most perfect piece of repartee.

Some day, when I get the time and money, I intend giving a party and a prize for the best example of clever replies which have been made on the spur of the moment. To my thinking the cleverest was that which fell from the lips of that master-wit, Alexandre Dumas, when in answer to the question, "How do you grow old so gracefully?" He replied, "Madam, I give all my time to it."

"To grow old gracefully" is no easy task either. Old age has no stronger pang than its own accompanying sensitiveness. Rogers, who was often complimented on being a fine old man, used snappily to reply, "There is no such thing, sir, as a fine old man."

For ourself, we never care for that picture of Whistler's Mother sitting with her feet on a hassock waiting for death. She is artistic looking, no doubt, and of quite refined demeanour but much too shadowy.

Personally, we intend to keep our family worrying over misdeeds till the very end. We intend to be quite headstrong, and nothing shall ever induce us to wear a lace fichu or pale mauve. Most old ladies would look much better in pale pink anyway.

We were thinking about these matters the other day when, in opening a letter, a photograph fell therefrom on our table, showing a line of grandmothers who had gone holidaying together in Alberta, leaving their grandchildren to take care of themselves.

One of the peculiar things about country grandmothers is that they are "always there," meaning, of course, at home. There is no room for grandmother in the car, it is too cold for her, or some such difficulty is always plainly apparent when the younger members of the household go to town or off to a picnic. You must have observed this for yourself.

This is why we looked and looked again at this line of grandmothers who had formed themselves into a party, and had gone for a few days' outing somewhere up in the Watertown Lakes that lie in Alberta's National Park. We could see from the names and ages written on the back of the photograph that the youngest of the seven was sixty-five and the eldest eighty-two. May God bless them every one.

Lulu, a young school teacher was the chaperone of the party, and their hostess at her home in the hills. They called themselves "The Bee-hive Girls" and funny names like that.

It would take too long to tell of the fishing, motoring, feasting, reading, singing and general jinks of "the girls," and how like, mayhap, they found out that at the feast of life, even as at that of Cana of Galilee, the last wine may actually be the best. We have "Mother's Day" in Canada; at Christmastide it might be well to have a grandmother's day, too, just to let her see that she is our very grand mother in deed and in truth.

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who used to pull me by the skirts when we passed the toy tables. I have her toys still—an armless doll, a laundry set, some make-believe paper money, a tea set and a few other "toy friends" like that. It is years and years since Little Girl Blue went off with the angels, but every Christmastide in spirit, we spend a day together in the shops when she again pulls at my skirts with her strong little fingers and when I clasp hands with her at the vaulting clowns, woolly dogs and wonderful doll's house that has everything but food, fire and a mortgage.

It was a wise saying of Victor Hugo, that paradise is a place where the parents are always young and the children always little.

The trouble about dolls is in knowing which one to buy. It was different in the good old times when our dolls were made of rags or china. Indeed, many of us had most effective ones which had been

improvised from so humble an instrument as a clothes pin or a feather duster. My own Amesite had black porcelain hair, blue eyes and cheeks of the most pronounced hue. It is true she would stand slight chance in a better-baby contest, in that her beauty ended with her neck line. Besides, she had the lamentable habit of losing an arm, a leg, or even two legs, thereby causing her to shed much blood—that is to say sawdust—and to suffer a consequent shrinkage in size. Still, Amesite was the standard doll and when you had purchased her, your heart was not torn asunder with distraction. There was no temptation to halt between two opinions once you had the price. But, nowadays, it is different. Here is a bisque baby doll with buster-cut hair who can sit in any position. Indeed, so pliable are her joints, she could bite at her toe with as much ease as any other properly constructed baby from the cave days down.

Beside her sits a black Dinah with a face like coal tar and a dress of blue, not a half-hearted blue but a radiant, rampant blue such as one might get from a cake of Reckitt's. Hardly is a Kewpie, "undressed exceedingly," and Mary Jane, a dull bovine looking creature with cap and apron. If you lift her, you can see that she has movable arms and legs and head, in which particulars she would seem to have an advantage over the usual Mary Jane of the kitchen. On another shelf we find a can't-crack celluloid doll of the male persuasion who is warranted not to break if sat upon. Doubtless, he will

beautifol, but any one can see she is equally ignorant. There is no doubt of it, she will ultimately marry some prominent official and spell etiquette with two K's. Already she moves with care as if she were accustomed to wearing only white chiffon and orchids.

In truth, as we look upon the endearing young charms of these lady dolls, they all seem so very human we are filled with a sense of guilt as though buying slaves in an Eastern market. "Shall we go back and buy a rubber doll?" I ask of Little Girl Blue, "a Chinese one or an Esquimaux? We can never settle on one of these."

"I'll tell you what to do," she replied with eagerness. "Let us buy a sick doll, ever so sick, and let us play at nurse and Red Cross."

"This is what we'll do, child. 'Tis a play for which we will have joy at the heart strings."

We might have stayed with the dolls for a long while. Little Girl Blue and I, had not Santa Claus appeared on the scene with a pack on his back. Wherever he went we had to follow for he is a gracious and most generous gentleman, the like of whom there never was. "So old! so dear" this is what we said of him, and we kissed our hands to him. When, at last, he disappeared, not on his reindeer, but up the elevator, we found ourselves among the warlike toys which are made presumably for little boys with a bellicose tendency but which afford an almost equal pleasure to their slightly less bellicose papas.

As one considers the diversity of these

ardor. It would seem to have been so in all ages, for Lucian, writing a century after the Christian era said that, in the case of Achilles, the very sight of his armour increased his anger at the Trojans, and when he put it on to try it, he was inspired and carried away with the lust of battle. In this nineteenth century, we have given guns to little boys who have yet their mother's milk on their lips, in order that they may shoot blank cartridges at other little boys supposed to be their enemies.

"Yes my dear, it is just as well for women to encourage all warlike games among the youth of our country, but, possibly, it is more discreet for us to keep silent upon so personal and so delicate a topic."

Bearing this sage instruction in mind, I was, in consequence, enabled to consider these war games with a far greater degree of placidity than on former occasions, for which salving of my feelings, Aunt Sophia shall have my thanks and unbroken praise.

Here is a mechanical armored car which will run straight ahead or in a circle. It is manipulated by as smart a chauffeur as ever ran down a man or a dog. It used to be, in ancient times, that the chief weapons of destruction were fire and brimstone but, nowadays, it is gasoline. As a toy, this car is highly diverting and whatever it cost it is worth it.

Here are grey siege guns, the annunciation for which is dried peas; and, most exciting of all, submarines and dreadnaughts. Here is also the game of storming the citadel, with enough of whetted swords to kill the countryside. There is something so unreflecting about a sword. It is a thousand pities it can't be worked by a spring, too. As Little Girl Blue slashes one around me in the most threatening fashion, first on one side and then on the other, I perforce think of that English duellist who boasted how he carved out his name upon his opponent and killed him with the dot on the i.

Alack and alas! but our contemplation of these weapons have led us into unseasonable meditations, so that it is high time we looked at Noah's Ark and things like that. I quite agree with Sa'di, the Persian, that oxen and asses which carry loads are preferable to men who injure their fellow creatures.

Here is a Noah's Ark with Noah and his wife, and all the animals. The latter show the most irreproachable docility, being arranged in a procession as though they went to dinner. I never meditate upon a Noah's ark without being filled with admiration for the hitherto unrecognized genius who found suitable words to rhyme with "Kangaroo." You mind the lines:

"The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo."

Near by is a modern ark, that is to say a farmyard stable with open doors, into which pass pink necked looking pigs, sheep, goats, donkeys and the perennial purple cow. This habit of making purple cows for children's playthings has not escaped the rhymsters for one has said:

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never wish to see one,
But I can tell you anyhow
I'd rather see than be one."

Little Girl Blue and I cranked up a horse who was not so much a horse as a palfrey, but, while possibly well-intentioned, this handsome appearing equine showed but little persistence, and had all the eccentric movements of a northern trailer. There was a Teddy Bear which said "Wow!" instead of "cuff! cuff!" also froggy-eyed pug dogs with an Union Jack air; china dogs packed with sweets like Samson's lion; chocolate dogs and almost every kind of dog but a husky. Some day, a toy-maker with an insight for business will make a dog train trimmed with ribbons, feathers and little standards of bells. These will be attached to a sled and have the accessory of a long whip of braided leather. Maybe, too, he will make muskrats that will go into a trap, and little scuts of gophers for northern children.

(Continued on page 14)



Lulu and the Grandmothers

grow up into a football player, or maybe a bill collector.

Tipperary Mary is a round tubby doll who smiles for the lady. Instead of a heart she has a spring which, if pressed upon, causes her to make a noise of the most discordant character. Her dress is of turkey-red with bows of green to match her stockings. Beside her, stands Tipperary Tommy in full regimentals. He is a broth of a boy, Tommy, but I have a suspicion the colleen looks out of the tail of her eye at Robin Hood, that dashing spark across the table, who might almost be cupid with his sheaf of arrows and well-tautened bow. You mind how once, in a song, a little toy-soldier told a tale like this, a sordid story about a doll who

"Turned up her little snub nose at me,
For I was only marked one-and-six,
While he was marked two-and-three."

When we have wandered among these dolls and have almost made a decision, our eyes suddenly catch a shelf of the type known as "sweetly pretty." Here is Babette, a town-bred lady, with a mouth like tilted wings, and yellow mane of hair. Her most conspicuous attribute is a yearning for affection, not that we blame her, while her nearest approach to principles may be charitably termed as finesse. Yes, Babette is pretty enough, but alas she doesn't wash.

Here is a young person, also remarkably

man-killing games, one naturally concludes that the only tame animal in the world is a woman and that even she may scream and scratch upon occasion. The other day I talked concerning this matter of militancy with my esteemed Grand-Aunt, who with the courage of her convictions, combines a wide and keen knowledge of the world, and to whose presence I am wont to repair in times of stress for advice or for consolation.

"My dear," she said. "You must have learned by this time that man is no angel as is shown by some of his tastes and all of his pleasures. This being the case, it is highly foolish on your part to fret and fever because he hies him off to kill another man. Any woman who gives to this subject her patient attention can see that, by allowing the males to slay each other, the world is thus enabled to keep its soul. This is the supreme consolation of war."

"It is so with all living species," continued Grand-Aunt Sophia, "as the males increase the species suffers. We kill off the cockerels, the bullocks, the rams and the gobblers so that the species may be preserved. Among the insects, the females attend to this themselves. For this reason, it is just as well to encourage all warlike movements and games among the youth of our country."

"No one can reasonably doubt that the putting on of armaments by the male child tends to inspire him with martial

IT is well at Christmas time to look into our hearts and see just how we are supplied with peace and love and kindness—to honestly survey our stock of forgiveness, charity and neighborliness. It is a wholesome exercise—and seasonable, for there is something in the frosty air of Christmas, when the sleigh bells tinkle, and the candles are lighted, that helps us to forgive relatives, friends and enemies. It is a pleasant after dinner feeling, which lasts all day, and is a sort of hang-over from our far away youth, when on Christmas Day the whole world glimmered and smiled.

Speaking of youth,—I am more and more impressed that in it lies the hope of the world. God knew what He was doing when he arranged it so that people die and others are born. There is surely an Infinite wisdom in this plan of renewing the world. Swinburne knew it, when, beaten and bruised by life's injustices, he cried out in thanksgiving, that "no life lives forever—that dead men rise up never—that even the weariest river leads somehow safe to sea!" There is an end to everything—the bell rings—the curtain falls!

We have all known middle-aged or old people who were disagreeable, sour, and full of grouch, but we never saw a child that was really bad, or wholly unlikable, though of course we must admit that children are sometimes very unwise in their choice of parents.

In this blessed Christmas season of 1920, we know that the earth is crushed with hatred, and we wonder if there will ever come peace and good will again. Bitter wounds are still unhealed, and hearts are hot with rage and a desire for revenge. Will we ever cease hating? Should we ever cease? Well—whether we should or not—we will. We won't be here. And hatred cannot be entailed nor even bequeathed. Youth is a non-conductor of hatred.

People may go out of life with a memory that is blotted, seared and blackened, with hearts that are filled with bitterness, but the next generation comes in smiling, without malice or prejudice.

Many a brave old warrior on his death-bed has called to him his eldest son, and charged him to hate the McGuffins, root and branch, father and son, the longest day he lives; to hate them when he rises in the morning and when he lies down at night; to hate them in seed-time and harvest, in winter and summer, in joy and in sorrow, and to devise ways and means of making their lives unpleasant, for the evils they have done. The eldest son promises, and the father turns contentedly on his pillow and breathes his last, feeling that he has done one good job anyway. He has attended to the McGuffins.

The son faithfully carries out his dear, dead, sainted father's wish. He throws the seed of sow-thistles into the McGuffin's wheat field, powdered glass into their silos, monkey wrenches into the threshing-machine, Paris green into the well. He cuts the fences, steals the gates and dogs their cattle; refreshing his memory ever and anon by recalling the promise that he made to his dear, dying father, and feels a thrill of satisfaction in the thought that he will be able to look the old man squarely in the eye when they meet at the foot of the Golden Throne, and proudly say "Father, I surely did hand it to the McGuffins."

But time passes. The eldest son has a son. He starts out to hate the McGuffins, but is met with quite a few difficulties. They are decent little chaps, the second generation of McGuffins, and in the games at school he cannot help but notice that they play fair. Fred McGuffin is the best pitcher in the school.

He does not find it so hard to carry on the feud with Bessie McGuffin, the freckle-faced, red-haired McGuffin girl, for she is snappy and pert with him, and naturally makes a face at him when their eyes meet across the aisle. So he is very careful not to let her catch him looking at her, and unsuccessfully pretends he does not see her at all. Sometimes he wonders what she finds to laugh at in the geography, which she is apparently studying with marked concentration, and his face grows hot and his heart full of hatred for all who bear the accursed name.

Coming home after an absence of four years, he comes suddenly upon the same Bessie, freckleless now and auburn haired, and slim and lily-tall, standing under the apple-tree in full blossom. It is Spring, and the young lambs are playing in the meadows; the young birds are



chirping in the nests. Bessie is not pert or snappy to him any more. Looking at her now, he knows that he must have been mistaken in ever thinking that she was. Bessie is smiling; and glad to see him, and he notices for the first time, that her eyes are not green, they are velvety brown like a pansy.

Suddenly it is all up with the feud. The dying wish of the old man passes away and is replaced by the living wish of the young man. Hatred is overcome by love. The feud is ended. Of course it is not all accomplished as easily as this. There are secret meetings, intercepted letters, family scenes and lots of unpleasantness, but little things like that are powerless to stay the current of true

person is at that moment, but what he may become, and perhaps by our influence. The old way was to associate sinner and sin, and hating both, destroy both. The new psychology distinguishes between the two.

No one can say that Judge Lindsay or Thomas Mott Osborne condone evil because they advocate that criminals should be treated like human beings. They know and teach that the penalty must be paid when wrong is done. They go further, and declare that the case cannot be settled by the State showing its abhorrence of the crime, but the man who committed the crime must be led to abhor it. That is the great thing—the final victory, to bring the sinner to the place



NELLIE L. McCLUNG

love, and in later years the feud is a subject of laughter and mirth among the next generation.

We might as well accept facts. Hatred is not transferable, nor can it be entailed. Youth is a non-conductor of hatred—and again let us thank the Lord for all His wonderful dealings with the children of men.

But in our own day, may not hatred be a duty? Should we condone the evil deeds of our enemies? Most emphatically I say we should not. But we must distinguish between the deed and the doer. A deed is a final, a complete thing, unchangeable and ineradicable. What it was yesterday, it is to-day and will be to-morrow. The moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, and not all your tears nor all your prayers can blot out a single word of it. The deed is done and it must stand. But the person may change every day, every hour. Personality is dynamic, not static. Our attitude towards a deed must be fixed, as a deed is fixed. Our attitude towards a person must not be determined by what the

where he abhors his sin and turns from it. Then and not till then is the sin expiated.

There is one punishment and one only which I hope will come to the Kaiser, and I hope it will come to him while he is yet in the flesh. I hope he will see what he has done, and see it as any decent-minded person would see it. Stripped of his egotism, his vain-glory, his self-importance, his peculiar mental delusions, and possessed of a heart of flesh. I hope he will see the ruined villages; the desolate homes; the sad-faced widows; lonely orphans; the broken, legless, sightless men; the gassed men; the bitter, sad, discouraged men; the frightened children. I would like him to see that with a softened heart, with an awakened conscience, and seeing, feel the sorrow, the loneliness and despair, and know that the work was his. It seems to me that this must be his punishment, for the judgments of God are logical as well as sure.

Hate is fundamentally an expression of fear. We hate the person or group of persons of whom we are afraid. The

school-boy hates the master who canes him unjustly, hates him because he cannot punish him himself or bring judgment to bear upon him. Hatred has always in it the suggestion of powerlessness. We never hate a person weaker than ourselves. In the beginning of the war, Germany held Russia's disorganized hordes in contempt; was scornful also of France's decadent manhood and Belgium's feeble resistance. She felt she was master of all these. But England, strong, mighty and inexorable, she hated, because England was the one country of which she was afraid.

The biologists throw light on the subject of hate. Through a series of delicate operations carried on at Harvard, it has been discovered that anger, terror or great pain generates a poison in the human body, a poison which is sufficient to kill a small animal in a short time. Experiments were carried on with guinea-pigs, and death resulted in a few minutes. It was also discovered that action, vigorous and sustained, carries off this poison. If the action does not transpire, the poison remains to do its deadly work.

The Greeks were therefore scientifically correct when they described hatred as "black liver." This theory throws some light on the well-known truth that the stay-at-homes were more filled with hatred than the soldiers. Soldiers' letters and manuscripts are remarkably free from hatred. The "bitter enders" and "fire eaters" were usually middle-aged men and women, well past the zone of safety, and comfortably housed at home. The soldier works off his hatred in action.

There has been no better exposition of the attitude of the soldier towards the enemy, than that which appears in "A Student in Arms." The soldiers did not hate; they fought. The Red Cross, serving all, binding, healing all, knew no nationality or boundary. They could not hate—they served.

Any sort of barrier sets up hatred; if we knew people better, we would like them better.

"Lands intersected by a narrow firth
abhor each other;
Mountains, intersected, make enemies of men."

I have seen a neighborhood divided into factions because a creek ran through it. The people who lived across the creek were a "bad lot."

The war has let loose broad currents of ill-feeling, and yet it has done a great deal to bind the world closer together by making men better known to each other. The democracy of the trenches cannot fail to have its influence on the people at home.

Easy ways of transportation, telephones, telegraphs too, made the world a neighborhood. People who live in isolated places may indulge in hatred if they are so disposed, without being much harmed by it; but we dare not. We are too close now to every one else. You can be "bad friends" with your relations who live in Ontario, when you live in Alberta, and beyond a little unpleasantness of feeling there is no great harm done; but if your relatives are in Alberta—in the same city—and live in the same house, you had better try to arrive at some understanding. No country can be isolated now. Distance has been annihilated. So we cannot punish any nation by cutting them off from intercourse, and sending them into the corner or behind the hedge, for there are no corners—and no hedges.

We must face then the greatest problem of all ages—the problem of living together. The other great problems are pretty well solved—the world is all discovered—science and invention have gone a long way to harness all the forces of nature; more production is not nearly so important now as a better distribution of products; that is to say, it is the human element now which has to be guided.

Up to the present, many methods have been tried. The earliest and most generally accepted method of controlling wayward humanity has been the sword: "Be good, or you'll be dead," sounds like a terrible threat, but never has been so. When people reach a certain stage of passion or of misery, they do not mind the prospect of being dead, particularly when there is a chance of making someone else dead first. For two thousand years of which we are sure, this method has prevailed, and for many millions of years before that, and to-day we are faced with untold misery, discontent, unrest and trouble. I believe we can safely say, without danger of being considered a red-eyed radical, that (Contd. on page 15)

A Christmas Day's Yarn

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE

Photographs of the "young naturalist" "Laddie"

Written and illustrated for "The Western Home Monthly"

BOTH the lad and I often remark, "that story will go away off to Winnipeg!" First we did for you the rude Pacific coast with its Indians and wild life, then Ontario's great hunting ground and now the life along the boisterous Atlantic, with a sad interlude of Belgium and France when the cruel war raged and "Laddie Sr." went across and fought for us (he is in civil life now, well and happy). Ten years have slipped away since we sent our first story of our daily travels to your editor—ten years! Not much to Laddie Jr. and my young readers but a large slice off the life of an old nature writer

their cases and slung them over our backs and, hand in hand, made the shore. I never saw greater or longer seas than hammered on that rocky point—out of the spindrift would come an unearthly screech as if the hag who rides the gales was exulting in her work. Far out, over the spume and

were the seas that her tops were flat and shaken in valleys yet they blew out stiff and hard as marble on the crests. We hung on to a tree and watched her pass out of sight around a distant point and just then we saw the black snout of a tramp—deep-laden, too—come out past the point, heading

use my small binoculars, but they were soaked in a moment. Up a mighty sea she climbed and stuck her long black hull out as if she were a great flying submarine about to take off. Then she balanced on the top of the great roaring sea like a child's toy steamer and was sucked down into the next huge watery chasm.

With wind-forced tears streaming down our faces we watched her cross the wide harbor mouth and saw her black stern disappear behind the northern point. We heard later that she made Halifax with only the loss of deck gear—her load of molasses made



Launching a lifeboat to face a Nova Scotia storm.



Laddie was swept ashore by the next huge sea when he stepped off the rock. Look again at this, our rarest picture.

like me—and there is Labrador and Newfoundland yet to do with all their heroic life—I think you, dear readers will last longer than I will?

Here it is, the Glad Christmas season again. We are housebound in the most ancient house along all these wild shores, a place with big room, great fireplaces, old-time brick baking-ovens and many an old nook and cranny. The storm from off the Atlantic tears over the roof and howls down the chimney and scatters the sparks broadcast over the floor. The gale outside is humming like a hive of monstrous bees, making the old timbers of this trembling house shake like palsy. It is as dark as the deeps of a coal mine and the sleet has frozen on the glacial rocks and stubble that form the field about us until it is almost impossible to poke your nose out of the door let alone walk. We are well and warm and happy, getting out the illustrations for this story while the storm shakes at the door like an unwelcome guest.

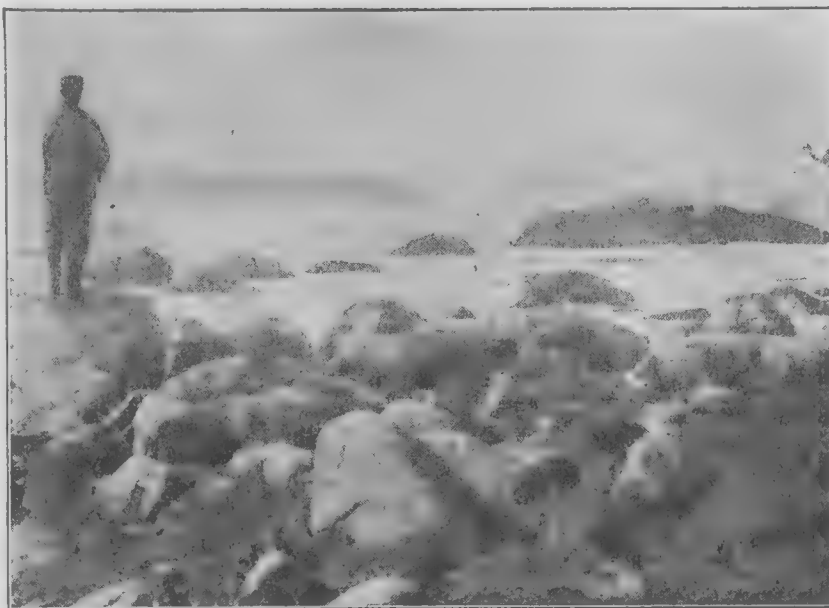
"Here's an appropriate one," says the boy by my side in the red glow of the fire. "It's 'Launching the Lifeboat,' and you can see the outer head of the harbor in it, and here are the surf pictures!"

And he passed to me the pictures I wish to write about.

First of all, look at your young photographer all clad in oilskins, snapping the surf off Herring Rock Point. There was a dead-easter blowing just as there is this Christmas night and the trees were bending and the fishermen's cabins shaking to the strumming of the storm. We stumbled and struggled across the point through the west spruce, splashing through the wee lagoons and clambering over the glacial boulders left here in the ice age. Once we emerged from the slight shelter of the woods the wind met us with full force—you could almost lie right out on it, so steady and strong was its thrumming passage. There had been disaster and bits of wreckage were coming ashore.

The tide was out and the slippery rock-weed and storm-wrenched cliffs were traps for the unwary, as I sat down nice and fast into a cold tide-pool—on, on we struggled to the outer low tide-line and faced the worst of it. Laddie climbed on ahead and took the incoming surf and I pictured him at it. Safe though we were on these rocks we constantly watched the tide, ready to run at the first sign of anything unusual.

We took a set of pictures of the awful turmoil and put our machines in



Laddie photographing great sea pouring in.



Great seas swept over the breakwater, hurling rocks as big as barrels out like pebbles.

wrack of the storm, we spied a little fishing schooner jockeying over the mighty waves. At times she balanced in the white turmoil of a crest as if she was undecided whether to leap off and slide down or to "take it over the poop" and perish in the back-trough. So huge

right into the seas—she had to as she was far in near the rocks. A mighty mass of seething, swirling water raced at her and broke against her dark bow and leaped up like a gigantic bubble and shut her from view—sluicing her clean from stem to stern. I tried to

her ride low. Back we ran, storm-aided, and made a fire and boiled our billy, then the tragic, graphic scene tempted us out again and nearly ended the career of your young photographer.

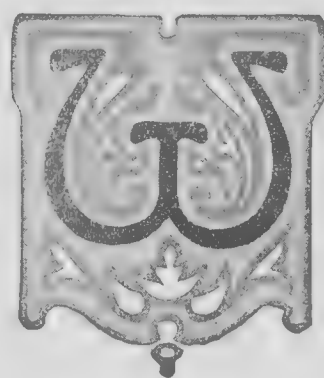
The scene inside the harbor was only second to that of the open sea. We watched the long, regular swells with their boiling white tops, come pouring in.

"Look!" said Laddie, "It's going right over the breakwater!" So we ran up on the shingle and pictured it. Here was a structure built as firmly as man can build and then filled with huge glacial boulders of several hundred pounds weight each. The mighty power of the wind-driven waves popped these out of the breakwater as a boy pops peas. It seemed, before the storm, utterly impossible that any power of rushing water could lift these huge stones, but they pounded out over the stringer as if they were but floating corks.

Deeply impressed we straggled back. The whole bay before us was creamy white with the low tide "run in" and the surf seemed to gather force and display it in the shallows.

"Grand picture," howled Laddie into my ear, and off he stumbled right out in the wake of a retreating surf. He made the rocks and clambered up on to the shining, glittering wet surface of the biggest one, when like a millrace came the returning surf. Laddie disappeared from view and I was so alarmed that I forgot to snap the big machine. Away swept the sea and out ran the surf. I saw him brace himself for another deluge and again neglected to picture him. More assured of his safety I did snap him when the third great wave covered him with its on-rushing spume. Evidently alarmed, he watched its retreat and slid down off the huge boulder on to the next—struck some rock-weed and slipped off into the water just in time to be covered by the next huge sea. He clutched and scrambled and swam and grasped something to escape being swept out. By the time I reached the tide-line he was splashing ashore like some great sea animal, safely ahead of the suction of the surf.

We are very thankful this sacred day that he was spared—how he ever fell without stunning himself is a wonder. So, thankfully from this far-off lonely shore, we send to our dear readers in The Western Home Monthly, its editor and staff and our good printers, a Merry Christmas wish.



What color for soap?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value.

There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown.

Some pure tar soaps are *black*! Yet who ever made her head black by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will *make clothes snowy white*—and do it the *safest*, the *quickest*, the *easiest* way.

Flakes containing naptha!

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha is a great help in washing finery. Just shave off some chips or curls of Fels-Naptha, *dissolve promptly* and work up bubbly suds. The naptha dissolves the dirt, and the soap washes clean. So much more economical, too!

How many uses in your home?

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bath tub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything cleanable.

Fels-Naptha is golden because of the natural color of its good materials that help to retain the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha (a product somewhat similar to gasoline) is so skillfully combined with good soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it is soluble in

water. Thus it penetrates to every fibre of the fabric, soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or boiling, and makes a Fels-Naptha wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean.

It is always worth your while to get the soap that makes clothes whitest with the least effort.

Three things identify the genuine Fels-Naptha—the golden bar, the clean naptha odor, and the red-and-green wrapper. Order it of your grocer today.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA



Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for washing-machines

because its real naptha churns its way through the clothes and loosens all the dirt.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

© 1920, Fels & Co.



HE roads were deep in snow, and the chestnut slipped and slithered as she came down the hill. She was badly blown, faltered at every two or three steps. Her chest was white with foam, and her breath came in deep gasps.

Her rider shivered as the icy winds swept across the downs. Muffled as he was in a great three-caped coat, with the collar turned well up, and with a woollen shawl wrapped round the lower part of his face, and his three-cornered hat drawn down over his eyes, the cold seemed to cut down to his very bones.

The country-side was dazzlingly white in the moonlight; hill and valley, bare hedge and leafless tree, as far as the eye could reach. Horse and rider showed black against the shimmering background.

The man rode cautiously down to the bottom of the hill, where a little side-lane turned off to the right.

"Steady, lass," he murmured, patting his mount's heaving flanks with a warmly gloved hand. "Steady, then. 'Tis only another couple of miles, and Sussex Jack meets me at Black Dip with a fresh horse."

The chestnut shook her head and braced herself up. The snow lay deeper still in the lanes, and, sheltered as it was by the high ground on either side, was hardly frozen at all. It was over her fetlocks in no time, and she began to plod deeper and deeper.

The man reined in in consternation. "Slither me!" he exclaimed. "This won't do. 'Twill be up to her girths in a few yards. We must hark back. Come round, lass."

The filly needed little persuasion. She ploughed her way back to the main road readily. The man looked anxiously back up the hill.

"Not a sign of them yet," he murmured, "but they may be on my heels any minute." He listened, his hand to his ear. "'Tis horsehoofs, I vow. They're some way away yet, for sound travels far on a clear night like this. But we must waste no time. Come up, then, Margot. We must get up the hill and round to the Dip by the high-road. They're after us like hounds, and our tracks show clear in this snow."

He set the chestnut at the hill, lifting her all he could. She slipped and staggered again and again, panting heavily. It was evident that she could not last long. Time after time the man looked back anxiously over his shoulder. But so far there was no sign of his pursuers.

He reached the crest at last. The filly faltered, and almost fell. He rose in his stirrups, crying words of encouragement. She just topped the crest, nearly into the high-road, and then her forelegs doubled beneath her, and she went down heavily. The man only just slipped out of the saddle in time.

"Poor little girl!" he said, looking down at the animal's glassy eyes and distended nostrils. "Poor little girl! My hilt! What's that?"

A heavy rumble of wheels and the thud of hoofs broke in upon his words. He ran to the corner of the road and looked. A big, heavy, lumbering equipage was coming up, its yellow lamps gleaming on the spanking teams of greys that drew it.

"The coach, by all that's fortunate!"

He paused for a moment to think, and then ran wildly towards the coach.

"Stop!" he bawled. "Stop!" "What's the matter, fellow?" growled the driver, without reining in.

"Stop! Nightriding Ned's after you!"

The heavy bits brought the greys to a standstill in no time.

"Now then. What's that about Nightriding Ned? And who are you, and what are you doing abroad alone at this time o' night?"

"I've ridden hard from Newbury to tell you. The highwayman means to stop you at Black Dip. He's coming up through Ten-Oak Lane."

"Ridden? Where's your horse?"

"Dead. Dropped down just round the corner of the lane. You can go and see if you don't believe me."

"Oh, what he says is true enough, I'll wager," broke in one of the outside passengers. "We'd best turn back, Bill."

"If you can force the pace, you'll beat him yet," said the stranger. "He's not reckoning to be there before nine o'clock."

The driver rubbed his nose with his thick woollen glove.

"If that's so," he said, "we'll get through the Dip before he comes. Like a lift, sir?"

"Thank you, I think I should," answered the stranger, drily.

He sprang lightly on to the hub of the

off fore-wheel and scrambled up to a seat beside the driver.

"Steady! Soho, then," called that worthy, slackening the ribbons a little. "On with you, then."

The long whip cracked over the greys' heads and they went off at a hand-gallop.

"Night-riding Ned," growled the driver to himself. "He's a daring fellow, and a clever one. He's never caught me yet, and I don't wish him to."

"He has caught me," responded the stranger quietly. "And I welcome every chance of foiling him."

The greys settled down to the pace finely. They were fairly fresh, and the keen air was the best of stimulants. Stretched well out, they covered the ground with a long, swinging stride, the coach rolling and bumping behind them. The outside passengers nuzzled themselves down into their

stranger, after one hasty glance at the road behind him, jumped from his perch, and began to unbuckle the fallen leader's harness. The beast lay quite still, frightened, seemingly, by her fall.

In a few minutes she was on her feet again, and pawing the ground impatiently. The stranger climbed back to his seat, the guard regained his perch, and Bill laid his whip across the greys' broad backs, sending them on again.

"You know how to handle a horse, sir," remarked the driver to the stranger, with a note of real respect in his voice at last.

"Lived among them all my life."

"So I should think. Demme, it was good of you to ride all those miles to warn us. 'Tisn't many men would do the like."

"As I say, I owe this Nightriding Ned a grudge," answered the other indifferently, and leant back.



"I said I'd get home for Christmas, you see, Margot lass," he said tenderly, "and here I am."

greatcoats and mufflers and wondered how far it was to the next stopping-place, when they could warm themselves with something hot and spiced.

"Going far, sir?" queried Bill.

The stranger leant back and took a pinch of snuff meditatively.

"To the nearest inn where I can stay the night and get a fresh horse to ride back i' th' morning."

"That won't be till we get to Oxford, I fear, I— Whoa, steady, there!"

The off-leader slipped on a frozen puddle and plunged wildly. Bill hauled desperately on the reins. The guard jumped nimbly down and ran up. By the time he reached her the nag was down, and her mate was kicking wildly.

"Hold her head, Jim!" bellowed the driver. "Demme, hold her head! She'll be over the traces in a minute."

The guard seized the bridle of the plunging near horse, and held her steady. The

A sharp rise was before them and the driver, leaning forward, lashed his horses heavily. They broke into a rattling gallop and breasted the rise gallantly. Their impetus carried them well up over the crest. The driver was just reining in, the guard had just dropped down to slip the shoe under the back wheel to check them down the hill, when there suddenly came a rapid thudding of horsehoofs from behind. A dark knot of horsemen were just topping the rise half a mile back.

"It's Ned and his band!" shouted the stranger. "Drive for your life, man! Never mind the shoe!"

"They'll catch us up," grunted Bill surlily.

"Not they. Their horses are blown."

And before the astonished driver could reply, the stranger had snatched up the whip and cut the leaders across the flanks. They leaped forward and went tearing down the hill into Black Dip, the guard

only scrambling back into his seat just in time.

The coach rocked from side to side. Every moment it looked as if it must turn over. Bill's hand alone held them straight, his grim jaw thrust forward, his muscular hands rigid beneath their thick woollen gloves. They were just on the Dip, a hollow in the road shaded by pines and evergreens, with a narrow lane running out of it on one side. An ideal spot for waylaying a coach.

The horsemen, despite the stranger's confident remark, were gaining on them stride by stride. Every moment the passengers expected to hear the peremptory summons: "Stand and deliver!"

Or the still more emphatic pistol-shot ring out on the night air. The guard fingered the trigger of his blunderbuss. One or two of the passengers drew out horse-pistols. But not till the coach was right in the Dip did the summons reach them, and then it was:

"Hi, coach! Stop, in the King's name!"

"Demme, 'tis the runners!" cried Bill, and hauled on the ribbons.

The Bow Street men came up at a hand-gallop and reined in beside the coach.

"What in the devil's name did you race like that for?" demanded the leader.

"Thought you was highwaymen," answered Bill curtly. "Gen'leman told us Nightriding Ned was going to stop us here at the Dip. Came up from Newbury to warn us, he did, and rode his horse to death on the way."

"Gentleman? What gentleman?"

"Here, beside me. Why, he's gone!"

The stranger had slipped unobserved from his seat, and was running like a hare into the shadows of the trees.

"You withered fool," bawled the Bow Street officer, "that's Ned himself! We've chased him out from Reading. Found his horse dead at the corner of the lane back there. Hi! stand there, or I fire!"

But Nightriding Ned was in the shadows where an impassive man, cloaked and masked, sat on a bay horse, holding another by the bridle. The highwayman scrambled on the spare horse, settled himself in the saddle, and with a cheery "Good night, Jack, merry Christmas!" smacked his new mount on the neck, and broke out into the moonlight.

A perfect fusillade of shots whistled past him, but he set his nag at the hill and was over the crest before the runners had collected themselves sufficiently to start after him. Then they gave chase in a bunch leaving the coachful of amazed passengers at the Dip.

Once over the crest, the road ran fairly level along the hillside, and Nightriding Ned kept his mount at a hand-gallop. He unbuttoned the flap of the near holster, and found a flask of spirit. In the other was a loaded horse-pistol.

The hoof-beats of his pursuers, muffled by the snow, grew fainter and fainter. At last they died away altogether, and he began to think he had outdistanced them. He eased the bay down into a canter. The road took a wide sweep round the base of a sparsely wooded hill, and the snow had drifted deep. It was not easy work ploughing through it. His pace degenerated to little more than an amble. In vain he urged the filly on. She was up to the fetlocks in snow, and began to pant and heave with the strain.

And then came a wild huzza on his left, and the Bow Street men broke cover from among the trees on the hillcrest, and came sweeping down the slope. They had done what he had not dared to attempt—cut across country, over the crest of the hill, and struck a bee-line for the curve of the road.

"Who, up with you!" shouted Ned, ramming in his spurs. "You must gallop now."

One of the officer's horses missed its footing, and went down with a crash, sending its rider rolling over and over down the slope. But the others came on, their figures looming larger every minute. Ned drew the pistol from his holster.

The bay was stretching herself out now, her head forward and her long tail streaming out behind her. The going was better, and Ned meant to make the most of it. She drew rapidly away. By the time the runners struck into the road, she was a hundred yards ahead. Ned leant well over his horse's neck. The officers opened fire. The bullets whistled round the highwayman's head. One struck off his hat, another grazed his bride-arm.

And, worst of all, the bay was beginning to flag. She was only a filly, and the heavy strain had broken her wind. His pursuers were (Continued on page 14)



Use it as a beautifier

• Explaining the moderate price

Users of Palmolive should know why it can be bought at the price of other soaps.

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invite trouble. The tiny pores and minute glands which make up the surface of the skin quickly become clogged and irritated. This clogging, this irritation, causes enlargement. This is the reason so many skins are coarse. Then when the coarsened pores fill with dirt, blackheads result. Soon they inflame and disfiguring blotches follow.

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Don't say soap doesn't agree with your skin, but go get a cake of Palmolive. Its pure, mild lather is so gentle in its action that it soothes while it cleanses.

If your complexion is excessively dry, apply Palmolive Cold Cream both before and after washing. This supplies the lacking natural oil and keeps it soft and smooth.

Why it can't irritate

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The Gift of the Storm

A Christmas Story

By EDWIN C. CUMING

AS Dick Coleman looked out from the one small window of his prairie shack into the heart of the storm which had risen with the break of the day, he came to two great conclusions. The fact that the day was Christmas Day with its world-wide tradition of festivity and personal associations, led him to realise that it would be for him at least, the loneliest of all the experiences since he came to the great plains of the North-West, and accepting the inevitable, he

for a red-blooded white man to attempt to do so was nothing short of insanity. The first opportunity, therefore, that would present itself, would see him moving on, for he congratulated himself upon a fair normality; the last thing in the world that he desired was to be a party to the continuance of the said error.

Coleman had sprung from one of the great English families, whose name was known wherever the former dwellers of the island were to be found, but unfor-



By RYLEY COOPER

Remember, Mister Gobbler, how mean y' uster be,
How you'd gobble, gobble, gobble, and fuss around at me?
How you'd scare me and harass me, fill my road of life with tacks,
But you sure got tame and meek-like since I sharpened up the axe.

Remember how you'd gobble, how you'd run at me an' such,
How you'd make me wish that gobblers couldn't gobble quite so much;
But somehow now it's different, you ain't raising a row,
And you're awful self-effacing, 'cause I'm the gobbler now.

decided to settle down with the sparse provisions he had on hand, and to keep his own company. The storm promised to be one of about three day's duration, and to accept the invitation that had been tendered him by one of the neighbors was to court disaster. "No man or beast," he argued, "could face the blinding blizzard; so with pipe, a few books and a deck of cards, he proceeded to while away the long hours of the day.

In the second place, he decided that someone had made a stupendous blunder when they had driven out the Indian and buffalo from these great wastes in order to make room for the white man. The Indian, with his centuries of acclimatisation, might be able to stand the rigours of the climate, but

fortunately was living under a temporary cloud. Trained in its best schools and colleges, he had acquired certain accomplishments that were not in the curriculum, and several of the escapades which followed as a result had led the faculty to ask him to remove his presence. Even this effacement, however, was insufficient to curb his spirits, and he soon found himself ostracised after a particularly foolish break with which his name had been more or less prominently connected. The fact that his family was well-placed and was bidding for national honors, brought the issue to the fore, with the result that his father had requested his removal to some place outside the shores of Britain. Offering his fare and the promise of

The Gift of the Storm

By E. C. Cuming

Contd. from page 10

an allowance, he had sent him to Canada in the hope that the temporary exile would bring him to his senses. But the same spirit which refused to split upon his companions in England asserted itself, and after making his way out of the country, he promptly changed his name and refused to become a remittance man. Thus he found himself after a series of adventures, cut off from his family and friends, except for an occasional newspaper item, entering the greatest adventure that this land has to offer—that of homesteading the great plains of Saskatchewan. Strong and robust of body, with certain mannerisms which belonged to his old life, he had settled down with the determination to show his people his independence and to gain the confidence of his neighbors. Passing through the preliminary stages he had made most of the fool mistakes that the proverbial Englishman commits, so that he had become somewhat of a standing joke with the latter, and to earn the nickname of "The Duke". His splendid spirit and grit, however, had soon won their respect so that he was sought after on this particular holiday by several of the families in the community as a guest at their somewhat primitive celebration. He could tell a good story, sing a fair song and play a hand with most of them, but he consistently refused to give any clue as to his past life. Looking forward with anticipation to the visit to a neighbor some three miles distant from his shack, the change brought about by the storm caused him keen disappointment, which, however, he proceeded to overcome by keeping his own company.

As the day drew on toward evening the storm seemed to increase in its violence so that he decided to tend the few chores that befell to his lot before the sun finally disappeared behind the clouds, and in order to insure his safe return to the house he resorted to a scheme of which he had been told by his friends in the district. He realized that, while under ordinary circumstances he could find his way between the two buildings blindfolded, under the conditions which now prevailed it was possible not only to lose his way but to wander around for hours until compelled to give up with exhaustion. Thus, fastening one end of a line of twine to the outside of the house, he proceeded to unwind until he should reach his destination, which even though he misad, by following the line to its fastened end he could at least land safely at his door. Three times he started out only to lose his directions and failing to locate the elusive building, he made his way almost exhausted to the end of the line and recuperated for the next attempt. Finally, however, the scheme worked and securing the other end of the line to the barn he finished his evening's work. Realising, however, that it might be necessary to look around again during the evening he left the string attached after drawing it as taut as possible, and after fighting with the blinding storm made his way home.

Supper completed and the culinary duties disposed of he decided to spend the evening with his pipe and dreams and settled down before the roaring fire, and for several hours whiled away the time between books and solitaire.

The evening passed more quickly than he had anticipated, and before turning in for the night, he went out to have a look around at conditions. Opening the door he was met by a blinding cloud of snow and sleet which covered him from head to foot with its feathery whiteness, while the wind howled as though it were seeking to revenge itself upon those who had been hardy enough to wrest a home from these great wastes.

"That's a perfect corker of a night to be out in and I pity the poor devil that happens to get lost in such a storm," he said to himself as he secured the door against the onslaught.

With the rising of the storm the temperature had fallen well below zero, finding every crack and cranny in the not too securely built shack, so that the man decided to keep the fire well made and, since it was not yet mid-

night, and it would be necessary to mend it several times during the night, he settled down again for another hour or two of dreaming. He could not have been long thus engaged, when he seemed to hear a call of distress sounding through the lull in the storm. While the wind itself seemed to sound almost human at times, there was something uncanny about the wail that had attracted his attention, but, not being sure, and with the experience of the last opening of the door in his mind, he settled down to wait until he could be more sure of its source.

"Help! Oh, help us, whoever you are," it came again more clearly. "Help! We're lost." It seemed as though it came from the depths of a soul that had indeed lost itself in the great blinding blizzard beyond, and immediately the man within the shack was electrified into action.

Seizing his mackinaw and cap and fastening his ear flaps down as far as possible so as not to avoid his hearing, he lit his lantern and peered into the storm, to find nothing except the engulfing whiteness. Once again the appeal sounded, but fainter than before, and this very failing galvanized the searcher into action.

For several minutes, following his line, Coleman searched the snow, calling at the top of his voice and filling his lungs with the frosty air, when he suddenly realised that somehow, somewhere the line had been broken and that he was simply following a loose end. Making his way back to the shack he fetched a fresh supply and, reaching once more the broken end, he attached a further line on to it and began letting it out until he reached the end of the rope. Groping around he at last stumbled upon an object in the snow which upon rolling over he discovered to be the form of a woman. Evidently she had laid sometime and had in some way broken through the line that he had previously strung that evening connecting his buildings. Her garments were frozen stiff and the man realized that it was imperative that he get her into a place of safety as soon as possible, and that some care would have to be given her to avoid the pain of thawing out the hands and feet that he felt sure were frozen, perhaps stiff. Thus he lifted her into his arms and made his way along the string towards the shack.

But the work of getting to safety was not as simple as it at first seemed. The girl whom he had judged to be of light weight compared with a great many other things he had lifted, seemed momentarily to grow heavier, and as he battled against the wind and storm, he found it necessary again and again to rest. Step after step seemed to be a mile and resting her against the wind he made effort after effort to gain his end. Presently, however, the storm lifted a moment and he saw the most welcome sight he had ever seen in the shape of the light in his own home. With redoubled effort he made his way to the haven of refuge, and, reaching it, thrust the door open with a sigh of relief. Fastening the door behind him against the demon that howled in its fury outside he proceeded to make his uninvited guest as comfortable as possible, and to consider means and ways of bringing her back to consciousness. A cursory investigation showed to him that by some means, he could not fathom, she had been able to keep from freezing so that he was relieved of the process of thawing out. The strong physique of the girl quickly responded to his efforts and opening her eyes to the light, she exclaimed:

"Well, Dad, we did make it after all, didn't we? I surely thought we would never get through."

The mention by the semi-conscious girl of a companion brought to Coleman a sense of impending tragedy, for with the vivid memory of his recent struggle and the realization that it had cost him a great deal of his own strength, he was impressed with the fact that even under promising conditions the second battle might mean death both to the rescuer and the rescued. To leave the girl uncared for meant a further risk and should he fail in his second quest his fight for her life would be futile. It appeared (Contd. on page 12)



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This ten-day test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles have been constantly increasing, despite the tooth brush.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

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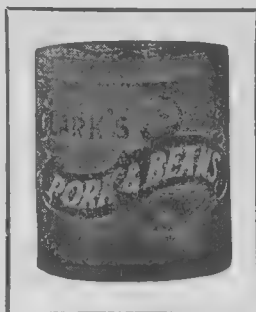
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The Gift of the Storm

By E. C. Cumming

Contd. from page 11

the fire, which meant life on such a night, would be untended and go out and that meant that the girl would simply die in his shack rather than out on the prairie. Yet, another life was in danger and by the unwritten law of these great wastes it demanded that every effort possible be put forward to give succor and perhaps rescue.

"Your father," he said in astonishment, "My God, was there someone else with you?"

The strangeness of the voice, together with the warmth of the building seemed once more to arouse the girl, partially at least, and looking around as though to get her bearings, she gazed into the face of her rescuer with a look of enquiry.

"Just try and remember something," he continued, and let me know how you came here, you know. Who was with you at the time, where did you land. I can't do much now, I'm afraid, but we'll try if you will let me know something of what happened."

"Oh, yes," she cried. "Father was with me and he's out there somewhere. Do try and save him! The cutter—you'll find that somewhere near I am sure. We got off the trail and were lost when we ran into your line."

"Now, I don't know who you are, and

that for several hours perhaps, she would be unable to attend herself and to do the necessary things to gain her strength. During his absence

that it could not be an ordinary drift, for the wind was against such a condition, and he argued that something must be covered up by the storm. Almost furiously he dug away as though he had taken leave of his senses, and oblivious to the fact that his hands had become numb with the biting cold, he refused to give up. Kicking, digging, and clearing for what seemed to be an interminable period, he at last encountered something hard in the snow. With a renewed effort he cleared away, until he came upon the body of the cutter tilted to one side. Not waiting to investigate the cause or to find the horse, he searched for its occupant. Sitting on the seat thrown to one side by the jar, was the man who had succumbed to the overwhelming desire for sleep that the cold and blizzard had brought on. It was impossible to rouse the man, and realizing that it was best to get him to the house immediately, Coleman shouldered the burden and started out on his homeward trip.

One of the peculiarities of the western blizzard is the fact that, often for a period of several minutes, the storm will subside and become a calm and, except for the smaller flakes of snow, the land becomes clear. Such a happy miracle occurred for the rescuer and grasping the opportunity he looked around for the direction of the shack. Realizing that the lull would be of short duration, Coleman made for the light that had suddenly become visible with all possible speed. He arrived just in time, for as though it were angry that it had been cheated of a victim, it came

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Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxa-

tive" is often all that is necessary.

Children love the "fruity" taste of genuine "California" Syrup of Figs which has directions for babies and children printed on the bottle. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Beware!

we'll attend to the introduction afterwards, don't you know, but you'll find things here to make yourself some tea and things, and if you are stronger later on, just help yourself and try and get ready for us when we get in. Hold on now with all you have, and I'll do my best to find your father."

The strength of the man seemed to rally her and she watched him as he went out for his second battle with the blizzard. Once more he found himself facing the storm and, for what seemed hours, continued his search. Several times he found himself coming back over the same ground, and more than once the line led him back to his own door. Again and again, he was tempted to give up the struggle as being futile, but then he had learned by his past experience to face what seemed for the time the impossible, and he decided that he would keep on as long as his strength and the wind within him held out. He knew, that whatever happened, he could never face the unknown girl back there in the shack and confess failure, and something of the blood of his fathers held him to the struggle. Somewhere, within perhaps a few yards of his own door, a man who was nearly related to her was dying in the cold, and while she was a stranger that had been thrown up by the storm, yet she was a woman in distress and that meant to Coleman that everything had to be sacrificed on her behalf. Thus, again and again, he stumbled on falling and rising again until, almost unexpectedly, he came upon what seemed at first a huge heap of snow. He realized at once

back with all its fury as he banged the door in the face of the howling demon.

The girl had made good use of the time at her disposal, and had accepted the invitation of her host to help herself and make ready against their return. Her experiences, though trying, had by no means proved dangerous and, while pale and trembling at the thought of what might have been, and at the sight of her unconscious father, she steelled herself with an effort and was ready for the emergency.

"This is an awful night to be out in," Coleman said, with an effort at conversation. "I'm afraid your father had the worst of it, don't you know. Seems to be frozen stiff, and all that. We'll have to do what we can to bring him around and get a doctor when the storm goes down a bit."

Quickly they made their investigation and found that the unfortunate man had become so badly frozen about the hands and face that it would be some time before they would be able to bring him back to consciousness. Together they worked for an hour with all the remedies that they knew to bring life back into the whitened hands and feet, but with apparently no result. Coal oil, snow, water and some brandy that the man had in the shack, were used and even now it seemed as though they were to be robbed of the life for which such a fight had been made. With a face that was blanched with terror, and with a forgetfulness that put aside all conventions, they fought out together the battle with death, and that with no encouragement from the unconscious man.



The Christmas Community spirit cheerfully exemplified

The Gift of the Storm

By E. C. Cuming
Contd. from page 12

"He's still breathing and his heart is in action," said Coleman at the end of an hour in which they had said nothing beside the ordinary comments upon their patient. "He must have had a pretty tough time with it out there, don't you know, Miss."

"Oh, if we can only get him through now," she said in reply, forgetting that she too was on the verge of breaking under the strain.

"Well, it's no use giving up until it's over, so we'll just peg away until he comes through," said Coleman with determination.

So they worked far into the night over the man without knowing either each other or each other's name, but with a bond that seemed to hold them above the conventions of names and labels, the bond of a common work. At last the patient seemed to give some signs of life and the pair worked on more furiously.

"Where am I?" he questioned later as he opened his eyes. "Why, Nelly, you are here, so it's all right. Oh, let me sleep," he demanded, and quickly fell once again into unconsciousness.

"Say, he's coming too, if we can just keep on," encouraged the man, and the girl seemed to catch something of his spirit. For another hour they continued their ministrations, when the man once more came back to life and seemed to recognize them.

"Well, old top, you have had a terrible time of it, but it's all over now. Say, you just take this and get some sleep again, and we'll get a doctor here to see what can be done for you," said Coleman, offering him some stimulant with a view to keeping the patient up against the pain of the thawing out.

"Oh, father, just try and help us by keeping up now, we have had such a fight to get you back again and everything is all right. Mr.—"

"Coleman," supplied the man, realizing that he had not yet introduced himself to the girl.

"Coleman," she continued, "went out and found us lost in the snow and I am afraid you have become frozen pretty badly."

"Oh, by the way, what's your name?" he asked. "Awfully awkward, don't you know, not to know a person's name isn't it," he explained.

"Our name is McKenzie and my name is Nelly McKenzie," she replied with a blush and a look of gratitude that suffused her face. "I need hardly say how grateful we are to you for what you have done for us, Mr. Coleman. I hate to think just what would have happened if you had not come after us when we were lost."

"Now, you need not think about those things now, but I am afraid that your horse is about dead and stiff by this time. 'How came you to be out in such a night?' he asked as they once more turned their attention to the patient.

"Why, we were trying to get home from Clarence's, away up in the valley; we had no idea that the storm was as bad as it was, when we lost our way and somehow the horse found its way to your buildings and stumbled over something in the snow," she explained.

"That must have been the line I put out to guide me to my barn should I have to go out again. You see, that's what some of the people do here and it's a first rate idea, I think," he answered.

The McKenzies had lately come to the country and this was their first winter out from Old Ontario, so that it was to some degree excusable that they should have taken the risk that the prairie dweller dreaded, and should have been lost on the trail. Like Coleman, they had taken up a homestead and intended to farm some five or six miles distant from their newly found friend. They had decided to spend the holiday with some friends from the old home town, and had started out, despite the entreaties of their hosts, to find the storm much worse than they had at first supposed.

The doctor arrived the next day with Coleman, who had driven in to the nearest town for supplies and to fetch him, confirmed their fears that it would

be a long time before the patient would be able to get around well enough to make their home, with the result that a "committee of ways and means" was decided upon.

"Now, Miss McKenzie," said Coleman after the arrangements had been made for the doctor's return, "the bally old shack is not very large, but you are welcome to everything that I have here, and since Briggs says that we must not attempt to move your father for some weeks, I think that it will be necessary for you to stay here. We will make some arrangements about your stuff you know and I will go out from time to time to have a sort of look around. It will be a good arrangement for I was tired of this old life, don't you know, and I decided that I would get out as quickly as I could."

"It's really too bad," the girl answered, "to impose upon you in this way, but then we did not altogether come here of our own will. Suppose we amalgamate our forces, and I'll be nurse and housekeeper, while you will look after things outside."

The arrangement was perfectly satisfactory to all concerned and in the weeks that followed there was a jolly party in the very close quarters of Coleman's domain. Several alterations had to be made, and, while the quarters were made even smaller as a result, the owner felt that he had reaped the best of the bargain.

Some six weeks later the patient was sufficiently recovered to be moved to their own home, and the question of breaking up the happy arrangements that had existed during the last weeks, came to the fore. There were a great many things to be attended to against the coming of the spring that promised that year to be early, and, after several attempts at postponement by Coleman it was agreed that during the next few days he would go out to their farm and put things into order against their coming. One evening, however, towards the close of their visit the two younger people sat discussing the situation and, with a look of sadness upon their faces that at last the good times must be ended, they began to take stock between themselves of the situation. Through the weeks that had just passed there had ripened a friendship between these two that had entirely changed their view of life and Coleman, at least, found himself re-adjusting his decision as to the mistake of several well-meaning gentlemen with regard to the prairies. Thrown together they had come to learn the best in each other's lives and, while there were several things that Nelly could not understand about the man who had sheltered them, of one thing she was convinced, and that he was a brave and fine man. Coleman, on the other hand, began to have visions of the loneliness that was in store for him after they had made their exit from his life, and he found himself wishing again and again that the relation between them could be settled into a permanency.

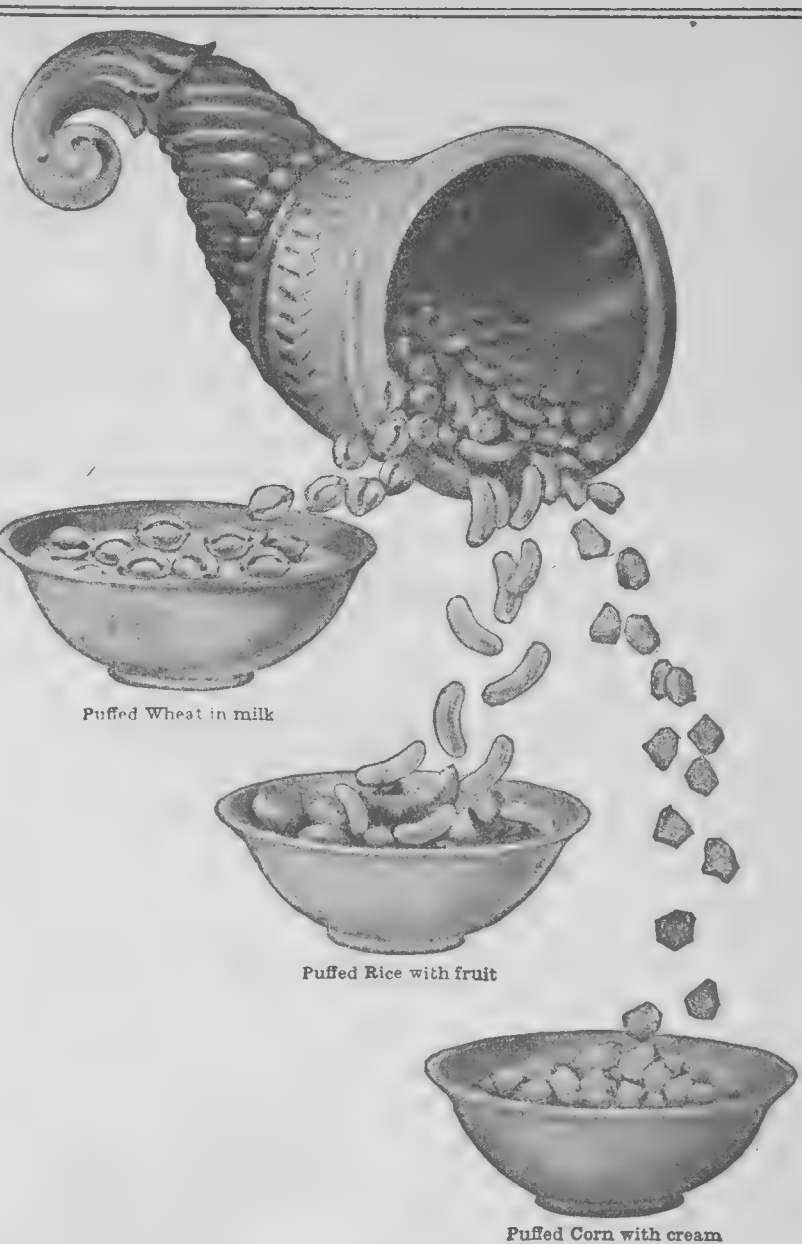
"Nelly," he said, after a silence that had lasted several minutes in which they had been thinking their own thoughts of the future, "I wish that it were possible for you to settle somewhere nearer, so that I could do things and look after you better. Your father will not be able to tackle the work of the farm this spring by himself, you know."

"Well, Dick, there are such things on these prairies and we are, of course, going to make provision along that line, so that Dad does not have to do very much of the work," she said as though she were trying to dodge the issue.

"Say, I wish that I could get that job, don't you know? Why, it would be worth working for nothing to be able to tackle it for you," he replied.

"Yes, I know all about that, but then you have your own work here and it's absolutely out of the question to let you work against your own interests like that."

"I have come to think that my interests are as much your interests after all, Nelly, for I feel that in a way the storm has brought you here and that this is your place. Won't you come here and be the mistress of this little shack and I will make things as comfortable as I can." (Continued on page 14)



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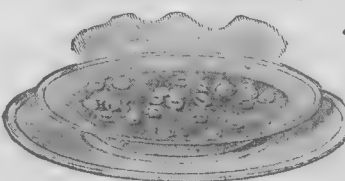
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The Gift of the Storm

By E. C. Cuming

Contd. from page 13

broke out the man with a reticence.

"That will be impossible, Dick, under the conditions that now exist, for I could not possibly leave Dad just now with the work of the year on his hands," the girl replied, well knowing that once again she was side-tracking the issue before them. "Wait for a year and then perhaps I can repay you for some of the things you have done for us."

"Nelly, it's not the question of paying that's worrying me just now. What's done is done and done with, but I want you very much indeed in my life. I can understand that your father is going to be right up against it, but then, we could work the farms from this point together," he said with a persistence that would not allow the evasion.

The question, however, was left unsettled, with the agreement that it was to be considered a year from that date.

"I do not know you or your people and while you are here under the name of Coleman, I am convinced that there are some things that you have not told me. If you will let me into your secret during the months that are ahead we will talk over the situation and decide the issue," she promised.

The months that followed were busy ones for the farmers of the prairies, but there were times when Coleman found it expedient to pay many visits to the homestead of the McKenzies. Again and again they found themselves discussing the storm and its outcome, and one evening just before leaving, the man decided to show his hand. In the gathering dusk of the great prairies he told the story of the past, omitting, however, the fact that he was connected with one of the great families of the old land. The omission went by the board and the girl came to the position where she found it possible to accept the bravery of this man without a full knowledge of his pedigree. Such a man, she argued, who could risk life itself for unknown people, must have something that was great beneath his pseudonym, and after all she was convinced that there had come into her life that love for him that overlooks the conventions of names and labels. Towards the end of the year, therefore, the question was again to the fore and at the conclusion of the discussion, Nelly said:

"Dick, my dear, after all I have to give in. The things that you have told me have made me a proud woman and I am happy to accept your gift."

"It's not you that's making the gift at all, my dear, but let us say that it came as a result of the storm," he said.

"A year ago I began to think that it would be the worst day in all my life out on these great plains, but the storm with its gift to me has made me the happiest man in the world. I decided that it was the last place to live in on earth and had decided to get away on the first train that would take me out, but since you have come, dear, it has become a very heaven itself."

The wedding was arranged on the first anniversary of his great fight and appropriately in the shack to which she had at first been taken by the man who now stood at her side. As soon as it was possible to get away they went out together to look across the great stretches, and as Coleman took his bride into his arms he said:

"My storm girl, I am going to be thankful for the rest of my life for the prairie blizzard, for it has surely brought me the greatest of all life's gifts, the gift of a great love."

Grandmothers' Day

By Janey Canuck

Contd. from page 4

But, pho! I'm a Jack-in-the-box myself who must appear to the impudent call of several bells. Neither did we like the dime banks. These are a mean present for Christmas, the only equivalent of which may be found in the action of those folk who collect nickles from school children

Nelly, these weeks have taught me that life will not be worth the candle when you have gone and I am wanting you to become my wife here,"

to erect a statue in memory of the last sovereign.

But best of all the things we liked the confectionery store containing bottles of sweets, packages of chocolates, scales, paper bags and all other requisites for that juvenile castle of delight, the rich candy lady's shop.

There is no saying how much longer we might have stayed, the little maid and I, if the six o'clock gong had not sounded and had not the shop girls covered the toy people with long white sheets, as though putting them all to bed.

"Sleep tight, little folk," we said, "pleasant dreams, and a very good night to you all."

One of the pleasures of the end of the year is that you are able to sit down (you had better close your eyes for this) and tell your fortune backward. It is a most fascinating experience, and by no means, unprofitable. And when this is over, it is equally interesting to cast your mind into the future and ask whither you go. Along what path will you travel in the coming year? What will the future hold? Will the coming months mark the advent of new energy, or witness the continuance of old indolence? The new year will have new scenery, new possessions, new joys, and should have new songs. It should be a better year than last or we have missed our lesson.

But, after all, our chief concern is not so much what the future holds as how we shall approach it. The unexpected is always just in front of us. By the manner in which we meet it, we will grow either stronger or weaker, greater or smaller. It may be a bitter disappointment, but let us turn the matter over carefully to see if we cannot turn the disappointment into an appointment. We will soon know that it is possible to work all things together for good.

We have not much respect for the prevalent cry about lost opportunities. All moments are propitious. A thousand chances lie between you and to-morrow. "Nothing is too late," says Tennyson, "till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

They are only weak people who are out of the running and talk of lost opportunities. To the live men, the best chance is not in the old year. It is just around the corner in the new, and he's pushing in that direction for all he's worth. He hasn't time to be pessimistic, nor has he time to bother the Almighty with things he can do himself. He knows the Almighty is very busy, too.

To one and all, then—but especially to you, our readers—we wish a propitious new year.

Getting Home

By I. R. Warren

Contd. from page 8

he said. "It'll keep you going to the bridge at least."

Drawing the cork, he slipped the neck of the flask between the filly's lips, just in the bar, and, tilting it up, poured the raw spirit into her mouth.

The effect was instantaneous. He had barely time to drop the flask and scramble into the saddle before she was off down the road. The runners were not yet in sight. He could hear the sound of their hoofs, but they never came into view.

So they rattled on, until a little bridge came in sight, running over a sluggish and frozen stream. Ned reined the filly in by the water-side, slipped from the saddle on to the ice, and, smacking her neck, sent her on. Then, keeping under the shadow of the bushes on the bank, he struck rapidly upstream.

A couple of miles farther on, the Bow Street runners, following the hoof-prints closely, came up to a riderless horse in the last stages of exhaustion. They struck back along the trail, but the smooth ice left no footprints. Nightriding Ned had vanished.

Further up the stream, a dark figure running along the ice, came to an old mill, where a warm light glowed welcomingly from a window. He unlatched the door and stepped inside, a dishevelled, bare-headed figure.

A little girl ran to him, shrieking delightedly: "Daddy, daddy!"

And a woman, dark and comely, threw her arms round his neck, and broke into sobs of thankful relief. "I said I'd get home for Christmas, you see, Margot lass," he said tenderly, "and here I am."

Peace on Earth

By Nellie McClung

Contd. from page 5

the sword as a remedy for trouble upon earth, has failed, and that after a long and consistent trial. Knowledge, science and culture have been tried, intermittently, with the sword always in the background as the final court of appeal; but these have proven futile. The world to-day with its hundreds of millions of under-nourished people; its hundreds of thousands of over-fed and idle people, its bitter and discouraged people; its careless, indifferent people; its devastated acres where crops would have grown to feed and comfort millions, but which are now poisoned with shell-gases and shell-holes; its fruit trees hacked and desolate, lying rotting in the sunshine; its pleasant villages burned to ash heaps; the world to-day calls loudly for new treatment.

Hitherto the treatment, we think, has been superficial; symptoms have been regarded as causes, and instead of being studied as a clue to the cause, have been legislated against, fought against, suppressed. Discontent is a symptom. When it is suppressed in one place it breaks out in another.

But there is a remedy for the diseases which are raging in the body politic, an old remedy, inasmuch as it was given long ago, but new still in the sense that anything is new that has not been used. The remedy is a simple one, but not an easy one. It was expressed long ago in these words: "Love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, and mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Only a spiritual force, a mighty spiritual impulse can save the world, and the Church knowing this, is calling on its members to enroll themselves as intercessors before God. The Church knows well, that if people can be got to pray, they will soon be up, helping to answer their own prayers, for thoughts are things, and have in them a vital force which will batter down the strongholds of sin. If the Church members will rally to the call that has gone forth, they will bring into force healing currents which will move the world toward righteousness and well-doing. Men and women will find Divine impulses in their hearts, that will fill them with amazement.

Spiritual experiences must always lead to sacrifice and service; bitter sacrifices and hard service. When the world moves onward, someone has to pay the moving expenses.

Four hundred thousand men in Canada gave evidence that they were willing to sacrifice their lives in the cause which they believed to be a righteous one, and they made the decision magnificently, without murmurings, without hesitation. It does not seem too much to believe that when so many of our people were willing to give up their lives, the others of us might be willing to give up our selfishness.

There really is only one thing wrong in the world to-day, and that is its spirit. I have spoken of it as selfishness, but I wish to amend that statement. Selfishness is rather too respectable a word to cover the case. What is really the trouble is better described as "hoggishness." There is a hoggishness of the inner circle which has always controlled our big financial interests and which made fortunes during war-time. There is the hoggishness of those who corner markets and raise the prices of even the necessities of life so that little children's faces grow blue and pinched with hunger. There is the hoggishness of those who have made inordinate profits behind the scenes, who took it all unashamed and unrepentant.

And farther down the scale we come to the hoggishness of the man who refuses to work because he cannot have his own way in everything, and allows mines and factories to remain idle while people suffer from cold and hunger. At the same time, I cannot get quite so indignant with them, although they are utterly wrong in what they do; for though their spirit is bitter, we must remember that they have had a great many things to make them bitter.

It is quite a popular thing to denounce the growth of Bolshevism, and I do deeply deplore and denounce it, but we are in error when we think of Bolshevism as applying only to the hoggishness of the working man. Bolshevism in its true meaning, is a good word, meaning "ruled by the majority." In its perverted meaning it is "grab and get" (no matter

who is hurt) and it has many disciples outside of Russia.

The bootlegger is a Bolshevik because for greed of gain he sets the law at defiance and injures his fellowmen.

The dishonest doctor who sells his one hundred prescriptions on the first day of the month, with no thought of the unhappiness he is bringing to many homes, with no thought of the disrepute he is bringing on the law, is a Bolshevik, even though he does use a tooth brush and possesses a manicure set.

Any man, who for his own gain, hurts his fellowmen by imposing on their rights and sets aside for his own pleasure or profit constituted authority, is a Bolshevik, no matter how regularly he visits the barber.

Is there a remedy for these things? I believe there is. I would be in despair if I did not. The remedy is already at work in the hearts of the people. The grab spirit can be wholly cast out by the spirit of love. Already we have one public man, Mr. Drury, Premier of Ontario, who voluntarily reduced his salary 25 per cent, for he claims he can live and do his work on nine thousand dollars per year. People say he is foolish to do it, and judged by the old standards of "Get all you can," he is; but in the light of the new day which is reddening the sky, he is justified. He is merely expressing the thought that is taking hold of men's hearts everywhere.

A change of treatment for our national diseases has ceased to be optional. It is obligatory. The world as it finds itself to-day, is dying. From over-feeding, from under-feeding, from epileptic fits or from sleeping-sickness—it does not matter—the world is dying. All hope of saving it by the ordinary means is at an end. We are desperate—desperate enough to even try religion. Of course we do not like to say it right out plain—we would rather say brotherhood or neighborliness, or something mild like that. But it is religion we need—the Real Thing; the sword of the spirit that pierces to the marrow—the overwhelming, transforming power of God—it is the only power that can save a dying world and kindle its fading fires into warmth and radiance, soften its hard heart and awaken the sluggish pulse which has grown so "thready" and weak.

The healing power is here in abundance. It is ours for the asking. Beginning with ourselves—which though the hardest, is the logical place to begin—let us this Christmas pray for the coming of the Kingdom.

Pour Out Your Heart in Love

By Reba Ray

Pour out thy soul in love,
As falls the goodly rain;
Count not the cost,
The labor lost,
The failure or the pain.

The Lord of Love shall cherish thee,
And with His Grace shall nourish thee;
Pour out thy soul in love!

Pour out thy soul in love,
A gift to all who need.
Heed not the sneer,
The curse and jeer,
Ingratitude and greed.

Pour out thy soul in love
Again and yet again;
Spend and be spent,
For none are sent
To touch thy life in vain.

Pour out thy soul in love,
An unction on mankind;
Hold not thy best,
Nor pause for rest
Till life is left behind.

Pour out thy soul in love!
The Master led the way:
Gethsemane
And Calvary,
And then the Easter day.

The Lord of Love shall cherish thee,
And with His Grace shall nourish thee;
Pour out thy soul in love!

Butterflies are beautiful, but no one builds hives for them.



A Word to the Cook

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The Bachelor Uncle at Christmas

By E. G. Bayne



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NE'S sympathies go out to this forlorn being at the merry Yuletide season. At the feast of reason and the flow of soul he gets the neck of the bird and has to sit between a giggling flapper and an erudite spinster with rubber-tired "specs." After dinner they dump the baby on him or else request him to run the Victrola "like a dear," and in case he does manage a dance or two on his own account he draws a lemon with two left feet and a displacement of sixteen stone who comes down every third beat or so on his dearest corn. Then at late refreshments he who was wont to blow the foam off the musty, saying, "Here's looking at you!" alas! now merely blows the talcum off the marshmallow—and inwardly groans. Sometimes he used to get a "bun"—now all he gets is a bon-bon! Caramels for cocktails, Turkish delight for 'alf-and-'alf, assorted chocolates for a "mixed," and an almond bar for the mahogany-and-brass-rail one.

"Never send a bachelor brother or uncle on a shopping expedition," advised a woman the other day to a group of friends over the tea-cups. "He means well but he's not designed for the role. As a last-minute emissary of Santa Claus he's a flat-footed failure, a fizzle and a frost!"

Then she explained how, being desperately busy, she accepted the misguided suggestion of her husband to "let Bill do it"—meaning that Bill, her brother, be sent down-town for "those odds and ends." Hubby himself had presented a plausible alibi (he wouldn't have touched the job with a forty-foot pole). The inference, of course, is that he had cut his eye teeth and like the generous fellow he was, believed in letting Bill have a stab at it. Bill was only an amateur and needed practice. It might come in very handy some day!

So Bill, after some very natural demur, hied him forth armed with a goodly list and a lot of more or less incoherent advice. The "odds and ends" turned out to be a dozen and more gifts that remained to be purchased, and his sister had told him to take his time, look around well and use his very best judgment.

"If anything puzzles you, why, just buy as near to it as you can. You don't need to stick to everything I've put down," she called after him as he departed.

He took a slant at the list, checked a rising bit of blasphemy and smiled in a relieved way. This was going to be pie. He'd hike into one of the big stores, call for one of those personal-shopper dames, and let her do her worst! But before he was half-way into the shopping district he fell in with a couple of cronies and they went off somewhere—Bill was cautiously vague about the exact spot, afterward—and the next thing he knew it was half-past four. The big store closed its doors at five! So the amateur Santa Claus lunged across the street, wove his way through a tangle of traffic and sped along till he came to the first entrance of the great emporium. He burst through the swinging doors like a tornado, catapulted up one aisle and down another and at length brought up short before the cutest-looking chicken he could find. Only then did he think of consulting the list. He pulled it forth and perused it under one of the fierce white lights which beat upon a ribbon counter. It was one of those sketchy lists made out by careful women who aren't sure of their memories, and it ran like this:

"Something for Aunt Susan. She's crazy about China. Something useful for Cousin Grayce. She loves purple. A tie or something for Uncle George. Don't get a red one. Something tasteful for Mrs. Piper. Nothing giddy. A nice book for Miss Bings. Not too highbrow. Ditto for Cousin Estelle. Not a best-sellerish one. Better choose

a standard work. Something solid. Calendars for the Smiley girls. A belt for the cook. A book for Aunt Ella (Nothing deep.) A gift for Daisy. Collar, handkerchief or fancy bag for Miss Lyons. Muffler for Uncle Paul. Not a scratchy one."

Bill looked up with a little frown. The chicken was winding ribbon and glancing at him ever and anon.

"Say, can you make anything of this?" he demanded suddenly, pushing the paper across at her and knocking down three bolts of ribbon.

She looked at it and then at him, smiled haughtily and murmured:

"Why don't you go to night-school, you poor fish?"

"Don't be hard on me, dearie. I never had a chance," said Bill ingratiatingly. "Can't you help a chap out?"

"Gwan! You're only the seventeenth that's tried to mash me this afternoon. Beat it!" said the proud beauty.

Bill went away from there, taking his list and his languishment with him. He dashed about until the first gong sounded. He bought wildly, recklessly, and carried his purchases, stuffing them about his person in every conceivable place. He flew via the lift from basement to top floor and down again. And at last a floorwalker had to forcibly eject him, since he appeared to be desirous of remaining all night. He nearly fell over a scrub-woman's pail as he staggered out into the big lobby. He ran for a car like an old lady trying to catch a bus in old London. He dropped a parcel, stooped for it and lost two more; picked them up and ran on. He cursed himself for not bringing the run-about and gazed frantically around for a chance friend and his car. He collided with two girls, backed up, apologizing profoundly and was brushed by the fender of an oncoming trolley. He darted to the pavement, missed it by half an inch and came down hard in three inches of slush. And when finally he reached home he was feeling rather crusty but quite virtuous. He tumbled out his packages on the living-room table, pounded his chest, smirked, and said:

"Now whadda yuh think of Brother Bill? Some nifty little shopper, eh? And say! When do we eat?"

The packages revealed: one alleged cloissoné jar with "Made in Michigan" stamped on the bottom for the china-crazy aunt; a silk blouse length for the cousin who loved purple—only this was emerald green; a non-exciting little present for Mrs. Piper, consisting of six jazz records; a socialist tie for Uncle George hot enough to keep his chest warm on the coldest day in January; a lowbrow volume for Miss Bings entitled "Robert Browning"; a standard work for Cousin Estelle, who was engaged to a medico in England, called, "What to Do till the Doctor Comes"; a book for Aunt Ella about Bolsheviks and things; a Palm-Beach parasol of orange satin with black spots for the preacher's wife; a low-visibility collar for the estimable but bony Miss Lyons, the children's governess; a pair of hectic, clocked stockings and a string of near-jade beads for niece Daisy who was at boarding-school; a tasty salmon-pink satin sash for the cook—classy enough for any policeman that ever swung a club to put his arm about; a couple of jolly little calendars tinkling with tiny brass bells that hung from ribbons laced through celluloid; and a muffler for Uncle Paul as rough as an Airedale pup.

Bill never knew that his sister was the first person next morning at the big store's exchange counter. She had thanked him with apparent gratitude, although a trifle hysterically and on Christmas morning he had replied in kind for the gifts of a tragic necktie and a box of heavy, ornate cigars. Given a longer list, though, who can say what Bill might not have achieved? It is unfair to judge him by his one maiden effort.



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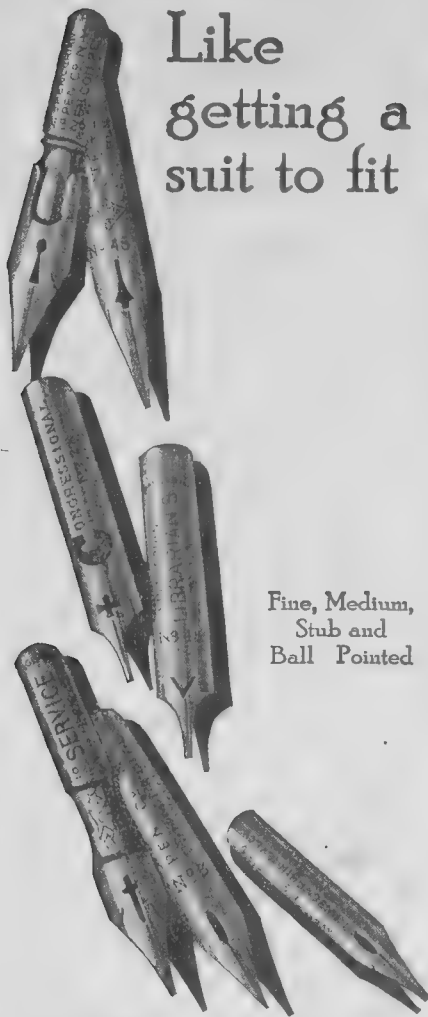
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British Columbia

IN last issue appeared an article by Mr. Burns, in which he described conditions in British Columbia as he saw them. The Western Home Monthly did not accept any responsibility for statements made, but knew that there would be many ready to confirm or criticize them. It has worked out in just that way. A number of articles have been sent in, some approving and some condemning Mr. Burns. It is impossible to print them all. Two typical letters are printed, which are fairly representative of all. With the printing of these the discussion closes. It is hoped the exchange of views will be for the good of all concerned.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Land of the Britishers

There is no province in the Dominion of Canada, with a future before it more brilliant than that which seems the destiny of this great last west. As all who have watched the progress of events during the past decade must admit the trade centre of the world is slowly shifting. There must come a time when the Pacific will rival, if not out-class, the Atlantic as a highway of commerce, for we have here bordering on this greatest of oceans, hundreds of millions of populations slowly but surely awakening to their economic needs, and these needs must be supplied. Mental and physical hunger is the stimulus behind trade, and is an insistent craving which cannot be denied. British Columbia is preparing to do her part toward satisfying that want. She is already establishing factories, and will establish many more, for the immense natural resources of this province which go into the maw of the factories, and come out a finished or semi-finished product, are practically inexhaustible. Pulp and paper mills, iron and steel plants, smelters, woollen mills, flour mills, canneries, meat-packing houses, cold storage plants, creameries, condensaries, every sort of plant for handling the raw materials is being established here, and at the shipyards where we turned out vessels for the French and British Governments during the war, we are now building the units of our own mercantile marine, which will plough the seas between us and Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, India and all of the countries bordering on the Pacific, and pass by way of the Panama Canal to the older, and more travelled waterway which will lead them to practically all of the ports of the world.

The Dominion of Canada is the largest of those imperial units which go to make the commonwealth of nations known as the British Empire, and British Columbia is one of the largest and richest provinces in the Dominion. She has an area of 372,60837 miles; with the exception of nickel, all that the other provinces possess in raw materials is here in abundance. The coal mines, as yet in their early stage of development, have produced over \$670,000,000. There are 366,000,000,000 feet of raw timber in the forests and immense supplies of pulpwood. The fishing production is 47½ per cent of Canada's total. \$3,000,000 worth of furs are shipped out from this province annually. There are millions upon millions of acres of fertile farm lands, fruit lands, grazing lands. There are upwards of two and a half million water powers. And there are only something over 700,000 of a population.

It is population we want, the right sort of population, preferably British born, but in any case, we desire only men and women who can measure up to the British standard mentally, morally and physically, and who will come here prepared to adopt our flag as their own. Unfortunately, owing to the laissez-faire attitude of those in authority, the Chinese were allowed to come into Canada some years ago in large numbers, nor was there any very strict regulation against the Japanese except as was implied in the "Gentleman's Agreement." To-day there are heavy restrictions against the importation of Chinese, one of them being the five hundred dollar head-tax. But the Orientals came, and because they knew they could find no better country than this, very few of them penetrated further east. To-day out of our population of some seven hundred odd thousand, they form about fifty thousand.

It is the evidence of the Orientals here which impresses many people coming to this country. Naturally enough the Chinese and Japanese stand out prominently

to those who are not accustomed to meeting them, and the inference is drawn therefore, that there are many more of them than is actually the case. As a matter-of-fact, the population of British Columbia is more distinctly British than that of any other province in the Dominion, and Victoria, the capital, is frequently described as a bit of Old England itself. On the other hand, we have not the mischief-making element here which is so prominent in the Prairie Provinces, and which, like a putrid sore, eats out the very heart of the moral and industrial fabric; we refer now to the Galicians, the Ruthenians, the Mennonites, and many other of those retrograde Slav sects which have settled in the rich wheat lands of the interior, and with whom it is almost the despair of the Government to deal. A defiant, immoral section of a population can work open and insidious havoc which involves a whole people, as Winnipeg itself has proved to its sorrow. British Columbia will deal with the Oriental question, is dealing with it, in fact, The Japanese and Chinese have not the franchise, nor shall they be able to get it if the people of British Columbia have their way. There is one way to overcome economic menace of these people, and that is by a great influx of our own Anglo-Saxons who are prepared to go on the land. This influx has already begun, and the indications are that within the next year, we shall be well up to the million mark in our producing population.

Just at present British Columbia is suffering, as is every other province in Canada, from the after effects of the war. The climatic conditions here, the opportunities which offer, have attracted a great many people who seem to think that a house and a job are awaiting for them immediately upon their arrival. This is not true of any section of Canada. In the eastern cities housing conditions are much worse than they are here, and rents much higher. What we desire to emphasize, and what we cannot emphasize too strongly, is this, the need of an agricultural class in British Columbia. A small capital to start out with is absolutely necessary. Given that, good health, and a determination to succeed, and nothing can hinder the realization of one's hopes. There is no country richer than this, no climate as good, and nowhere are prospects brighter for great industrial development.

In conclusion it might be well to point out that there is nothing to be gained by the abuse of one section of the country by a person or persons representing another section. Each city, each province, has its own peculiar problems, and in the solving of those problems, invective and diatribe can play no part. Rather let each one of us, recognizing the necessity for it, co-operate in all matters pertaining to civic, provincial and federal welfare whenever possible. Only in this way can we keep alive the imperial spirit which means universal progress.

N. de Bertrand Lugrin.

BRITISH COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE AMBITIOUS.

In answer to October's Article:
"B.C., The Land of the Oriental."

On reading the above mentioned article in the October number of The Western Home Monthly, I felt it my duty to write another article in answer to it, pointing out the narrow-minded views of the writer of the aforesaid article, and to correct the poisonous influence it would have on the minds of those who have never been fortunate enough to view B.C. at closer quarters than through the mediums of magazines.

First of all I want you to understand that I am not a real estate shark, neither am I connected with any railway, land office, nor am I a retired financier. I am a returned man, rendered unable to work, and living on a full disability pension. And believe me, folks, I was mighty glad to view the Rockies once again through the window of a hospital train, and I thanked God He had decreed that my home should be in a land of such promise as B.C. Although born in Ontario, I came to B.C. as a child, and have caught the ambitious and optimistic spirit of the Great West.

Living in Vancouver, I am well able to study the conditions of labor over which my friend, Mr. J. W. Burns, waxed so sarcastic. By nature, I am a person who loves all his fellow men. But I must say that I think Mr. Burns (Cont'd on page 18



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Well cut—well made and
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29

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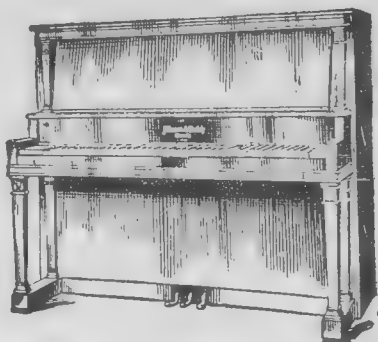
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VICTOR RECORDS sent to any part of Western Canada—delivery guaranteed. Write for our big catalogue giving over 9,000 of the latest records for you to choose from.

British Columbia

Cont'd. from page 17

is one of those people who came to Vancouver expecting a position as president of some big financial concern or harbor commissioner or something in that line. He bewails the fact that you must put up from five hundred dollars to five thousand dollars to secure a position. All this is "bunk," to use a slang expression. He probably mistook the "Gold Brick Sold" for the Male Help Wanted column. He says all the janitors' jobs are filled by Orientals. I will admit that a few Orientals are employed in that way. But why? The reason is that the average white man thinks it below his dignity to take such a job. But Oriental janitors are few and far between. He makes the same misleading statement regarding section hands. Personally, I have never seen an Oriental section hand. As he says, the navigation companies employ a great many Orientals, and it is a fact to be deplored. But all officers, stewards and a great many deck hands are white. Particularly is this so on the coast ships, where no help is Oriental except the cook and flunky in some cases. Now in regard to the logging camps. Mr. Burns leaves the impression with the readers that there is always a strike on in the camps. Strikes are very rare in logging camps. A person who is willing to work can be assured of a job there. And the lowest wage is about six dollars per day. Moreover, it is clean, healthful and invigorating work, and a man who works in a camp for a season comes out with a good stake. Of course it is dangerous work to a certain degree, but what real red-blooded Canadian thinks twice of danger? Not one. Then there is always the stevedoring. Plenty of work in that line, and such things as strikes are unusual occurrences. Good pay, too.

Another trial Mr. Burns met with is the difficulty in securing a house or place to rent. Vancouver, at the present time, is growing too big for its clothes. It is hard, I grant you, to get a place to rent, but you can always get your pick of a place to buy. Homes run from fifteen hundred to ten thousand dollars. The majority of the homes here are frame constructions as lumber is so plentiful, and the climate does not make a brick or stone house necessary. However, if one perseveres, one can always find quarters to rent somewhere.

Mr. Burns says "you think you are in the Orient." He gives the impression that Vancouver is "full of dark, narrow alleys, wooden and brick houses, and every moment you expect to see a ghost make his appearance."... "you have a genuine feeling that you are not in British territory." I hate to insinuate, but having seen considerable hospital life, I wonder if Mr. Burns had an attack of D.T.'s or (Blue Devils) when he came home that night mentioned. However, granting that he was not, he must have strayed into that section of Vancouver, of about four city blocks, that we call Chinatown. But what big Pacific coast city has not its Chinatown, with its accompanying odors, chop suey, and weird music? Although Chinatown is in Vancouver, it has no connection with the life of the city in general. It might as well be buried (as indeed part of it is, in huge tunnels and rooms dug out by the inhabitants) for all the notice

people take of it. I know people who have lived here for years and have never been through Chinatown, or do not even know where it is.

A few words now on the fisheries and salmon canneries. Here again Mr. Burns gives the readers the impression that these industries are practically controlled by Oriental labor. There are, I will admit, a great many Japanese fishermen, but there are an equal number of white men. Mr. Burns speaks of Steveston, the salmon canning village. Here also I will admit, that ninety per cent of the labor, roughly speaking, are Chinese, Japanese and native Indians. Why? Because the fastidious white man considers canning salmon too smelly a job for him. Mr. Burns seems to be one of those people who did not stay long enough in this country to learn that Steveston is not thirty miles from Vancouver. It is fifteen. It is these little errors that make me believe that he is uninformed on the subject. He states that Lulu Island, some time ago, was partly covered by the sea. That may be a tourist's conception of it. The truth is that Lulu Island is a large tract of fertile land composed of silt brought down by the yearly floods of the mighty Fraser River.

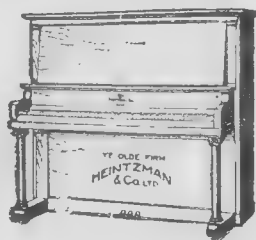
The Fraser Valley is one of the most fertile pieces of land in the world. It is practically all in cultivation. Again I agree with Mr. Burns, that a large amount of the lower Fraser Valley farms and gardens are owned by Chinese, but as long as there is no legislation to stop them, and they have the money to purchase the land, what can we do. It has been suggested that land owners form a combine and refuse to sell land to the Chinese. Personally, I think it is a good plan, but so far it is only a proposal. Whether it will be carried out remains to be seen. Only a small part of the lower Fraser is over-run with Chinese farmers. The upper Fraser Valley, the Similkameen, the Okanagan, the Kootenay and the other huge tracts of fertile lands, are owned by the whites. The Okanagan is famous for its fruits, while the majority of the other districts are given over to grain and stockraising. So after all the Chinese don't own 60% of the land here.

Mr. Burns finishes his article with "What will B.C. look like twenty years from now?" This is what I see.

I can see Vancouver as the greatest Canadian Pacific port. I see her waterfront extending the length of Burrard Inlet. I see Lulu Island as the landing place of the trans Pacific aerial mail and passenger airships and planes. I see the yet unexplored regions of the Rockies pouring forth untold wealth in minerals. I see B.C. as the headquarters for assembling aeroplanes for all parts of the world. We have the spruce here to make them. In short, I see B.C. as the richest province in the Dominion. We have the men, the descendants of the pioneers who were not afraid to brave the wilds to make B.C. what it is to-day.

Now, readers, I must halt here. I could write for hours on the opportunities of this Golden West, but I have already taken up too much valuable space. The one thing that I must say in closing is this. There is work here for all who are willing to work, who are not afraid to soil their hands. It (Continued on page 33)

Christmas Gifts of Music



No home can be truly happy at Christmas-time, or at any other time of the year, without music. Can you imagine anything more dull than a party without it?

Be sure there is music in plenty in your home this Christmas day and every following day throughout the year. Buy a

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as your royal gift to the family. Write at once for catalogs, prices and terms, and make your selection early in order to secure delivery in time for Christmas.

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Inexpensive Gift Suggestions for every member of the family

VIOLENS	AUTOHARPS	TROMBONES	FLAGEOLETS
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Grape-Nuts The Cereal That Needs No Sugar

Healthful, substantial and full of sturdy nourishment. A food of delightful flavor, eatable to the last atom.

Sold by grocers everywhere!

Why Not Live and Let Live

By Annie E. Mellish

During the past few months schools and colleges in different parts of the continent have sent out graduates in Domestic Science. A large field is waiting and eager for the practical work of this body of young women. The question is—will they enlist? Will the sweet girl graduate who is full of lofty ideals and ready to revolutionize the diet of mankind be willing to go on active service in a private home?

What would it mean to a mother worn out with care and responsibility to have an assistant of this kind. The more educated and refined the broader her interest in her work. This is especially true where there are children. The best is none too good for the home. The wise mother realizes this fact yet she looks in vain for such a helper.

From ocean to ocean the help problem has become very serious. One reason is the outcome of free education. Children of to-day in every class are given equal advantages in our public schools. This is a step in advance of fifty years ago and makes it possible for girls to now earn their livelihood in different lines. Very few are taking up domestic service, as parents aim to have their daughters follow some other vocation.

For instance, I know a widow who had to support herself and three little girls. She had been "out to service" before her marriage and when her husband died she did laundry work for fifteen years. She sent her three children regularly to school and gave them every advantage that she possibly could with her limited means. The girls are now young women, one has recently been appointed superintendent of a hospital, another is a first class stenographer and the third is on the staff of a public library. Had there not been free education for these girls they would now, no doubt, be "out to service" like their mother before them.

Another reason we hear quoted quite often for the dearth in this line, is due to the standing formerly given to those engaged in house-work. They have been practically in a class by themselves. In fact, I remember when visiting in a small town some years ago, hearing a certain steam-ship line referred to as "the servant girl route." No one meant to be unkind. It was simply a local distinction in the different lines of travel.

This attitude towards household help has been pretty general in the past. The result is that many girls well qualified for domestic service have taken up nursing, stenography or some other means of livelihood. They are not nearly so well off financially or so comfortably housed, but they feel they are at least, on an equal footing with other wage earners.

Home managers are now rising to the situation, and trying if possible to form a compromise. In the place of the old-time advertisement, "wanted, a servant girl," we read to-day "wanted, companion help, light duties, high wages," or "wanted, mother's help, home privileges, liberal time off," etc.

During a lecture to his class in Boston University, Prof. Dallas Lorne Sharp, incidentally touched on this subject and said, "the day is past when a distinction can be drawn between the girl in the office and the girl in the home. Each one is doing the task assigned her by higher authority, of the two the girl in the office is more of a machine."

What is true in the United States should also be true in Canada. As it is, criticism in regard to the business girl has changed during the past ten years. War conditions strengthened this movement. In fact it then became an honor for a girl to enter the business world and even with the return of the boys in khaki the halo has not disappeared. Even the society editor gives a list of prominent young women who are now earning a wage by picking fruit. They may call it a frolic, a summer outing, anything they like, but they are working and receiving money for their labor on the same principle as a maid in a home or a president of a railroad. All work is honorable. Why the "looking down" on a girl engaged in any one phase of it? Why not live and let live?

Friend—"How's your boy getting on in the army, Mr. Johnson?"

Johnson—"Wonderfully! I feel a sense of great security. An army that can make my boy get up early, work hard all day, and go to bed early, can do anything."



*Candy that is the
very spirit of Yuletide*

THE climax of joyousness is reached and toys and games are forgotten when mother opens a box of Moir's—delicious dainties that fairly melt in the mouth. Mother knows that Moir's are always fresh and wholesome.

**Moir's
Chocolates**

MOIR'S, LIMITED, HALIFAX



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FRENCH ORGANDIE

*Is used by all who
appreciate high
class stationery*

*In note paper
and tablets with
envelopes to match*

FRENCH ORGANDIE
THE STATIONERY OF THE REFINED
ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT

CHRISTMAS, the day which commemorates Christ's birth, has most suitably been called the Festival of Humanity, for it is full of the inspiring sentiments of actual life.

If, when we begin to look into the history and customs of this greatest of all festivals, we at first regret that so much of the quaint and picturesque has been lost, let us also try to realize that we have still preserved to us the best and truest observances of the feast.

The Christmas of nineteen-twenty is fuller of brotherly love and nearer the Divine intention and fulfilment of that glorious message to humanity, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men," than it ever was in the past ages since Christ's birthday became a universal feast.

Of these many quaint and still popular customs perhaps no one should take precedence of the carol, for is it not the one attached to the feast pre-eminently Christian? For the merry songs of Saturn's feast were but the natural joyous outburst of music common to all peoples when hearts are light and merry with wine and care is forgotten in the wassail bowl. The carol also takes precedence as the herald of Christmas.

Although we nowadays associate the period of Christmastide as limited from the 24th of December, or Christmas Eve, until New Year's Day, Christmastide in olden times began with Advent and lasted until Twelfth Night, and even on till Candlemas (February 2d). From St. Nicholas' Day (December 6th) till Holy Innocents' or Childermas Day (December 28th) the children in old England and the Continent reigned supreme in church and home, and the election of a boy bishop, with his companions as attendant priests and deacons for the time being, was annually carried out in many of the cathedral cities of England, notably Salisbury. In this cathedral a monument still stands to the memory of one of these boy bishops, who died during his brief term of office. In the Old Sarum Service Book we find the order of service for the ordination of a boy bishop every St. Nicholas' Day. During the three weeks of his episcopate the boy and his chosen companions went daily through the streets of the city chanting prayers and singing carols, and from this old custom we in England still inherit the practice of the "waits," or carol singers of Advent.

Every one who has lived in rural England during this season must recall with feelings of pleasure those cold, dark, murky evenings of December when the charms of home and hearth reigned

English Christmas and Scottish New Year

By M. E. Lester Addis

"Nowell! crieth every lusty man."

Chaucer



The divine glories of the Christmas Anthem.

supreme over all allurements of the outside world, the privacy of the home, as it were, doubly secured by the closed shutters and closely drawn curtains—nothing to disturb the stillness—when suddenly the carols of the parish waits

are heard upon the silent air, reminding all that the happy season of Christmas draws near.

These carols were of two classes—scriptural and convivial. The former were sung every morning and evening

until Twelfth Day (January 6th), and the latter were heard at feasts and carouses. The tunes were specially mirthful and suitable for dancing. The earliest extant with music is to the old tune, "Bring us in good ale."

A Latin proverb current from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries characterized the singing of the various European nations, and gave England the palm for joyous songs. Judging from the fact that the French are first named, we presume it is of French origin, and they, too, claimed them to be the only people who understood the art and expression of good music. It runs:

"The French sing, the English carol, the Spaniards wail, the Germans howl, the Italians quaver like goats."

An old English poet writes:

"When rosemary and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd in frequent cries through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near—
Christmas, the joyous period of the year!
Now with bright holly all the temples strow
With laurel green and sacred mistletoe."

From the earliest times green boughs have been associated as one of the outward expressions of joy, and repeatedly in the Bible do we find allusions to them, notably in Nehemiah, where we read: "Go forth unto the Mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches . . . and there was very great gladness." Decorations may thus be claimed as decidedly Scriptural in their origin. The popular evergreens are rosemary, bay, laurel, holly and ivy, and in folk-lore we have many and frequent allusions to all of these. The hellebore, or Christmas rose, and the Christmas thorn, which flower at this season, along with laurestina and arbutus, are freely used in English decorations. A very quaint poem tells of the claims of the ivy and holly for precedence. Popular tradition says the holly should be placed inside and the ivy outside the house. I give the whole poem, or secular carol, as it is an excellent lesson in old English spelling, and shows very plainly the evolution of language. The dialogue runs thus:

"Nay, ivy! nay, it shall not be I wys;
Let holy hafe the maystry, as the maner ys."

COCOA KEEPS THE LUMBERMAN FIT!

COWAN'S
"Perfection"
NUTRITIOUS & STRENGTHENING — IT FIGHTS THE COLD.

COCOA
Brand

"Holy stond in the halle, fayre to behold;
Ivy stond without the doore; she ys
ful sore a-cold.

"Holy and hys merry men they daw syn
and they syng
Ivy and hur maydenys they wepyn and
they wryng.

"Holy hath berys as rede as eny rose
The foster the hunters kepe him from
the doos (pigeons).

"Ivy hath berys as blake as eny slo;
Then come ther oule and ete hym as
she goo.

"Holy hath byrdys a ful fayre flok
The nyghtyngale, the poppingy, the
gayntyl lavyrock (lark).

"Good ivy, what byrdys hast thou?
Non but the (h) owlet that kreye,
'How! how!'"

How different is the Christmas of the Southern States in this respect of greens—so near and yet so far. Those whose good fortune has led them to spend Christmas Day in the sunny South—in Florida, the land of flowers—realize how totally different the day seems from that kept in the North. The holly has fewer berries there, and its leaves lack the glossy lustre, but the church decorations would be those of a midsummer festival in England. Camellias, roses, lilies, narcissus, jonquils, gardenias and jessamine—their overpowering fragrance a striking contrast to the sombre branches of the typical feast of the colder lands. But if one misses the holly and the darker greens, the Christmas fare is alike the world over, even when eaten under a blazing sky out in the wild Australian bush—merry picnickers under the blue gums—all have the roast beef and plum pudding of old England.

In olden times the plum porridge was eaten at the beginning of the dinner, occupying the place of the soup course, and the mince or shred pies were ever popular. In shape they are often slightly oval, as well as round, and our grandmothers tell us this oval shape was to remind us of Christ's cradle. In England it is still an enjoyable custom to offer a mince pie to every caller during the last week of the year, for every pie eaten under a different roof represents a happy month of the coming new year. When the twelve have become *un fait accompli*, one often hears, "Thanks, I have eaten my twelve, so kindly excuse me."

Here in America our toy and fancy shops are as gay, even gayer and more attractive, than those in London; but we have nothing to compete with the English pastrycook's shop windows.

The piece de resistance in the centre is a boar's head, beautifully glazed and decorated with an apple in his mouth, surrounded by pheasants stuffed with nuts and spices and redressed in their plumage and tails. The peacock, too, is a decorative dish for a grand ball-room supper, for the peacock was Juno's bird, and so we inherit this custom from Roman days. No one eats these dressed-up birds; they are placed on the table as ornaments.

There are many allusions to pagents of great splendor in the Christmas of the Middle Ages, and in contrast to these we have the "still" Christmas Days after plague and disaster.

The Puritans did all in their power to abolish the many customs of the day as being of heathen origin and tending to riotous excess, and they were so far successful. In the literature of the period we find many regrets expressed on the dullness of the season, and that the good old times were gone. Ben Jonson's lines remind us of a "lost, stolen or strayed" advertisement:

"Any man or woman that can give any knowledge or tell any tidings of an old, old, very old gray-bearded gentleman called Christmas, who was wont to be a very familiar guest and visite all sorts of people, both pore and riche, and had ringing feast and jollitie in all places, both in the cite and countrie, for his comming; whosoever can tell what is become of him, or where he may be found, let them bring him back againe into England."

A Twister

The little girl was starting to join her mother, who was visiting friends in a neighboring city. "Tell mamma," said her father, as he put her on the train and kissed her good-by, "that I am taking good care of the flowers in the back yard."

"I will, papa."

"And be sure to tell her that the goldenglow is growing gloriously."

"I'll remember, papa." The train moved off and she was gone. An hour or two later she delivered the message.

"Mamma," she said, "papa told me to tell you that he was taking good care of the flowers."

"I am glad to hear it, dear"

"And I was to be sure to tell you that the goldenglow is glowing—no; the goldenglow is going—I mean the glory-grow is glowing gloriously—the gorygrow is going—mamma, what is the name of that big yellow flower that grows in the back yard?"

"The goldenglow, dear."

"Well, he says it's doing first-rate."



The Fairy Princess Had a Wish

And she wished for a complexion as soft as velvet, as white as a lily, with tints of peach bloom. So they brought her

"BLUSH OF ROSES"

No, dear girls, not a fairy tale—but just a pretty way to tell you of this face tonic that has made thousands of women beautiful.

Neither paint, powder, nor rouge, but a liquid preparation that is applied to the face, taking the place of all of these, and making the complexion more beautiful without injury to the skin. If you have wished to be more beautiful you'll find "Blush of Roses" just like a gift from the fairies.

"Blush of Roses" will positively remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Liver Spots, Moth Patches, Erysipelas and Salt Rheum.

For trial, a full sized \$1.00 bottle sent for 75c. Address **LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont.**

Also for sale by all Leading Departmental Stores and Druggists.

PACIFIC COAST TOURS

A SUNNY CLIME FOR WINTER TIME






A Great Vacation Land Brought near to Hand

SUNSHINE and bracing air will help repair the wear and worry of work. Spend the winter months beside a summer sea. Indulge in golf, motoring and all outdoor sports.

**The Great International Playground invites you this Winter.
Now is the time to plan.**

Full Particulars and Reservations at

the office of any Agent of the Canadian National-Grand Trunk Pacific Railways, or write the following:

W. J. QUINLAN, District Pass. Agt.
Winnipeg, Man.

W. STAPLETON, District Pass. Agt.
Saskatoon, Sask.

J. MADILL, District Pass. Agt.
Edmonton, Alta.

Gift Suggestions

What could be more acceptable
than a

Bank of Nova Scotia Savings Bank Pass Book

REMEMBER

\$5.00

Deposited every month will, in ten
years, amount to

\$697.17

The Bank of Nova Scotia

Established 1832

Resources - \$239,000,000



BUSINESS GIFTS FOR XMAS

The festive season is with us. The time-honored custom of giving some appropriate gift to those associated with us in our homes and in our business and social life, will demand our immediate attention shortly. How difficult it is at times, to think of a suitable gift which will be practical and pleasing. The following suggestions are made with a view to assisting our readers to choose some presents worth while.

For the family man: You are vitally interested in the welfare of your family, not only during the Christmas season, but the whole year round. In order to ensure their happiness this Christmas, next Christmas and for many years to come, you should add the following to your list of Xmas gifts:—

As much more life insurance as you can afford.

A properly drawn will.

An accident and sickness assurance policy.

Adequate fire insurance on all your property.

Commence a savings bank account for each member of your family.

If you do any or all of these things you will be able to look back upon these 1920 Xmas gifts as things of real value to those who are near and dear to you. Charity begins at home.

THE ALBERTA OIL FIND

Dr. J. A. Allan of Alberta University, stated recently that Alberta is on the verge of what might be the greatest oil boom that had ever occurred on the American continent. This announcement was preceded by an oil-strike at Fort Norman, Alberta, and was without doubt, prompted by the excitement which the Fort Norman find caused.

Experience has proven that booms of any description have their drawbacks, and this is very true of the booms which we, in Western Canada, have already lived through. The real estate booms left a long trail of misrepresentation, fraud and foolish speculation behind them. It is not hard now to convince the average man that such booms do not pay in the long run. The oil booms, gold strikes and natural gas discoveries of recent years, in so far as the small investor has been affected, have been very costly experiences. They have been accompanied by campaigns of misrepresentation and fraud, manipulated by financial "sharks" who have successfully played upon the imaginations of those whom they duped with stories of sudden wealth and easy money. After each experience the general public emphatically declare "Never Again," but human nature is always susceptible to the lure of the get-rich-quick suggestions which form a large part of the stock-in-trade of the unscrupulous promoter.

There are certain facts in connection with the oil find at Fort Norman, Alberta, which should be kept in mind, for there is little doubt that every effort will be made to float a lot of worthless oil companies on the strength of this find. The Fort Norman strike is an important one, the oil is of a high grade, but! the well is not a gusher, it is 1,500 miles from Edmonton by water, and 1,200 miles from the nearest railroad. To quote C. O. Stillman, president of the Imperial Oil Co., "We consider this an important strike and scientifically of much value. From a commercial point of view, however, it is not of immediate value, as it will probably be years before it can be made available in quantities for the use of the Canadian market, on account of its remoteness from any refinery outlet."

If you are approached to buy shares in an oil well company, you should be guided by the following pointers:—

1. Are those who are promoting the concern, men of standing character and ability?
2. Are you prepared to wait an indefinite period for a return on your investment?

3. Can you afford to invest a certain amount of money in the company without seriously affecting your financial position?
4. Can you afford to treat your investment as a speculation?

H.C.L. COMING DOWN

Every person is interested in the cost of living, particularly when it is high. We read from day to day that the high cost of living is coming down and statistics prove that this is true. The Labour Gazette, published by the Dominion Government, contains some interesting information in this connection in its October issue. It is stated therein that the cost per week of a family budget of staple foods, fuel and lighting, and rent in terms of the average prices in sixty cities in Canada, during September 1920, was \$26.38. This statement in itself does not convey much information unless we understand how the information was secured. In the first place, the figures represent the outlay required by a family of five persons—this number being considered an average family. The weekly family budget as figured by the government includes 29 staple foods, laundry starch, coal, wood, coal oil and rent. The prices upon which the budget is based are obtained from correspondents located in 60 localities in Canada, having a population of 10,000 or over. The rent figures used are the prevailing rates for six roomed houses of the class occupied by wage earners.

The average of \$26.38 per week for September is made up as follows:—

All Foods	\$15.95
Fuel and Light, etc.	3.98
Rent	6.45
	\$26.38

These figures compare with previous months as follows:—

	Food	Fuel	Rent	Total
1914 Sept.	\$ 7.83	\$ 1.91	\$ 4.59	\$14.33
1915 "	7.74	1.87	4.06	13.67
1916 "	8.96	1.97	4.08	15.01
1917 "	11.65	2.48	4.44	18.57
1918 "	13.31	2.98	4.82	21.11
1919 "	14.33	3.14	5.41	22.88
1920 June	16.92	3.59	6.30	26.81
July	16.84	3.69	6.38	26.92
Aug.	16.42	3.81	6.37	26.60
Sept.	15.95	3.98	6.45	26.38

The foregoing statement is full of interesting information. It proves that the cost of living is going down slowly but surely. But the drop in living costs is due entirely to a decline in the cost of food, for it will be noted that the cost of fuel and rent continues to increase.

The average cost of staple foods for a family of five for one week in September in the various provinces is also an interesting study. The figures are as follows:—

Nova Scotia	\$16.37
Prince Edward Island	14.13
New Brunswick	15.58
Quebec	15.03
Ontario	15.91
Manitoba	16.65
Saskatchewan	16.05
Alberta	15.60
British Columbia	17.07

Average for Dominion \$15.95

SAVINGS DEPOSIT INCREASES SLOWING UP

The chartered banks of Canada are required to file a statement of their financial position each month with the Dominion Government. The government issues a statement periodically, showing the position of the banks as revealed by their monthly reports. These statements issued by the government are very carefully studied by men who are interested in business conditions, because such statements must of necessity give a very accurate indication of the trend of financial affairs. The September bank statement just issued is a very interesting document. It shows that the total amount on deposit in savings account with the chartered banks on September 30, was \$1,270,194,097, an increase of \$8,546,365 as compared with the total on August 31. It is somewhat significant that the increased savings deposits have shown a

A Bank Account For Your Wife

More and more, are the wives of today running their homes on a business basis—systematically and efficiently.

Many wives have a monthly allowance for household expenses.

This, they deposit in a Savings Account in The Merchants Bank—settle bills by cheque—and thus have an accurate record of bills paid.

Such a business-like method also gives a woman the feeling of happy independence in having a bank account of her own.



THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal. OF CANADA Established 1864.

391 Branches in Canada extending
from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Experienced Banking Service



A PERFECT commercial banking service is only evolved by experience. A Bank's value to its customer increases proportionately with the widening of its knowledge.

The Union Bank has been engaged in commercial banking for more than half a century, and has attained a clear perception of its duties to the banking public.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE : WINNIPEG

The Royal Bank of Canada



Farmers' Sons and Daughters
have great opportunities
to-day.

They never had better chances to make and to save money. Now is the time to lay the foundation of future prosperity by cultivating the habit of thrift.

There is a Savings Department at every branch of this bank. The staff will be glad to show you how to make the first deposit.

CAPITAL AND RESERVES \$35,000,000
TOTAL RESOURCES - \$535,000,000
625 BRANCHES

Where Mixed Farming Pays

In Central Alberta and Saskatchewan are rich park lands—open prairie ready for the plow, interspersed with trees, which afford excellent shelter for stock. Here grain growing, dairying and live stock raising are being carried on successfully. The country is ideal for mixed farming. The Canadian Pacific Railway is offering a large area of these fertile lands in the neighborhood of

LLOYDMINSTER AND BATTLEFORD

These rich districts will become the home of thousands of prosperous farmers. On similar land Seager Wheeler grows the world's prize wheat. Near Lloydminster the world's prize oats have been grown, and butter of the highest quality is made. A man can soon become independent on a farm here.

These lands can be bought now at prices averaging about \$18. You pay down ten per cent. If land is purchased under settlement conditions, no further payment of principal until end of fourth year, then sixteen annual payments. Interest is six per cent.

For further particulars write to

ALLAN CAMERON

General Superintendent of Lands,
C.P.R.

911 1st Street East, CALGARY
2

Dollars and Cents

decided tendency to slow up during the past few months. This fact is shown clearly by careful perusal of the following statement of savings deposits for the past nine months, the increase for each month being shown also:—

1920	Deposits	Increase over previous month
Jan.	\$1,163,297,037	\$25,210,346
Feb.	1,187,027,307	23,730,270
Mar.	1,197,719,570	10,692,263
Apr.	1,209,573,990	11,854,420
May	1,229,073,515	19,499,525
June	1,243,700,977	14,627,462
July	1,253,170,443	9,469,466
Aug.	1,261,647,732	8,477,289
Sept.	1,270,194,097	8,546,365

It will be noted that the increase each month gradually became smaller and smaller during June, July and August, but September showed a slight improvement. When it is remembered that during September 1919, savings deposits increased nearly \$31,000,000, it will be realized that a very decided change is taking place in the financial situation. Many reasons have been advanced to explain this change, but the main reason seems to be the adoption of a general policy of "going slow" in every direction. These are days when hard cash is more valuable than book debts, promissory notes, merchandise, or any similar possessions. "A dollar in the hand is worth two in the books."

Alberta Gold Bonds

As each year goes by Western Canada becomes more and more a country of investors. Before the Victory Loan campaigns were put on it was a comparatively unheard of thing for a man to buy bonds. In pre-war days our surplus funds went into real estate, gold mines or oil wells, and, sad to relate, a goodly portion of these funds stayed where they were put. But we are getting more sensible. We are speculators no longer, we have become investors. The Dominion Government helped us considerably in this connection. The splendid educational work which was a part of each Victory Loan campaign opened our eyes and we now know, to some extent, the great investing power which the West has.

The Alberta Government was not slow to take opportunity by the forelock. In May, 1917, Alberta commenced a campaign to sell provincial bonds, more commonly known as savings certificates to the people of the West. The campaign has been a continuous one and has met with continuous success. Approximately \$3,000,000 of these securities have been sold to small investors.

The authorities are well satisfied with this success and have decided to enlarge on the scheme. They are now offering Gold Bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$100, bearing interest at 6 per cent per annum, payable half yearly. These bonds mature on May 1, 1930 and they have all the resources of the Province of Alberta behind them, which means that they are a safe investment.

COMFORTED

By Emma A. Lente

The angel took the little child,
And bore him past the shining ranks
Of singers and of harpers, past
The golden streets and lily banks,
Unto a quiet, restful place,
Where Mary sat, with wistful eyes
And tender smile and outstretched hands,
To welcome him to Paradise!

He was so small and mother-lost,
So dazzled, and so half-afraid,
He could not bear the bliss of heaven,
Or view the hosts in white arrayed,
Until the clasping, loving arms
And gentle voice dispelled his fears,
And dimmed the memory of pain,
And dried the last faint trace of tears.

He nestled close against the heart—
The mother-heart where Christ once lay,
And felt the blessedness of peace
Balm all his hurts and griefs away;
And Mary sang until he smiled,
And rocked him till with life elate
He faced the wonders and the joys
And splendors of his high estate!

What Gift Shall You Buy for your Family this Xmas-time?



WHY not, this year, a gift that really means something? Why not Life Insurance?

For a Real Gift—a lasting memento—affection made tangible—what could be more appropriate than a Life Policy?

So—this Xmas-time—take Life Insurance, and thus make safe provision for XMASSES TO COME. You make yourself a sterling gift at the same time.

In choosing—choose the best. Choose as over 100,000 others have chosen—the Policies that cost least; that return highest profits; that include everything good Life Insurance implies. That is to say—choose the Policies of

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q"

HEAD OFFICE - - WINNIPEG

Your request for rates involves no obligation.
When writing ask for a 1921 Desk Calendar.

Commercial Printing

Banks Insurance and Trust Companies

Will find the proper solution of their Printing Problems by addressing : : : : :

Stovel Company Limited

Bannatyne, Dagmar and Ellen Streets WINNIPEG

CAN ASSURANCE DO MORE?

Death from any cause \$5,000. Death from any accident \$10,000, and \$50.00 a month while totally disabled.

These are features of our new remarkable

DOUBLE INDEMNITY BOND

A new kind of Life Assurance that costs no more than the old-fashioned kind.

Why should anyone be satisfied with less? Worth enquiring about. Write us for rate at your age.

The NORTHWESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE WINNIPEG, MAN. H. S. M. C. B. M. A. D. P. O. M. A. B. E. S. S. B. E. R. Y.



PUT UP YOUR FIST BEFORE YOU SHIP YOUR FURS

We send this check upon request

TAKE OUR CHECK TO ANY BANK AND YOU WILL GET EVERY CENT IT CALLS FOR THEN SHIP YOUR FURS (WE PAY THE EXCHANGE) FAIR—ISN'T IT?

WE PAY 50% IN ADVANCE

Trappers have always trusted the fur dealers
Gillman & Co. trust the trappers

WE HAVE NOTHING TO SELL—NOTHING TO GIVE AWAY—NO BAITS—NO SKINNING KNIVES—NOT EVEN A PRICE LIST—WE TRUST YOU FOR THE FIRST GRADING AS WE TAKE IT FOR GRANTED THAT YOU ARE JUST AS WELL QUALIFIED TO JUDGE THE QUALITY OF YOUR FURS AS WE ARE AND AS WELL INFORMED AS TO PRICES AND MARKET CONDITIONS

Just tell us what you think your pelts are worth and
You'll get your check in a jiffy

WE ARE TRUSTING YOU—ACTUALLY TAKING YOU INTO PARTNERSHIP—LET'S GET TOGETHER AND WORK TOGETHER—DEAL FAIR WITH ONE ANOTHER AND YOU'LL GET MORE REAL MONEY OUT OF YOUR HIDES AND PELTS (MARKET CONDITIONS CONSIDERED) THAN YOU EVER GOT IN YOUR LIFE BEFORE—

We're Going You 50-50 Are You With Us? OF COURSE YOU ARE

Mail this coupon today

CHECK UP AND MAKE OUT A LIST OF THE NUMBER AND DIFFERENT KINDS OF HIDES AND FUR PELTS—ATTACH TO COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

FULL INFORMATION—DIRECTIONS AND SHIPPING TAGS ARE SENT WITH OUR CHECK

SEND YOUR COUPON—YOUR LIST AND GRADES—NOW!

COUPON GILLMAN & CO. INC.
FORT WAYNE-IND-USA (DEPT. K)

DEAR SIR: PLEASE SEND ME CHECK FOR
MY HIDES AND FURS ARE WORTH

NAME _____
POST OFFICE _____ R-F-D _____ BOX _____
COUNTY _____ STATE _____

ATTACH YOUR LIST OF HIDES AND FURS TO THIS COUPON

GILLMAN & CO. INC.
FORT WAYNE-INDIANA
NOT THE OLDEST BUT THE BEST HIDE AND FUR HOUSE IN AMERICA

In Spite of Everything

By Francis Dickie

There are some people who will farm no matter how great the obstacles in their path; who farm in spite of everything, forcing to yield the bleakest and most unpromising of fields. No better example, perhaps, can be found in the world of this than John Moran and family, dwellers on a bit of upthrusting rock in the northwestern Pacific, an area called by an extremity of courtesy an "island."

A foreman printer of Irish origin, John Moran, a dozen years ago, had charge of the "floor" of one of London,

to make the best of their environment, lighthouse-tenders having plenty of time. They were twenty miles from the nearest human being, and came in touch only once every month, and sometimes six weeks, with the world when a gasboat called with the mail. But they ordered some rabbits soon after landing. They had brought a flock of fifteen hens with them. The island was pretty well covered with coarse grass and considerable shrubbery on the steep rocks' sides. They sowed oats and timothy all about, and from the best



Green Island Lighthouse and Farm.

England's, leading daily newspapers. But as the years dragged on and John Moran neared forty, the vast city with its ceaseless bustle, its fierce economic pressure, and the nerve-wracking demands of working nights on a great news organ, told on him, and he longed for a different life, somewhere he could grow things, do a little reading, and save a little money against old age. So he threw up his highly-paid position and with his wife and son and daughter came to Canada.

But he had not capital for to start farming, and soon was once more a foreman printer in Victoria, British Columbia. Then one day he saw an

land made a garden. Every tide brought in hundreds of pounds of seaweed and kelp, the best imaginable fertilizer for their garden. And the second year they added three goats, a billy and two nannies, thus having rich milk supply in a land where the tinned kind is king, and fresh young kid to add to the deer-meat they get from a neighboring island.

On one side of the island is a low shelving shell beach—ground clam-shells by the hundreds of tons, and here the chicken roam and get for nothing what costs the average chicken-raiser a nice little sum yearly.

Their rabbits increased so fast that



Rosie sang to the seals.

ad. that roused his hopes, calling for a lighthouse-tender. To few people would this appeal, synonymous as it is with separation from civilization, generally on a dreary, rocky spot. But to John Moran it was the desired haven. So one day in 1916 found the lighthouse-tender putting him and his wife ashore on Green Island, a brown-grey rock, whose total area at high tide is little more than an acre and a half. But here through the ages a little earth had formed from rotted wood thrown up by the high tides in stormy weather, this added to by the droppings of countless millions of seagulls, and the decayed vegetation that had sprung up.

Not a very promising outlook. But these modern adventurers set to work

they had no room in the pens, so turned them loose on the island, fencing their garden first, for to build a fence on Green Island is no task, as every high tide brings them more firewood than they can use, much of it broken small enough to fit the stove without the labor of cutting.

Though keeping hens, the Morans availed themselves of a novel egg supply. The island is the nesting-place of hundreds of hundreds of gulls. The gull is a queer bird in that it must have three eggs in its nest before it will set. The Morans took advantage of this. Marking a certain number of nests and watching them, on the day the third egg was laid, they removed it. And of course (Cont'd on Page 25)

World Map Free!

To be able to look up from your reading and locate, at a glance, any point of interest in the whole world, is worth while these days when every news item carries some reference to the principal places, both at home and abroad. It is practically impossible to get any satisfaction from reading without a good map.

All the new boundaries of Europe with the names of the newly created countries, are plainly shown in this specially prepared map, which is now ready to issue. It even includes illustrations of the aeroplanes and crews who made the famous flights across the Atlantic, and shows the routes they travelled. Everything right up-to-date.

The first page is a big map of Canada, showing accurately boundaries of provinces and territories, cities, towns, lakes, rivers, mountains, etc. Everything of any importance in the whole Dominion, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, can be easily located. How valuable is this page alone to parents and children?

The second page is a map of the world, showing the new countries of Europe and their boundaries and every point of interest on any continent. A big map with lots of room for names and detail. The back of the first page is covered with a wealth of veterinary information on the common diseases of live stock. The back of the second sheet is a four-colored animal chart that every person caring for animals should study.

Sum it up. The map is four pages, bound ready to hang, size 26 x 36 inches, includes a map of Canada, a map of the world, veterinary guide, and anatomical chart. Offered free to you with one new subscription to The Nor'-West Farmer, Western Canada's oldest and best farm journal, for \$1.00 or more—\$2.00 pays for three years.

-----USE THIS COUPON-----

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER, Winnipeg, Canada.

Enclosed please find \$.....subscription for

Name

Address

Please send me World and Canada Map.

In Spite of Everything

By Francis Dickie

Cont'd from Page 24

the gull laid another one the next day, which was again removed. When you have several hundred gulls laying for you it does not take long to lay in a winter supply, which they put up in waterglass preparation. They do not impose on the gulls too long, and after a certain number of eggs have been laid, they allow the gull to sit. The eggs taste very much like a duck egg, and, though a little strong for eating fried, boiled, etc., are splendid for cooking.

Rosie Moran is eight years old, and fond of singing. In the summer weather it is her habit to wander along the beach. Here, sometimes walking, sometimes sitting down, she sang all the songs she knew, her sweet childish treble ringing out over the sea. One day while seated on the north side of the island where a low reef shows at low tide, she noted a seal's head emerge from the water. She kept on singing, and the animal kept bobbing up, ever nearer, its head strained far out of the water. Then came another, and soon there were half a hundred of them listening to this wilderness soloist. After that, every day while the weather is nice Rosie went and sang to the seals, till some got so accustomed to her they came out on the ledge and would eat their fish while they listened to her—certainly this is the first time

So, though small the area at their disposal, and meagre at first the soil, the Morans, farmers in spite of everything, are making the wilderness bloom by planting new seeds and fertilizing. Their garden supplies all their vegetable needs, the hens and gulls their eggs, the rabbits and goats added to an occasional deer, make them never want for meat. And to-day every fisherman from Alaska to Prince Rupert, knows "Ma" Moran and her cheery kitchen, where many a hungry one, out of gas, out of luck at fishing, or storm-bound, has dined with a sumptuousness unbelievable, and all furnished from produce of this barren rock top. And at evening Pa Moran, as he watches the sunset and the grim Alaska shore loom up dim or clearly, according to the weather, smiles happily, for here he is king and happy, and the toil and bustle of old London Town are forgotten. Here is no economic pressure, but peace and plenty, though it be a desolate dot of rock on the lonely Pacific.

CRY OF THE BARREN

By G. Bostwick

No son had I to fight for 'me—and France
And others, ah, so many many more!
No boyish heart to take a careless chance—
Was that a tap I heard upon my door?

Sometimes, I wonder, yearning at my lack,
As, whispering a low-voiced note of prayer,
If it is punishment—my bit of rack—I swear I heard a step upon the stair!

No son have I, but there, I seem to hear
A boyish voice call merrily to me
"Hey Mater,"—ah, the sound is very dear—
"Come out and watch the robins at their tea!"

Sometimes it seems as though our God forgot
To give all women sons and so, each while,
He gives us visions of what we have not
Ah, son of mine, how sweet, how sweet your smile!

She Recognized Them

Frau Schultz, says "Tagliche Rundschau," was calling at the parsonage. "What beautiful buttons you are sewing on your husband's waistcoat!" she remarked, as she observed the lady of the house mending the parson's clothes. "Do you know, my husband used to have a waistcoat with buttons just like those."

To which the parson's wife answered in a kindly tone, "Is that so? We found one in the collection plate every Sunday for several weeks."

Grimsby Stories

A young clergyman of the Church of England, named Trebeck, was once dining at the house of his bishop. The young clergyman, whose parish was Grimsby, the great fishing port of England, showed a most unexpected knowledge of horses, and a severe old lady who sat on his right listened in stern disapproval to his conversation. At last she said:

"I think, young man, you said you lived at Grimsby. Let me advise you to leave horses alone, and make acquaintance with that worthy, pious young curate, Mr. Trebeck, who has lately gone there, and who is doing such good work among the fishermen."

There was a roar of laughter, which the old lady could not understand.

"I happen to know him a little," replied her neighbor, and I am afraid he is not very worthy or very pious."

In "Glimpses of the Past" Miss Elizabeth Wordsworth tells this story, and adds one that Mr. Trebeck likes to tell himself.

One stormy day a fishing-smack was wrecked, and fast sinking. When the skipper came on deck, he found the mate busy swabbing.

"What's the use of that, Jack? Don't you see she's sinking?"

"Yes, master, I know it; but for all that, I'd like the old gal to go down clean and tidy."



A Wifely Suggestion

BUY ALBERTA

6 Per Cent GOLD BONDS

WOMEN with a thought for the welfare of self and family will look into this desirable form of investment and urge their men folk to invest as much as possible in Alberta 6% Gold Bonds.

This is an investment that appeals strongly to women as well as men.

Because—

There is no fluctuation of their value—they are not up in value to-day and down to-morrow.

They earn 6% per annum—a high rate of interest for so sound an investment.

The Combined Resources of the Province are Your Security

These bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. This is low enough to be within the reach of all classes of investors.

You buy them at par, i.e., \$100 for each \$100 bond—no dealer's commission chargeable to purchaser.

The 6% interest they earn is paid by coupon half-yearly, 1st May and 1st of November.

The bonds mature 1st of May, 1930, and interest due, together with the principal, will be paid in full.

You may purchase these bonds direct from the Provincial Treasurer or through your local bank, or any recognized bond house or insurance agency in the Province.

Start Saving

Buy Alberta 5% Savings Certificates. Redeemable on Demand

Send for application form, or, better still, mail an accepted cheque for amount you desire to invest

HON. C. R. MITCHELL
Provincial Treasurer

W. V. NEWSON
Deputy Provincial Treasurer

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

EDMONTON, ALBERTA



ABOUT the end of the 11th century and the beginning of the 12th, that is to say, from the year 1080 until 1140, a strange malady, known under the name of the "Feu Ardent", devastated all the cities of Europe. It ran through Italy, Germany, Flanders and England. Nothing can be more dreadful than a picture painted by writers of that time. On account of this plague the sick, meeting around the cathedrals, claimed the protection of the Holy Virgin, and pleaded for miracles to be performed.

Several of these miracles are recorded in ecclesiastical annals. There is one which happened in Paris in the year 1131, when the Bishop Etienne, so justly called the Father of the Poor, was so touched with compassion at the sight of so much suffering from this disease, that he asked of Heaven a remedy for the evil. A large and solemn procession was formed, headed by the shrine of St. Genevieve, and had only touched the doorsteps of the Notre Dame Cathedral when all but three were cured of the malady. To preserve the memory of this blessing, the Pope, Innocent II, who was in Paris the following year, ordered the celebration of a feast on November 26th in honor of "St. Genevieve des Ardents," and a church was built from the offerings of pilgrims, named after this saint, and which remained until the middle of last century.

Then there is the miracle which came to the town of Arras in the year 1105. A chart, dated 1201, with various seals, and registered in 1482, serves as a guide to this story.

During the time of Lambert, first Bishop of Arras, after the re-establishment of the seat, the "Feu Ardent" came to exercise its ravages in this part of the country. Not a town, not a village, not even a small hamlet escaped. The chart from which these details are recorded tells us that similar to a malignant fire the horrible evil burned the body which it attacked. The part struck with one of its sparks became black like carbon, the hand fell from the arm, the foot from the leg. It corroded the neck, the lips, the gums, the ears and the stomach. The inflammation spread from one member of the body to another. There was safety only in the amputation of the member attacked. Sometimes even this extreme means did not stop the circulation of this infernal poison.

The medicine men had nothing in the way of remedy for the fearful evil, and one was forced to believe it was the finger of God. Bishop Lambert, witness of so much suffering, was filled with anguish, but could only implore Divine help. But one must marvel at the strange way in which his prayers were answered.

There existed at that time two minstrels of some celebrity, both devout men. One called Itier, living in Brabant, and the other, Pierre Norman, living in the Chateau of St. Pol in Ternois. Norman in sudden rage had killed Itier's brother, and Itier was only waiting to avenge his brother's death. Yet it was these two who were chosen as instruments to relieve the suffering from the "Feu Ardent."



"Eglise des Ursulines Tower, an exact reproduction of the tower which was destroyed during the revolution. Almost entirely demolished during the Great War.

Stories of the City of Arras

The Holy Candle

By Major E. E. ERB



The Arras Cathedral, entirely destroyed during the late war, was built shortly after the revolution, replacing the old cathedral destroyed, along with other religious institutions by the revolutionists. The highest portion of the cathedral was used as an observation post during the war. The German front line could plainly be seen from this position.

On the night of May 21st, 1105, Norman, was favored with a vision of the Virgin Mary. "You sleep," she said to him, "while others are suffering cruelly. Listen to what I say to you. Rise and go to the Holy Zion of Arras, sacred place where hundreds of sick are sighing with the burning fire. When you have arrived there, I will make apparent the means of communicating my intentions to Lambert who governs the diocese of Arras. You will instruct him from me to watch all the night from Saturday to Sunday and visit the sick who are in and around the church. You will let him know also that at the first cock crow a woman dressed as I am will descend from the choir loft holding in her hand a candle which she will give you. After having lit it you will distill some drops in vases of water, which you will give to the sick to drink. You will also put some on the wounds. Those who receive this remedy with faith will be cured. Those, on the contrary, who refuse will lose their lives. You will associate for this purpose with Itier, against whom you nourish a mortal hatred. He will meet you on the Saturday that I have indicated, and after you have become reconciled to him, you will take him for the third party to visit the sick."

During that same night the Blessed Virgin, dressed similarly, presented herself to Itier, and spoke in the same manner to him, adding that he would have for his companion his enemy, to whom he would reconcile himself. Itier arose and went to the church and there, humbly kneeling before a crucifix, prayed earnestly to God that he might know His holy will, and asked for grace that he might execute it.

The following night the vision again appeared to both of them. But this time the Blessed Virgin declared that if they did not start instantly that they themselves would be struck with the "Feu Ardent."

Norman took his way with haste towards Arras, where he arrived on Friday. Fatigued with his journey he took advantage of the night to rest. Itier, on his part, had also started, but having much further to come, did not arrive the same day.

On Saturday, early in the morning, Norman presented himself before the Bishop and related to him his story. Lambeth thinking him an impostor sent him away.

Itier then appeared before the Bishop, relating his experience. The two stories so similar in detail convinced Lambert of their Divine origin. Then Norman was sent for and the reconciliation took place, the three spending the rest of the day in prayer.

That night Lambert joined Itier and Norman before the altar. At the first cock crow, they saw the Virgin Mary

descend from the roof of the choir of the cathedral. A divine flame shone in her hand. "Approach," she said to the minstrels, "here is a candle which I confide to your care and which will henceforth be a pledge of my mercy. All sick persons who are touched with what is called the "Feu Ardent" will only have to distil a few drops from this candle in water and sprinkle their wounds and the malignant fire will be extinguished. Those who believe will recover their health, but those who do not believe will be struck to death." She spoke and disappeared. They immediately filled three vases and mingled amongst the sick, administering to them all that night and the next morning. Arriving at the last unfortunate they presented to him, as to the others, the saving drink. He drank, but not having faith died. All the others immediately recovered from the "Feu Ardent."

The miraculous candle was placed in the parish church of St. Aubert, near to the Hospital Saint-Jacques, where Itier and Norman had established themselves. Their first care was to form an order for the guarding of the celestial candle. To Itier and Norman, principal trustees, and to Lambert, first associate, came to be joined year after year Robert, Canon of Arras, successor of Lambert; Erkembald, Abbot of St. Waast; Gauthier, Canon of Arras; Nicolas d'Augrenon, Chevalier, Lord of Bailleul; Jean d'Ocoche, Chevalier, Baillie of Arras; Philippe d'Acheville, Echerin d'Arras and Jean de Wancourt, Lord of Wancourt.

The Holy Candle, as it was now known, did not remain longer in the church of St. Aubert than four years. In 1109 Itier and Norman left the Hospital Saint-Jacques and moved into St. Nicolas, a house founded for the care of the sick during the "Feu Ardent," known later as St. Nicolas des Ardents, or the house of the Ardents of Notre Dame.

The town of Arras was not the only victim of the malady "Feu Ardent." The scourge spread not only in Artois but also in the neighboring provinces. For that reason the people asked Lambert to allow them to participate in the remedy which he had received from Heaven. The town of Lille was the first to receive a candle made from drops of the Holy Candle of Arras, and was exposed for the veneration of the faithful in a chapel adjacent to the church of St. Etienne.

Almost at the same time Eustache III, Count of Boulogne, came in person to Arras to demand some drops of the Holy Candle for the cure of the people of Boulogne. These drops of wax produced the marvellous candle which was worshipped in the parish church of Desvres.

Lambert also gave to the Abbey of Ruissauville drops of wax, of which was made the candle that was preserved in

the church of that ancient monastery. The Abbey of Blendecques, near St. Omer, obtained the same favor.

The Bishop of Arras also gave to the monastery of Notre Dame du Joyel a morsel of the blessed wax, which partly formed the two candles which had drawn such crowds of pilgrims in worship.

The Holy Candle was soon famous in all the country. It became the object of many frequent pilgrimages because of the many cures which continued to take place in the Chapel of St. Nicolas.

St. Bernard passed through Arras about the year 1131 on his way to St. Omer. Such was his veneration on being shown the Holy Candle that he caused to be erected in its honor a sandstone cross, which remained standing until 1477, and then was replaced by a brass cross on a sandstone pedestal against the wall of the enclosure on the Place de la Madeline.

About 1140 the Counts of Flanders, who always regarded Arras as their capital, made a donation to the Confraternity of Notre Dame des Ardents of a considerable piece of ground, called since, the Close of the Ardents, to construct a chapel and other buildings. The necessity for all these constructions could be understood if a just idea were formed of the immense number of pilgrims who at certain periods came from all directions to venerate the Holy Candle. Under these circumstances the Counts and the Bishop were charged to prevent disorder and to help the Confraternity.

During the thirteenth century pilgrimages became less frequent, the zeal of the people did not slacken, however, as a proof of this there was erected on the Petite Place, near the famous Hotel de Ville, a monument of the most delicate work and in which was placed the Holy Candle, where it remained until 1791.

In the year 1233 lightning struck the Church of St. Gery, and the fire became so violent that the large quantities of water from the wells near by could not exterminate it, until by the advice of some pious person some drops of the wax from the Holy Candle were mixed with the water, which extinguished the flames.

In 1422 Jean Sacquespee, Chevalier, Lord of Beaudimont, and Councillor of the Duke of Bourgogne, had built a small chapel at the side of the monument, in which he founded a daily Mass.

It is not necessary to dwell upon all the miraculous things attributed to the Holy Candle except to state that another fire in 1513 was extinguished in the same way as that in the year 1233. On all occasions of public calamity the people of Arras turned for protection to this gift of the Holy Virgin.

The Holy Candle was lighted on special circumstances for the sending away of great troubles, like the siege of Arras by Louis XI. in 1477, or to thank God for some great mercy such as the declaration of peace between France and Spain at the end of the sixteenth century, when the Archduke Albert and the infant Claire-Eugenie made their entry into Arras on February 13th, 1600. (Contd. on page 53)



A portion of the cathedral, showing the damage done after a bombardment.



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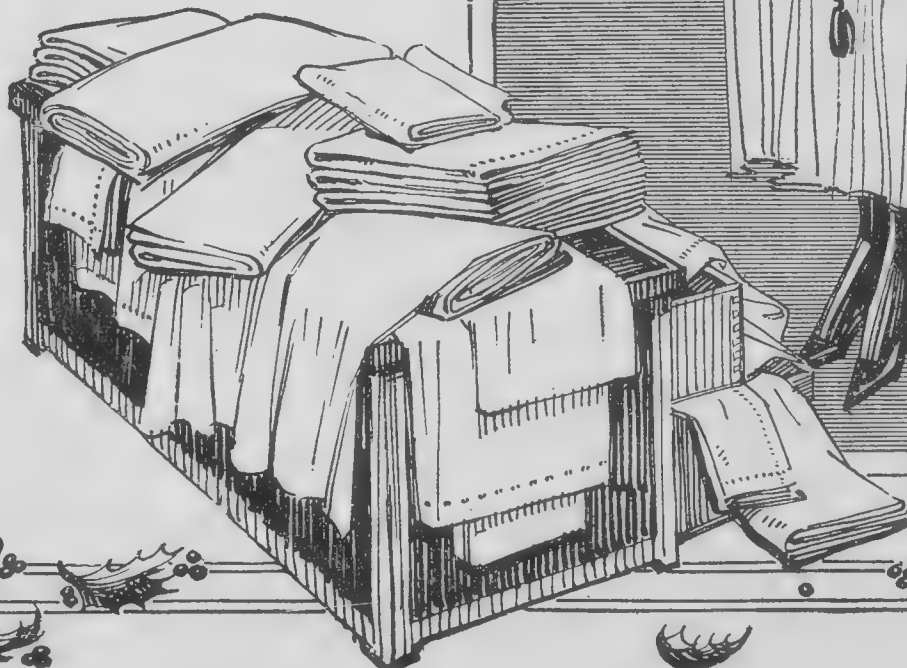
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By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

NEW YEAR ACCOUNTING

In a business magazine just to hand, a teacher of commercial subjects paraphrases the usual terms of bookkeeping by offering the following resolutions:

Resolved, that by January 1st, 1921, I will be prepared to keep accurate accounts of

My money—in order that none of it slip away to no purpose.

My time—in order that I invest none of it unprofitably.

My property—in order that I may utilize it with full effect.

My debts—in order that I may pay them promptly.

My engagements—in order that I may be relied upon.

My business activity—in order that I may both give and receive full value.

To round out the series, one might be inclined to add—

My mind—in order that I may develop mentally as well as materially.

My body—in order that my physical life may meet the demands imposed upon it.

My ambitions—in order that I may realize the true nature of my opportunities.

QUALITY VERSUS QUANTITY

In the general readjustment that confronts us, the complaint is heard sometimes that quality is losing ground and that good workmanship is not so much in evidence as it used to be. If this is the case, the condition is one that time will improve. Good work, in the long run, must command the market. An anecdote related to a condition in Switzerland many years ago, bears upon this.

"As a rule," it says, "Swiss workmen are competent in their several trades, and take an interest in their work; for, thanks to their superior education, they fully appreciate the pecuniary advantages to their masters, and indirectly to themselves, of adhering strictly to this course. A striking instance of the policy of acting otherwise has lately happened at St. Imier, in the Bernese Jura, and produced a deep impression. In this district, for some years past, a great falling-off in the quality of the watches manufactured has taken place, owing to the inhabitants finding it much more profitable to increase the production at the cost of the workmanship than to abide by the old rules of the trade.

They prospered beyond all expectation for a considerable time, but finally their watches got such a bad name that they became unsaleable, and the result is a general bankruptcy of nearly all the watch-makers of this particular district."

INITIATIVE

How much initiative should an employee display? Recently, a writer undertook to answer this question by relating a couple of anecdotes in illustration.

An attitude in some businesses is "What is that to you? Stick to your own department." The awakened enthusiasm, warming with zeal for the welfare of the business, is instantly chilled below zero, and valuable energy and eagerness are diverted from what might otherwise be prolific activity. Now and then, in my experience, I have found a snub rouse the man instead of crushing him, but that is the exception rather than the rule.

"Keep to your own work," replied a short-sighted employer to a clever and ambitious assistant, who threw out a hint about an improvement in the policy of the house. "Keep to your own work"; and then, with amazing lack of tact and appreciation, he added: "If you don't, you will get too big for your clothes, and then your clothes won't fit you, and you'll have to go."

"Go I will, this day month," was the instant response. But he did not go, for the head of the house promptly realized his own stupidity, and put things right by the adoption of the hint, coupled with a substantial increase of salary. In the converse case, there was a sinister factor operating to the detriment of a great undertaking; ultimately, its nature was discovered, and the root eradicated. One man had known of the evil, though his knowledge was not of the guilty species. He was asked why he said nothing.

"It was not in my department; I thought it was nothing to do with me."

"I suppose if the next room had been on fire, you would have thought it was nothing to do with you," retorted the indignant head of the business, his indignation thoroughly justified; and the subordinate's prospects of promotion were seriously interfered with.

POETRY AND THE ENGLISH

It is remarkable that the English people, one of the most practical of all peoples—so that they have been called "a nation of shopkeepers"—have found poetry a favorite means of expression. Under the crust of the military and the mercantile the fire of imagination has ever been burning. Perhaps it is that very imaginative power that has made them see the whole world at once as a field for their achievement, so that they have been unable to rest until their ships have traversed every sea, their soldiers and explorers crossed and their traders entered every land.—Fernald.

WEATHER AND EFFICIENCY

What effect does the weather have upon you in terms of efficiency? An instrument company reports that a study of efficiency in comparison with weather statistics brings out the following facts:

That more clerical errors are made during the summer months than during winter, with a marked increase for excessively hot weather.

That excessive humidities increase the tendency to error and a slight humidity generally means a higher percentage of accuracy.

Errors decrease slightly as the wind increases and are excessive for cloudy, wet days.

THE ART OF LISTENING

One reads, in the course of a few years, many articles on the Art of Reading, the Art of Writing, the Art of Painting, the Art of Speaking, but I do not remember for a moment a definite statement on the Art of Listening, and the duties and responsibilities of the listener.

These are days of meetings, clubs, societies and movements of various kinds, and in the development of these things, we find that the groups that are interested in them may be divided, each of them, into those who do the talking and those who do, or should do, the listening. Criticism of speakers is common enough, and can hardly be made more pointed than in the words of George Eliot, who wrote "Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving wordy evidence of the fact." But what about criticism of the listener? Is it not a fact that his disappointment at the outcome of the meetings he attends is usually his own fault. He complains, for instance, that the proceedings were dry, that the speaker had not an attractive personality, that he did not stick to the point, that the title of the lecture was misleading, that he could not hear well. Sometimes, no doubt, these complaints are justified, but not always.

In the first place, there are many meetings at which one should not expect entertainment to be the leading feature, but rather instruction, and the man who complains that he was not entertained, had probably no business at the meeting at all. Then, too, it is a mistake to pin too much on the attractiveness or personality of the speaker. The message is more important than the mannerisms of the speaker, and it is just here that we need to cultivate more of the art of sympathetic listening instead of critical looking.

With regard to misleading titles of lectures and addresses, there is certainly some ground for complaint here. Those who are given the opportunity of speaking to men and women in the group should see that the privilege is not abused, and that the title of their talk indicates as nearly as possible the substance of it. But even here, the listener is frequently at fault; he does not correctly interpret the title of the address, and so goes to the meeting with wrongly conceived ideas, upon which he bases his subsequent criticisms.

With regard to being unable to hear at meetings, nine-tenths of this could be overcome by more careful "ear training." We have become so accustomed to noise and shouting that we are unable to grasp the tones and meanings of the quiet speaker. Interruptions among the audience will, of course, drown out the best of speakers, but on many occasions our lack of hearing is due to a certain auditory laziness.

On one occasion I had a class of students in a school auditorium and during the course of the proceedings, some students in the centre of the hall complained that they were unable to hear. I stopped the speakers and asked for absolute silence, during which I dropped a pin to the floor. The impact was heard by every student, and I have had no more complaints since then.

Before you criticize the nature of another meeting, be sure that your own position in the matter is perfectly clear.

FARMERS AND PUBLIC LIFE

One should rejoice in all legitimate movements among farmers for co-operation to improve marketing and secure the best return for all they produce. One cannot doubt that the chief co-operative enterprises of the grain growers have been of great advantage to Western Canada even if one questions the wisdom and practicability of some of their political teaching. All that makes rural life more attractive and farming more profitable is of direct social and national advantage for, when all is said, it is only by greater returns from agriculture and by fuller recognition of the social dignity of the calling, that the population upon the land will be materially increased.

There have been too few farmers in the legislatures, in the house of commons, in the senate, in honorable places upon public commissions. I cannot think that a successful banker, or railway builder, or manufacturer, or educator, holds a more honorable position in the community than a successful farmer or stock breeder. From generation to generation, the supply of educators, bankers, capitalists, and even the social leaders of the cities, is renewed and maintained by recruits from the country. The farms are the nurseries of scholars and statesmen, of the leaders in finance and industry.—Sir John Willison.

THE PERSISTENCE OF LINCOLN

From a contemporary, "Canadian Finance," we quote some interesting references to the career of Abraham Lincoln.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he ran for the legislature in Illinois and was badly beaten.

He next failed in business, and spent seventeen years of his life paying the debts of a worthless partner.

He was engaged to a beautiful young woman and she died.

Later, he married a woman who was a constant burden to him.

He then tried to secure a government appointment and failed.

He became a candidate for the United States senate and was badly defeated.

In 1856, he became a candidate for the vice-presidency and was again defeated.

He was subsequently elected president of the United States.

It is a long lane that has no turning.

CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR

In the eternal cycle of time, we have almost completed another of our finite calendar years, and in Canada it has been a year for which we have much to be thankful. Notwithstanding apparently adverse conditions, we have progressed steadily in the task of reconstruction, and in our own country at least, we have been able to avert many of the unpleasant prophecies of the pessimist.

As always, there is much still to be done in this great new country of ours and in proportion as we keep an even mind in the midst of our activities, so shall we accomplish our tasks with a minimum of friction.

To our readers I extend the greetings of a happy Christmastide and the hope that in 1921 they experience to the full the opportunities that ought to be theirs in this land of great heritage.

WORK AND MOTIVES

In explaining property and the need of private property, it is said that men will not undertake severe work unless they are fairly sure of being paid for their work or of making a profit out of their industry. This means that men will not work without a motive. If we desire to find the cause of work, we must discover the force or motive that sets it in operation. As Nature's forces are the power that makes machinery effective, so motive in industry is the force that lies behind work.

The most important fact in explaining industry is the fact that men have many and varied wants. To satisfy wants is the purpose of work and the explanation of industry. This statement may be proved by assuming the contrary. If the wants of men could be supplied without work, there would be no farming, no manufacturing, no buying or selling, no paying or receiving of wages, no anything as we now know in the world of industry.

We have here a cause, a means, and a result. The cause is human wants; the means is human work; and the result is human satisfaction.—H. C. Adams.

Dame Nature may still have some Unknown Animals in Far Corners of the Earth

By Francis Dickie

FROM time to time in the last twenty-five years the average man and woman not directly interested in things zoological, still heard with surprise of the discovery of an entirely new species of animal. Sometimes the discovery was made after white men had heard for years from natives descriptions of the queer beast. To instance only a few of the new kinds of animals may be mentioned the Okapi, the mouse deer and forest hog found in West Africa.

The world still contains so much unexplored territory that it seems a reasonable thing, in the light of the above and other discoveries, to hope that yet further new species of animals may be brought to light by subsequent exploration.

Certainly in Africa some very startling monsters have been reported seen by white men of undoubted integrity, monsters that as yet remain unclassified. One of these is the water elephant of the Congo. It was first heard of through J. D. Hamlyn, the celebrated procurer of wild animals alive for menageries. According to him this beast as described by the natives was smaller than an ordinary land one, but much fiercer. The natives were in such fear of it they would not venture into the territory where it dwelt. Mr. J. Lepage, in the autumn of 1919, had an opportunity of observing through his glasses in the Belgian Congo what is now thought by scientists to be a sur-



Type group of new species of bear found in British Columbia.

vival of the prehistoric days. It was about 24 feet long, with a huge scaly hump between the shoulders, a long straight horn at the tip of an exceedingly elongated snout, and had also a pair of long tusks.

But the finds of new animals has not been confined to Africa. In North America two new kinds of animals were recently brought to light; one of them particularly interesting.

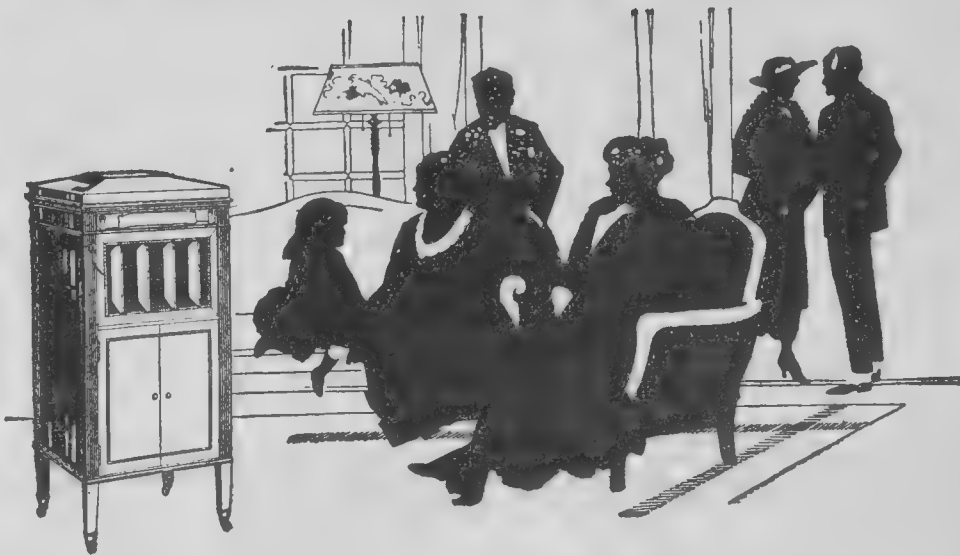
The first was the Ursus Kermodei, a strange white bear, hitherto unknown to science. Only a very few of these exist, and as far as has yet been learned they are confined to a very small territory in the wilderness reaches of the Province of British Columbia,



Type specimen of new sub-species of mountain sheep found in Youkon territory.

Canada. The discovery was due to Professor W. T. Hornaday, the noted zoologist, coming upon a skin of a small bear in a furrier's, which he was told was that of a baby polar bear. His expert knowledge brought to light that the skin was not that of a baby polar bear, but was from an adult of an as yet unknown species. The work of locating where this skin came from was considerable, but it was finally traced to northern British Columbia. The research in this region was vigorously taken up by (Continued on Page 33)

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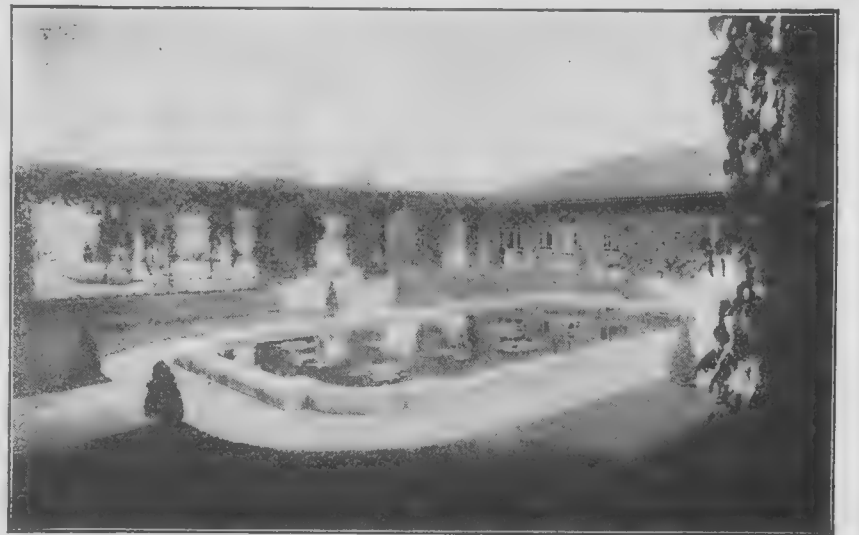
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Lily pond and pergola, Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.



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Dame Nature's Wild Animals

By Francis Dickie

Cont'd from Page 31

Mr. Francis Kermode, curator of the provincial museum at Victoria, Vancouver Island, so that today, due to him, we know probably as much as will ever be learned of this strange new species. In recognition of the curator's work, Professor Hornaday in zoologically placing the new species, named it the *Ursus Kermodei*, which is merely the scientific way of saying Kermode's Bear. The new species is small in size, considerably below the average black bear. Only about two dozen have so far been taken. These came from the regions of the Nass and Skeena rivers in northern British Columbia, and from Princess Royal and Gribble Islands. The bears are a beautiful creamy white color, with never a hair of any other shade. They have teeth widely different from the polar and very small ears, and their habitat is in a temperate region 2,300 miles away from where the polar is found. What led Old Dame Nature to create this strange and small-numbered species in this out-of-the-way corner of the world is one of the many mysteries of earth.

The other discovery made in North America is the Fannin mountain sheep. Here Nature shows herself again at her mysterious work, having created a sort of sub-species widely different from the regular types of sheep common to the region. The Fannin are found only in the Yukon Territory, Canada, and are evidently an intermediate or sub-species between the Dall, which are pure white, and the Stone, which are black. Some Fannin sheep are pure white, while others have white heads with bodies of varying shades of grey. Some have two streaks of brown down the forelegs. Had Nature been given a few more years before man came upon this particular evidence of her handiwork, an entirely distinct species might have been developed. As it is, the sheep is so different from the already classified ones in the same region that it has been given the distinctive name of Fannin Sheep.

With all these things borne in mind, the probability of man finding more new species of beasts as yet unknown to him, but dwelling just the same in out-of-the-way corners of the world, seems very large.

British Columbia

Cont'd. from page 18

is a new country and want strong men and strong women, not weaklings who are afraid of their own shadow.

Mr. Burns gave B.C. a very black eye in his article, and I hope I have corrected the impression that he left with the readers regarding our great and glorious province. I love this country, and if I have been sarcastic in regard to Mr. Burns, I cannot help it or excuse myself. If people do not like this province they can always find an east-bound train at the depot. Surely, if anyone has nothing good to say regarding their adopted country, they should keep their pens in their pockets. If all our dissatisfied Canadians would go to Russia they would be glad to return to Canada, and thank God for being born in such a bounteous country as our Dominion.

L. A. Patterson,
2425, 6th Ave. W.
Vancouver, B.C.

Stirred at Last

The hostess asked the solid man of her company to take a young and talkative woman in to dinner.

The woman did her best to keep up conversation, ranging from reciprocity to Buddhism and back again by a different route, but once only did the solid man desert the unfailing affirmative for "No'm." That was when he was tried on music and musicians.

"Do you like Beethoven's works?" she asked.

"I never visited them," he replied, with a show of interest. "What does he manufacture?"

"Say, Alf, where'd y' git th' black eye?"

"I was chasin' that new kid next door, an' I caught him."—Judge.

THE MAPLE LEAF TOKEN

By Mrs. Hattie Knapp

A maiden was bidding her lover good-bye;

He was fearless and strong and true,
And he held her hand with a lover's clasp,
As he looked in her eyes so blue.

"You will always be true, little girl," he said,

"True as steel, through the years, I know;

Yet give me some token, to carry with me,

As out in the wide world I go."

She reached o'er her head, for a maple leaf,

That was rich with its autumn hue,
"Let it rest near your heart, as a symbol," she said,

"Of your love and your country, too."

He tenderly kissed the lips he loved,
Then travelled to lands far away,
Temptations and dangers his pathway beset,
Siren voices, to lure him astray.

But often the maple leaf spoke to his heart,

As he looked at it, withered and sere,
And with heart pure and strong, once again he returned,

To his country and loved one, so dear.

LEND A HAND

By S. Jean Walker

O, lend a hand as you pass along
Be ever wisely kind,

In helping another bear his load
Your heart will gladness find.

For long and rough is the pilgrim's way
O'er many a weary mile,

Then lighten his load with a cheery nod

And glow of a sunny smile.
O, lend a hand wherever you can,
Be merciful, strong, and true,
Let a sweet compassion fill your soul.
As the God love pities you,
Forgive and forgive when wrong is done
All malice and hate defeat
By an act of love and a word of hope
Make the victory complete.

O, lend a hand wherever you can
Or wherever you may be,
And let the brotherhood of man
With words and deeds agree,
There's much to do and time's on wing,
Then dally not nor wait,
Lest self-engrossed with vision blurred
You lend a hand too late.

Where Faintheart can't, there Strongheart will;
The blunt Tool proves the Workman's skill.

Give Him what
He wants

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\$5.00 the Set



The Day of Joy and Gladness

A CHRISTMAS SLUMBER NIGHT.

Words by Rose Henderson.

Music by Elizabeth Rheem Stoner.

Humming

1. Sleep, baby, the top has stopped spinning And
2. Sleep, ba-by, the snow-flakes are falling Out

PIANO

rolled o-ver there by the wall. We've looked at the pic-tures and
there where the sun-shine has gone; And now the old ma-ple and

made up the sto-ries and played at house keep with the doll. We've
all of his brothers are put-ting their night dress-es on. The

won-dered and guessed what old San-ta might bring us, And
sil-ver star-can-dles are burn-ing in Heav-en, And

hung up our socks in the fire light dim; Sleep, ba-by, the
light-ing the earth with their ten-der glow Which one shone out

fire is call-ing, May be you'll dream a-bout him.
o-ver the cra-dle in Beth-le-hem long a-go.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

By W. A. McIntyre L. L. D.

MUSIC in all ages and with all people appeals to the feelings. It heightens joy and it relieves sorrow. It arouses courage and awakes ambition. It evokes tender sympathy, and opens the flood-gates of passion. It makes the weak man strong, and the strong man docile and kindly. It is the great transformer. Its influence is felt in home and in society under all conditions.

At first men passively yield to its magic spell, then they actively assist in its production. Finally, perhaps, they become creators of melody, and the world is cheered and comforted by their message.

At Christmas-time we are in the mood to receive blessings and to confess them. We are prepared to join with others in deeds of love and mercy, and we are ready to express our feelings in song and to call to our aid the "harp and dulcimer and the instrument of ten strings." In a word we give ourselves over to music because we are in tune with the spirit of the season.

Christmas music takes the form of carols, cantatas, oratorios, and some of the finest hymns, songs and choruses have been inspired by the thought of the Babe in the manger. Instrumental music has felt the inspiration of Christmas and noted compositions for violin, for organ and for orchestra have the Christmas story as their motif. Possibly we should never have that popular and ever-attractive diversion—the children's orchestra—had there been no holly and mistletoe and children circling around the Christmas tree.

It is only fair to ourselves and our children that we become possessed of the Christmas spirit, and that we refresh ourselves by listening to and joining in the music which has ever delighted those who have caught the strains of the angels' song. There are people who have never heard the Christmas message. There are some in our own midst to whom it has become a forgotten tale.

Scrooge still lives and Marley's ghost still walks abroad, but we have with us yet John Perrybingle and Caleb Plummer and the charming Dot, and the music of the cricket on the hearth and the kettle on the hob drowns out the creaking of the padlocks and the clanking of the chains. And so Christmas is to us who believe in it the sweetest of all seasons, and its music yields the sweetest of all delights.

Let the bells ring out—peace and love. Let the carols sound forth the First Noel! God rest ye, merry gentlemen.

Let the children take up the strain and sing of the time when shepherds watched their flocks by night; and of that wonderful scene when "Away in a manger, no crib for a bed, the little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head." Let the older people join in, "O little town of Bethlehem," or in that loveliest song of all, "Adeste Fideles!" Yes, and let us get out the viols and trumpets and flutes and make merry in the children's orchestra, and if we are able let us to the streets and keep alive the old English custom of singing on the day of the birth of the Saviour of Men. And if circumstances permit we shall hear the story of "The Messiah," and perhaps join in those choruses which the passing centuries make more and more satisfying to the souls of men—"All we like sheep!" "Hallelujah!"

If we forget the Child of Bethlehem we forget all. All giving and receiving, all peace and good-will is but an echo of His goodness and mercy. So at this time we shall renew in faith by remembering his coming to earth and shall pour out our thanksgiving in songs of praise. Truly Christmas is the time of song.

Christmas= time is Music Time

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Music and the Home

Must Have High Ideals

Harold Bauer aimed to be a great violinist and became a great pianist, Galli-Curci aimed to be a piano virtuoso but became a great singer, while Sembrich aimed to become a violinist and became a prima donna. History shows that all the musical celebrities aimed at a very high ideal and that more than that they became surprisingly efficient in what they had started out to do.

Perhaps the musical career, more than any other, calls for a definite aim. Further, it calls for an exalted aim. The childhood of the masters was spent in hours of dreams of celestial achievement. Their aim had been infinite in its height.

One of the reasons for mediocrity is that most of those who permit it have never aimed very high above the ground.

Queen Victoria as Music Lover

Queen Victoria the Good, was a skilled music lover, a musician, a friend of music in every sense of the word. Because of her great love of music it was humorously said that in her day all the sailors on the Royal British yachts had to pass an examination in music before being accepted; also that all orders were issued in song.

Queen Victoria, the good, was a skilled musician herself, her marked ability showing itself even in childhood. At eight she sang for the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, and a little later Felix Mendelssohn, who heard her when he visited Buckingham Palace, said her singing was quite faultless.

At thirteen, Victoria awarded the prize to successful competitors at a great Welsh musical festival. When she was fifteen, she is reported to have been as much interested in the quaint ballad singing of a strolling musician as in the racing, which she was at that time observing. On her eighteenth birthday her uncle, King William IV., whom she later succeeded, presented her with a very handsome piano. This gift she prized highly all her life.

Queen Victoria was fond of every kind of instrumental music, and at Balmoral, her castle in Scotland, had a piper play her a pibroch every morning at seven to wake her. At Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle she invited many of the famous musicians of the day to come and play for the royal family. Struggling genius, too, found in her a generous and encouraging friend.

A Musical Entertainment in the East

Mons. Huc, a French traveller and writer of Far Eastern life and tales, tells in one of his books of a visit he paid to a musical entertainment given in a small town in Tartary on the borders of Siberia. The performance was preluded by a minstrel, who, using a lyre, "soon commenced in a powerful and impassioned voice a long poetical recitation on themes taken from Tartar history. Afterward, on the invitation of our host, he began an invocation to Timur. There were many stanzas, but the burden was always the same—"O divine Timur, will thy great soul be born again? Come back! come back! we await thee, O Timur!"

"Here in this part of the world," writes M. Huc, "the voice is everything, the instrument nothing—sometimes not used at all, or only to strike a short prelude announcing the entry of the voice."

Employees Form Opera Company

The Winchester Arms Company's employees, at New Haven, Conn., have organized a musical organization among themselves. They recently gave a "show" in the biggest and best theatre of their city, which was voted one of the best entertainments given in that place.

The Sheep and the Goats

One seems to notice nowadays that when a composer is announced to have discovered an entirely new method of putting his thoughts into music there is an increasing number of people who fear they will be considered old fashioned and unprogressive if they do not at once place themselves in the front rank of converts to the new theory. They never seem to praise and reflect that all new paths do not necessarily lead forward, that many simply branch off from the main road and peter out into the wilderness.

The history of (Continued on page 36)



Christmas is a Time for Music

The Christmas season is the happiest of all the year. It is a time when everyone throws aside the cares of life and enters joyfully into the merry revels of the season.

And what gift could better express the spirit of Christmas than a beautiful Brunswick which opens the door to all the world's best music.

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33

Music and the Home

Cont'd from page 35

music is full of instances of this kind, broken down signposts and overgrown ways, yet, with the division of opinion which occurs on the appearance of every new path the sheep who rush hopefully in search of possible salvation, outnumber, now more than ever, the unfortunate goats who, remembering past experiences, stoically await their chance of being numbered with the damned.

An Ole Bull Story

The story is told of Ole Bull, the great violinist, and John Ericsson, the inventor of the "Monitor," that when the musician was entrancing New York with the sweet strains of his violin he met the inventor on the street and on three different occasions invited him to his concerts, only to meet with brusque refusals from his friend, who declared that he did not care for music. At last Ole Bull hit upon another plan; he went to Ericsson's works, taking his violin along.

He began by asking the mechanic if he could remedy some trifling defect in the instrument, and led the conversation to the structure of wood, the theory of sound, and discussed the scientific

tween the pegs and the board or stick itself; and then this bending went on more and more, till at last it was found that the strain might be thrown wholly on the board or stick by bending it into the form of an arch. When that was done, the lute had grown into a harp. But the lyre never changed its form.

The stopping of the lute's strings was discovered as soon as the lute got a neck. In the primitive form of a piece of straight board with strings lying over it, there was no likelihood that the art of stopping would be learned, but the instrument would be played as nowadays we should play an Aeolian harp (which, indeed, it very much resembled), or as the Chinese play their lute at the present day, resting on the knee, or on some artificial support, or perhaps the left arm, while the thumb of the right hand steadied it underneath and four fingers twanged the strings. When, for convenience of holding, one end of the instrument was made narrower so as to be grasped by the left hand—directly the left hand went round the strings, it could not help pressing them sometimes as it held them, and the difference of tone which the pressure caused would be at once noticed, and in course of time would be acted on.



Must he go, Daddy?

principles involved—things with which Ericsson was perfectly familiar. Then when the proper moment had come he said, "John, let me show you what I mean." He drew his bow over the strings of the violin and began to play, drawing from the instrument tones of such beauty that the inventor sat entranced. He played on and on, the workmen left their work and crowded round, and when he stopped his friend cried out: "I never knew what I lacked; play on." There was a place in that soul for music and the soul knew it not until touched by a master hand, and then it responded with joy.

Parents of Musical Instruments

The lute is the parent of all instruments whose strings are plucked by the fingers; and the lyre is the parent of all instruments whose strings are struck by a plectrum or hammer. The lute gave birth to the harp, and the lyre gave birth to the dulcimer; or, in other words, the lute obtained its increase in power by increasing the size and the tension of the strings themselves, the lyre by increasing the force with which they were struck.

This is how the lute produced the harp. The stick board on which the strings lay pegged was bent a little, so that the strain might be divided be-

The new music which came into being as the direct consequence of the appearance of stringed instruments in the world was the music of harmony; and its spirit was the disciplining of the instrumental by the reason of the vocal. The musical instrument, which in the pipe stage was used but to fling a cataract of idle sounds, now became the means by which actual thought could be expressed. At first it was only used to strike a prelude independently before the voice began to sing. Its development had several stages, and when the last stage was reached, when the instrument and the voice went hand in hand, note for note and word for word, the instrument would be almost as skillful as the voice itself in expressing the minutest flickering of thought.

AT CHOIR PRACTICE DO NOT
FATIGUE THE VOICE OR
THE ATTENTION.

Also do not Start at Page One of the
Anthem and Hammer it in
Page by Page.

Singers in volunteer church choirs and choruses will be interested in some of the remarks made recently by Dean Lutkin of the School of Music of the Northwestern University in the course of the address on the work of the choral

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GEORGE S. HOUSTON, General Manager, Winnipeg Business College

Music and the Home

Cont'd from page 36

leader. Among other things the Dean said: "Many pursue the antiquated plan of beginning on page one and hammering the work into the singers page by page, so that the end is reached with a sigh of relief. This hammering process usually results in a metallic, angular performance devoid of charm and well-considered contrasts. To employ it is a strategic blunder, for we injure voices by singing loudly all the time, and our singers grow restive under such a mechanical and ill-considered plan. We must remember that we are dealing with the human voice, which will not stand rough handling, and with the human temperament, which demands psychological treatment. The crucial points are to avoid fatiguing either the voice or the attention."

"If you are undertaking a work that is stiff going for your singers and beyond their experience or understanding, be

by humming while notes and expression marks are in process of assimilation. Humming not only saves the voice, but improves its quality by cultivating relaxation which is so necessary to good intonation and correct voice production. If the words are eliminated, the entire attention can be focused on the music. Without being conscious of it, most singers obtain their pitch more from chordal suggestion than from staff relationship; the soft singing permits the singers to hear the harmonies of the accompaniment distinctly, and this helps them amazingly in getting their parts. Then they are also free to listen to the guiding and warning remarks of the conductor.

"Lastly, singers rarely hum out of tune. Of all the time-saving and nerve-shielding devices in chorus rehearsing, humming easily takes first place."

Who quarrels with the Well should first Make sure he will not die of Thirst.



Christmas cheer in Merry England

sure to start with the most attractive portion, so as to engage their interest and enthusiasm as early in the game as possible. When you have planned out the work for a given rehearsal, attack the most difficult parts first, while the attention is fresh. These are apt to be the climatic points. The habit of practising backward is invaluable. It is discouraging to be constantly headed from the unknown and to see pages of uncharted music looming up in the distance. Get the climax first and then back up and lead into it and note the joy and satisfaction of the singers when they get their feet on comparatively solid ground. The pedagogical principle of moving from the known to the unknown is here reversed.

"It is a foolish and short-sighted procedure to allow the choristers to sing full voice throughout a rehearsal. This strains the muscles of the throat, and the loud singing tires the ear and gets on the nerves. Much fatigue and unnecessary tension may be avoided.

Took No Chance

Phelim Casey was engaged on the ridge-pole of Squire Pond's house when he lost his footing, and slid down, but he clutched the eaves-trough and hung on for dear life.

"That's right, Phelim!" called the squire, who had seen him slip. "You hang on a minute till I can get a ladder up there!"

But even as he spoke Phelim relaxed his hold and dropped to the ground.

As soon as the squire made sure that no bones were broken, and that Phelim was simply bruised here and there and shaken up, he began to berate the man in vigorous language.

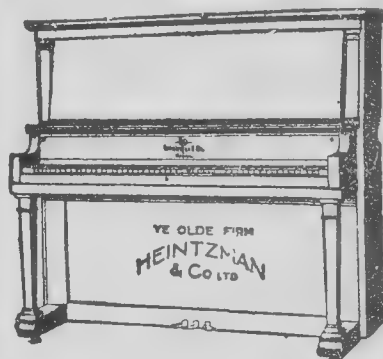
"Why in the world didn't you hang on, as I told you to, you great stupid?" he demanded. "I'd have been there in a minute."

"Maybe you wud," said Phelim, sullenly, "but how did I know but the eaves would give way before you got there?"

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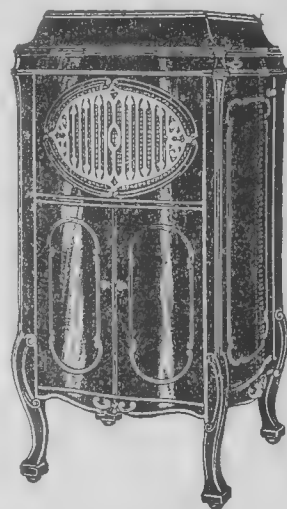
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"Abide with me"
216122 "Joy of the World"
"Come all ye faithful"
216125 "The coming of the year" (with chimes)
"Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing"
235004 "Maid of the Mountains"
(Instrumental record in two parts)

Write to-day for complete list of December records, including such artists as Caruso, Heifetz, Gluck, Werrenrath, Zimbalist and Renato Zanelli. Also the leading popular and dance numbers.

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A Canadian War Memorial

We are showing on this page the illustration of a War Memorial planned and carved by Mr. N. J. Dinnen of Winnipeg, which symbolically very aptly portrays the leading part taken by Canada in the World War.

It will be observed that the figures are so arranged on the pedestal that if you look down upon them from the top they form a continuous circle around the central figure, the meaning of this being that all classes had to stand shoulder to shoulder in the late struggle, any spoke of the wheel being missing might have spelled possible disaster. The Winged Victory represents the hub of the wheel, or in the spiritual sense "Duty." The four main figures, that is the Sailor, the Soldier, the Salaried Man and the Wage-earner, are placed on the higher pedestal. Not wishing to depart from the British traditions of the sea, the Sailor was put on the

Soldier, the Flying Man and the Nurse. The figures facing outward behind her back are the Civilian group: the Salaried Man, the Wage-earner, the Farmer, the Female Munition Worker.

An effort has been made to show that in the winning of the Great War, Canada helped by its labor of all classes. The Wage-earner must realize that the Brain-worker toils as well as himself and vice versa; in fact, the whole idea of the Memorial is that no one class can shirk its duty if success is to be attained.

For the information of our readers we append detailed description of the various figures shown in the Memorial.

Winged Victory.—A winged female figure, emblematic of Victory, as handed down to us from the Ancient Greeks, is here shown standing on the Prussian spiked helmet, representing



Commemorating the labors of Canadians who helped in their various ways in winning the Great War and in placing Victory on the pedestal of "Right is Right," downing, we hope, forever that "Might is Right," whether in the dealings of nations, families or men. So mote it be!

right front, but in this case was used a Canadian Merchant Marine Sailor as typifying the larger effort on the sea as put forth by Canada. The Soldier is a private of an infantry battalion, and stands really in the place of honor, in view of the Winged Victory holding the wreath of oak-leaves over his head. The Civilians are at the rear. On a lower pedestal are placed the Flying Man, Farmer, Nurse and Female Worker, or "Woman emancipated." The Flying Man being the new branch of the service and a very important one as it developed, is here placed in front between the sea and land forces, but on a lower pedestal so as not to upset the balance. The women, you will notice, are on the sides, the Military Nurse beside the Soldier and the Female Munition Worker beside the Wage-earner.

Winged Victory is looking slightly to the left front of the pedestal, for one reason so as to hold the oak-leaves over the Soldier's head, and also to have all the figures in her front pertaining to the war, these being the Sailor, the

the defeat of the great German war machine, "Might."

The Sailor.—Representing all those Canadians who go down to the sea in ships. The figure here shown is that of a Merchant Marine Sailor whose devotion to duty and unflinching heroism, helped in the winning of the Great War.

The Salaried Man.—All those Canadians, whether statesmen, professional and business men or clerks, who toiled by the brain alone. In this figure is shown an elderly and successful financier who has done his part at home and has given his only son to the cause. He is trying to carry on, pride on one hand and his son's heroic death carrying him through, but the agony of the loss being almost more than he can bear.

The Wage-earner.—Representing all those Canadians who toil with both brain and body. In this case the figure is that of a brawny boiler-maker. The wage-earners gave generously of their own, those who fought in the ranks and died, and those who stayed at home

A Canadian War Memorial

Cont'd from page 38

and toiled unceasingly. They were a powerful aid to our Canadian effort.

The Soldier.—Representing the military forces of Canada. This figure is "Jack Canuck" of the trenches. The lad who bore the brunt, struck the blows, and paid the price, and by whose cheerfulness under all conditions and dogged determination, the name "Canadian" was made a worthy heritage.

The Flying Man.—This figure represents one of our Canadian pilots, the

lads who made themselves famous in all theatres of the war where British troops were fighting. The Canadian spirit, daring and general make-up seemed peculiarly suited to this arm of the service and Canada was proud of her flying men for they were "nulli secundi."

The Nurse.—Womanhood is represented in this figure by the self-sacrificing Canadian nurse who was with the British armies everywhere, both at home and abroad. Their love and devotion under all conditions was one of the most inspiring episodes of the strug-

gle and did more to fortify the spirits of the men than almost any other factor.

The Farmer.—This figure is representative of the agriculturist or Canadian farmer. The healthy and open-air life of the Canadian farmer gave to our lads an initiative which was most noticeable in the Canadian armies and had a great deal to do with their being looked upon as such splendid shock troops.

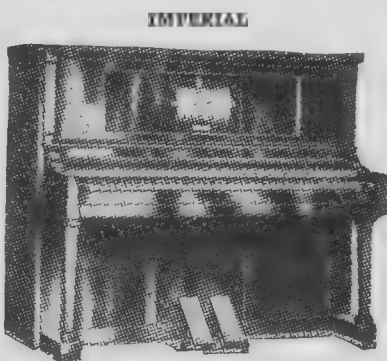
The Munition Worker.—This figure represents a Canadian female munition worker, "Women emancipated." The spirit and energy womanhood displayed these last few years has been a marvel

to men, and truly by these gifts and deeds she has earned the right to emancipation. Nowhere did womanhood help the lads overseas more than by the making of shells.

It is interesting to note that this work was simply a labor of love as Mr. Dinnen practises art not as a profession, but as a hobby. As a business man he felt keenly the really great efforts as put forth by Canada in helping in the winning of the Great War and has tried to depict this to the best of his ability. Credit is also due to Mr. John S. Porter who designed the pedestal.

Once again you have the opportunity to Join Our Christmas Club —GET A PIANO TO-DAY

DURING the past many years we have conducted this annual Christmas Club. Hundreds of homes in Western Canada have availed themselves of the many concessions offered and secured standard Canadian Pianos at rock-bottom prices, and on such terms as could not be surpassed. This club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation. It costs you nothing to join this club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind. This club is to be organized at once, and will be limited to 100 members. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is on the market for a piano. By joining the club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy you will obtain every club advantage if you select your piano on or before the 31st December, 1920. But, remember, while you may have till December 31st to make your selection, the club will be closed immediately 100 members enroll, owing to the approaching shortage of pianos. Join now is the safest way.



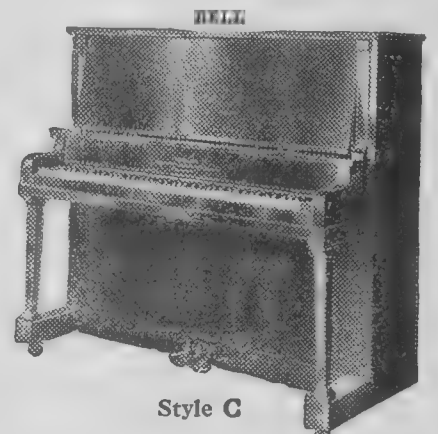
Latest 88-Note Player Piano

Regular \$850. Club price **\$775**

Secret of the Club Offer

This club is run in co-operation with the best and oldest firms in the world, such as Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Cecilian, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Canada Piano Co., Doherty, Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Co.

REGULAR Pianos are featured at SPECIAL prices and on SPECIAL terms. You have NINETY styles of Pianos and Player Pianos to choose from in genuine Walnut, Mahogany and Oak cases. Illustrated catalogues with REGULAR and CLUB prices and terms mailed free on application.



Style C

Regular \$600. Club price **\$545**

This is the Whole Plan of the Winnipeg Piano Company's Christmas Club

1. Your choice of any make of Nordheimer, Gerhard Heintzman, Cecilian, Bell, Haines, Sherlock-Manning, Canada Piano Co., Doherty, Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Company's Pianos or Player Pianos at special club prices until the 31st December, 1920.
2. The terms are one-fifth cash down, and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.
3. A special discount for all cash or extra instalments paid now.
4. The piano will be delivered when you join, or later if you wish it.
5. The monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to date from when the piano is delivered.
6. Every instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" or "ands" in the guarantee—just a straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.
7. If, after thirty days' trial, the piano is not satisfactory, we will give you your money back on return of the piano.
8. If the piano is satisfactory after thirty days' use, the club member has eleven more months in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without one penny's loss for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in price (and we sell 90 different styles of the best pianos in the world).
9. A beautiful \$18 Piano Bench with music receptacle to match the piano is included without extra cost.
10. Freight paid to your nearest station.
11. Come into our store or write and select the style of case you prefer, in Walnut, Mahogany or Oak; this is all you have to do.
12. Each and every club instrument will be personally selected by our president.

Other Club Values

Gerhard Heintzman **\$595**
Style—Armand

Nordheimer - - - **\$595**
Style—Lansdowne

Doherty - - - - **\$465**

Imperial - - - - **\$415**

And many others

GET OUR LIST OF SLIGHTLY USED PIANO BARGAINS AT FROM \$225 TO \$325

Piano Prices Will Not Fall

for a long time, and have not yet reached as high a point as nearly all other lines.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. 333 PORTAGE AVE.

Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Canada, and Lesage Pianos
Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathephone, McLagan, Curtiss Aeronola and Phonola Phonographs.

Impressions

By Robert Jukes

MUCH, if indeed not all, depends on the first view of a city or town in coloring future recollections. Atmospheric conditions play an important part; our mood, as affected by surrounding circumstances, forms a factor.

For example, if entering London for the first time by rail, the impression is apt to be depressing, no matter from which point of the compass you arrive.

The apparently endless and dreary rows of suburban dwellings; the signs of straggling life on the fringe of vast multitudes; the scheme of drab color rapidly flung past the window of a railway carriage, are all points that neither exhilarate nor attract.

If fortune should, however, have favored one by approach from the sea, what a change occurs in one's attitude; expectation is on the alert, and the imagination is stirred during a leisurely voyage along the classic waters of the Thames.

It was our good fortune thus to have, not the first view, but the lasting one as a first impression of London. Journeying by an old converted Danish gunboat now a prosaic trader with passengers and goods from the coast of the Netherlands, we entered the estuary of the Thames on a lovely June morning, as the sun rose. The flat, outstretching shores of the Essex coast to our right, seemed vaguely to tremble

through the half-broken mist of the dawn. Far away on the left, bathed in the first faint flush from the east, glimmered the white cliffs of the North Foreland.

The Kentish coast, gradually declining riverward to the entrance of the Medway, displayed its lower edges still striped in dark lines of blue, broken only here and there by rays of white that pierce the rose and olive tinted shadows, now slowly melting to the high rising lights of a glorious sky.

Spiral wreaths of faint smoke hovered over distant steamer funnels; a gull crossed our bows, on eager wing for the well-beloved marshes of an Essex strand; a stately East Indianman lashed to a mosquito-like tug, passed down by the left to her anchorage in the "Downs," doubtless on the way to "Far Cathay"; a schooner yacht to the

right, gliding upstream with all sail for the light breeze, we overtook, and returned the cheery greeting of her helmsman, who waved his red cap.

But, in an instant while looking round, there broke to view, still far ahead, a swirl of opal-colored cloud, from out of which in majestic mass loomed the great dome of St. Paul's, its golden cross flashing in the sun, a symbol of Hope for those serried millions struggling beneath.

II.

"Si Signor, a moment and we are in Venezia," mumbled the guard of the express that rolled us across the plain of Lombardy.

Was this the way to enter Venice? Amid the semi-darkness of a night rendered all the blacker by black clouds that scarred the moon!—a situation all in ill accord with a dream of first impressions of the "Queen of the Adriatic!"

But gloom vanishes in a step from the station to the water-side, for now we recline amid the cushions of a gondola; we have bidden farewell to the blinding rush and angry fume of the world of to-day; we hear only the musical voices of the gondoliers, warning other "barcas" of our approach, and amid the ghosts of dead ages, we muse along silent streets of dark waters. We return to life only on seeing the quick movement of those romantic figures at the stern and prow; at the touch of marble steps; with the burst of light through the opening portals of an ancient palace; in the boisterous warmth of greeting from waiting friends; we have returned to the nineteenth century!

III.

"Great Scott! If you don't hang on like grim death, you'll become a lunch for Chinese sharks," said our lively young friend, Lieutenant G—, now in temporary command of that skittish little torpedo-boat No. 23, of His Majesty's navy.

We, clinging in desperation to anything at hand, listened to this sage advice and watched the dashing 23 spin off some five and thirty to forty miles of miraculous speed in the hour.

"Here we are," shouted our jovial nautic, and there we certainly were, as rounding a point there opened out before us the harbor of Macao, that ancient Portuguese settlement of Southern China.

With graceful swing and quite irreproachable "swagger," we slide alongside the landing stage of the Military Club, a charming white stone building amid flowers and shrubs, whose dwellers, on hospitality intent, received us with a cordiality that allowed but scant time to admire the sparkle of the harbor waters, dancing under the lash of that delightful north-east monsoon of a January morning.

Nor had we time to more than note a guardian fort resting on a wooded hill; a paltry glance was all we could spare for that distant, beautiful garden, ever sadly associated with the memory of Portugal's great poet, Camoens, who found solace in this lovely spot, during exile in the cruel days of 1545.

We would have loved to linger among those quaint pink and lilac-tinted houses scattered round the shore, but that merry mariner of the No. 23 was inexorable—had we not promised to return from our little cruise before dark, to the squadron at anchor in that great harbor of the "Isle of fragrant streams," but a few miles away?

So with a rush and farewell to our kind hosts, a wave of the hand to the garden of Camoen, and a smile for the funny little houses on the beach, we scuttle again to the South, at the famous clip of 35, "and let her go at that," exclaimed the skipper!

It is good to journey oft and far afield; it is good to let memory store away some precious moments of the past; and it is better still, perhaps, when life's sun declines and the shadows are lengthening, to recall, in still moments of peace, those dear faces of vanished friends, those scenes of by-gone days that flash with vivid force across the recollections of a — first impression!

A Phonograph Bargain for Christmas Shoppers

Never have we been in the position, at the Christmas season heretofore, to offer such a genuine reduction on a high grade phonograph. Having purchased the entire balance of last year's models, made by the celebrated Starr Phonograph Co., we are able to make this extraordinary offer in the light of present-day prices. Remember, the Operaphone is an internationally known instrument appreciated in thousands of homes all over America—and sold at a standard price.

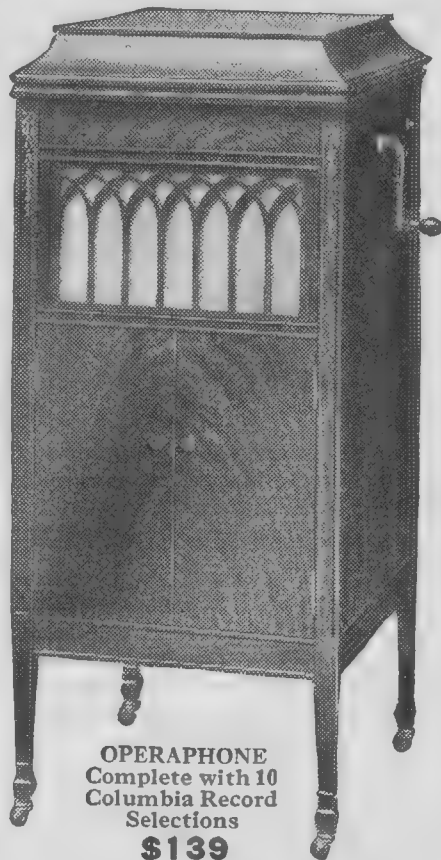
This beautiful instrument is finished in either mahogany or oak—is equipped with universal tone arm and plays all makes of records. Is absolutely guaranteed and subject to exchange at any time within six months should you be in any way dissatisfied and wish to secure a higher-priced instrument.

There are only a comparatively few reserved for mail order trade, and the usual Christmas rush will carry them off in a hurry. Avoid disappointment by ordering yours to-day.

OTHER SPECIAL VALUES

Phonola	\$136.00
Curtiss Aeronola ..	141.00
Grafonola X	151.75
McLagan	157.00
Pathephone	157.00
Operaphone	164.00

Above prices are complete with 20 Record Selections



OPERAPHONE
Complete with 10
Columbia Record
Selections
\$139

Our Own Guarantee with Each Machine

We know exactly just what excellent material and careful thought is built into these modern phonograph models, and are therefore in a position to guarantee each one. Remember, this is a big saving over similar phonographs, that in many cases have not the wonderful tonal qualities and general exterior appearance.

Twenty record selections are forwarded with any of these other phonographs, and orders are shipped the same day received. Avoid disappointment by getting your order in promptly. Do it now before you forget—to-morrow may be too late.

Easy Terms

Monthly, quarterly or fall payments can be arranged to suit your individual convenience. Special discount for all cash.

Write To-day

for fuller details, illustrated catalogues and easy payment terms.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. LTD.

333
PORTAGE
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Greatest Selection Under One Roof

PIANOS—Steinway, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Haines, Bell, Sherlock-Manning, Doherty, Lesage, Canada, Brambach, Autopiano and Imperial.

PHONOGRAPHS—Edison, Columbia, Gerhard Heintzman, Pathephone, Phonola, Curtiss Aeronola, McLagan, Starr, Euphonolian.

SEE those happy, healthy looking people standing on the big boulder? Well, never mind them but take another look and see the head of the fantastic frog coming out of the ground. Poor frog. It doesn't seem to have much chance to get any farther with all those people standing so heavily on its head and snout. But the fact that the frog is stuck in the ground has nothing whatever to do with the people on its head. The frog has been thus coming out of the ground for ever so many years—how many, no living soul can tell. To those whose feelings it may hurt to see the heartless humans so brutally tramping on the frog's head it may be said for comforting consolation that it is the frog's good fortune that it has no feelings of any description—humane or otherwise. It is of stone—good solid Canadian rock—though solid can hardly be properly used in connection with this particular piece of rock; for wind and weather and cold Jack Frost in triple alliance have wrought harrowing havoc with its solidity.

The stone as it stands among rounded hills of the heavy-rolling Saskatchewan prairie, a few miles southwest of Graydahl post office, is a puzzling sight to all who are blankly believing that white men and women from eternal times have had their abode on the Canadian prairie. They will naturally ask an inquisitive question: From whence did it come and how did it turn the trick of coming? The size of the boulder belies the belief that it was brought by road or by rail or by any other means of human transportation. And as it is commonly known and acknowledged by science that no stone can fly or creep or crawl it remains to reveal on what vehicle this solitary, splendid specimen of Canadian rock has arrived at its present place of resting.

Geologists give us the wanted explanation, and the explanation is this: That the rock in some bygone period was brought down to the prairie from some surrounding mountain or other and

was moved by a means of transportation that is not commonly used in our present-day moving—it was carried by the ice in some glacial period of long, long past. Geology tells us in terms of science that the American continent once was covered by a cake of ice of considerable magnitude, stretching from the north as far to the south as the fortieth parallel. At some other period more local glaciers of glaring white-

Standing Rock

By J. Olson

Rock brought down on the prairie. From whence can only be ascertained by comparing the character of the stone in the boulder with the stone in the mountains or rocks that are nearest by and were in the path of the moving glaciers on their way to the south. It may be from the Rockies, it may be from the territory around the Hudson's Bay. But let us leave that to science to decide.



An Oddity in Canadian Rock.

ness covered part of the land. Geologists give the names of these glaciers as the Laurentide or Labradorean, with its centre round Labrador, and the Keewatin glacier with its heart somewhere west of the Hudson's Bay, stretching its icy arms southwards and west to the Rockies.

At one of these periods, on the arms of one of these glaciers, was Standing

Rock brought down on the prairie. From whence can only be ascertained by comparing the character of the stone in the boulder with the stone in the mountains or rocks that are nearest by and were in the path of the moving glaciers on their way to the south. It may be from the Rockies, it may be from the territory around the Hudson's Bay. But let us leave that to science to decide.

At one time Standing Rock was the palace of a King of the Air. Scattered

around in the caves and the crevices are still hidden sticks of the eagle's nest. It is safe to say that the smiles on the faces of the visiting humans would fade away if King Eagle should come to visit his forefather's former palatial home. It is here submitted as a fairly safe guess, that even the one royal servant in the climbing crowd—His Majesty's postmaster at the Graydahl office—would take to his heels in a terrible tempo if His Majesty the Eagle should happen around. At the base of the boulder—and all around it—runs a deeptrodden track—another remembrance of days gone by. While the King of the Air was courting his Queen in the nest in a nook on the top of the rock, the King of the Prairie was tramping around on the ground, rubbing his royal hair-shedding hide on the sides of the rock.

King Buffalo below and King Eagle above—the King of the Prairie and the King of the Air—in royal rally around the rock. What a glorious picture. What inspiring food for poetic thought. Once this was life—now it is gone forever. But as a memory of it all stands Standing Rock this very day—alone and lonely, dreaming of days of glory—forever gone.

Through the ages this rock has thus been standing—carried down to the desolate prairie on a glistening glacier's powerful arms.

It has stood and withstood the storms of the Ages. It has fought them off for thousands of years. But Wind and Weather and cold Jack Frost are winning their withering battle. Storm has blown Rain with ferocious fury against the rock; Rain has sneaked into the caves and the crevices. Then Jack Frost froze Rain to expanding Ice that slowly but surely has pushed piece after piece off the boulder. The big block that lies on the ground tells a story of a hopeless battle. Piece by piece the powerful elements are fighting their way to the heart of the rock. Some day in a faraway future the rock will go down in a sorrowful heap of stones.



Co-Operating For Better Farming

FROM its organization, the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture has endeavored to co-operate as far as possible with the farmers of the province in carrying on a general policy for the improvement of farming methods, and as new problems are constantly arising, the department has broadened its activities to meet the new needs.

With the Better Farming Trains, which are fitted up at the University, manned from the staff of the University and the Departments of Education and Agriculture, and are run over various railway lines with the assistance and co-operation of the railroad companies; the department endeavors to carry to as many as possible of the farmers of the province, and their families, some of the inspiration of the University and some of the results of the thousands of experiments carried on there in all branches of agriculture.

The Dairy Branch of the department is ready at all times to give information and advice on any phase of the dairying industry. The Live Stock Branch co-operates with the various live stock associations in promoting the improvement of all breeds of live stock. The Field Crops Branch encourages the production of the best seed of the various cereals and grasses which are found best adapted to Saskatchewan conditions, and assists in the control of noxious weeds and animal and insect pests. The Co-operative Organization and Markets Branch assists in the organization of co-operative associations and is always ready to help in the formation of a new association and in assisting older associations in carrying on their work. The Game Branch strives to maintain the useful wild life of the province; to teach children, especially, the importance of preserving native song birds, and all sportsmen the necessity of protecting from extermination game birds and big game and the breeding stock of our valuable fur-bearing animals. The Statistics Branch, with the assistance of a large body of crop correspondents, compiles and publishes statistics, giving the fullest and most accurate information attainable about crop acreages and crop conditions and distributes on request, without charge, bulletins and leaflets dealing with every phase of farming.

The department would like to make it clear to all the farmers in the province that it is organized to serve them, and that they are invited to make use of their department.

Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture - Regina

EMPLOYMENT SERVICE OF CANADA (Manitoba Branch)
: Under Joint Auspices of Dominion and Provincial Governments :

A Farmer's Conundrum

THE securing of satisfactory help, both for the outdoor and the indoor work, is a perennial conundrum to many a farmer.

BUT the farmer who knows how to tap the available resources will have less trouble than his neighbor who is ignorant on this point.

THE wise course is to remember always that the *Employment Service of Canada* is a Dominion-wide Government Agency which finds positions for workers and finds workers for positions—and does this twelve months in the year **free of charge**. At present some good

MARRIED COUPLES AND ALL-THE-YEAR FARM WORKERS

are seeking farm engagements. It would pay many farmers to engage their farm help at this time of year.

DEPARTMENTS FOR BOTH MALE AND FEMALE HELP
File Your Requirements Early

LIST OF OFFICES:

Farm Help

Male and Married Couples
Winnipeg—439 Main St.
Phones—A7839 and A7830
Brandon—142 Tenth St.
Phone—3423
Portage la Prairie—Municipal Building
Phone—239
Dauphin—Great War Veterans' Building
Phone—158

Domestics

Hotel Help, Etc.
Winnipeg—216 Bannatyne Avenue
Phones—A9241 and A8228
Business Women and Household Workers
Winnipeg—210 Montreal Trust Building, 218 Portage Avenue
Phone—A4595

Construction Work, Etc.
Winnipeg—177 Henry Ave.
Phones—A5807 and A5808

Business and Handicapped Men
Winnipeg—222 Bannatyne Avenue
Phone—A8779

All Other Male Help Skilled and Unskilled
Winnipeg—220 Bannatyne Avenue
Phone—A8227

KEEP THIS LIST FOR REFERENCE

GEO. H. MALCOLM

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration for Manitoba

J. A. BOWMAN

Provincial Superintendent of Employment.

Hear Rachmaninoff on the New Edison

THIS illustration is reproduced from an actual photograph of Rachmaninoff playing the Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) while the New Edison RE-CREATED his previous rendition of the same composition.

The absolute fidelity of the RE-CREATION to the artist's original performance amazed and astonished the listeners.

Once more the New Edison's perfect Realism was proved by the acid test of direct comparison.

We are very glad to announce that Rachmaninoff has also made recordings for one of the standard talking machines. We invite comparison. Hear Rachmaninoff at the store of any Edison dealer.

Thos. A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

EDISON RACHMANINOFF RE-CREATIONS

Now on Sale (Others to be Released Later)

No. 82169 Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) Part 1

No. 82170 Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) Part 3
(With Mr. Rachmaninoff's Cadenza)

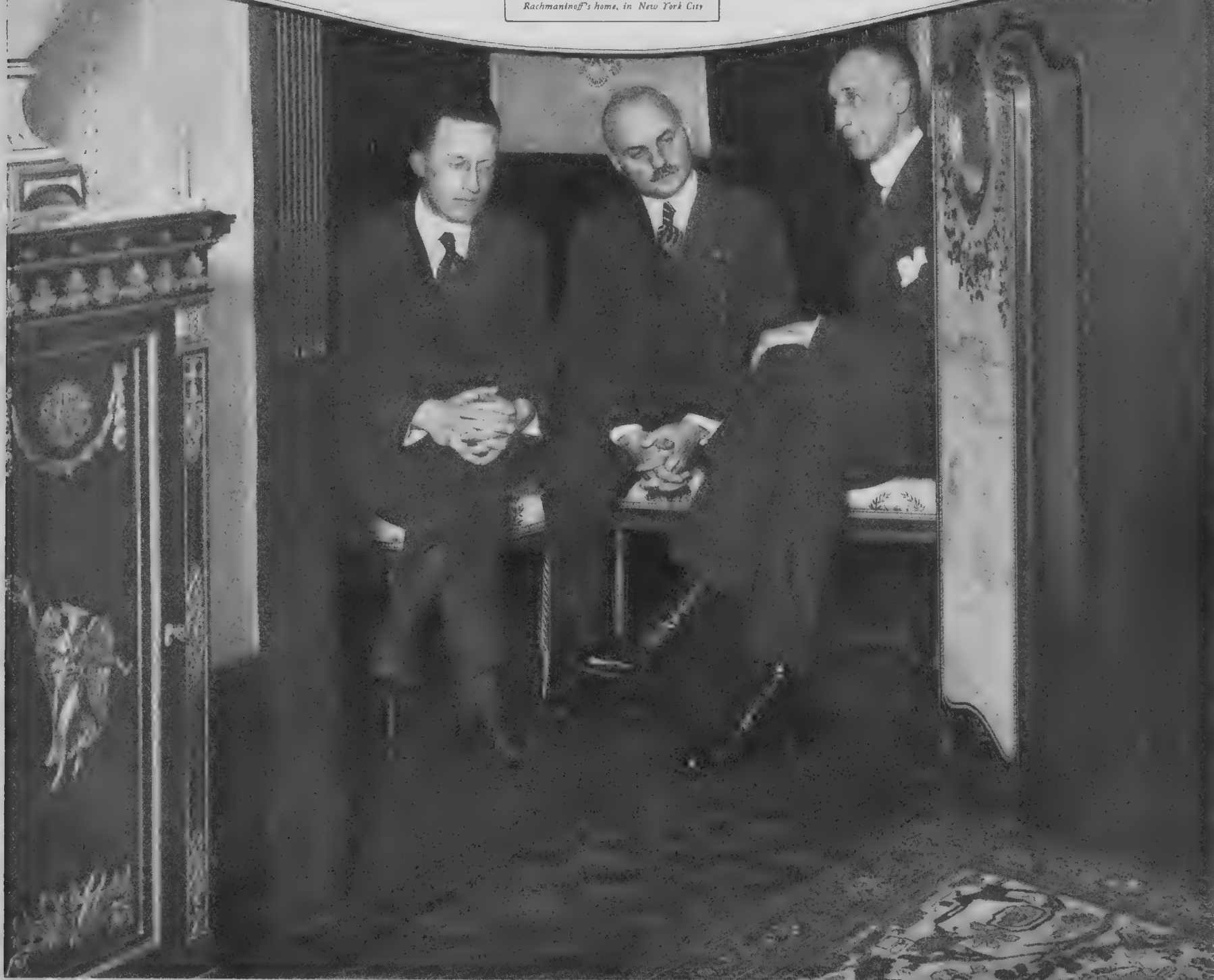
No. 82187 Prelude In C Sharp Minor, Op. 3 (*Rachmaninoff*)

No. 82169 Second Hungarian Rhapsodie (*Liszt*) Part 2

No. 82170 Pastorale (*Scarlatti-Tausig*)

No. 82187 Polka de W. R. (*Rachmaninoff*)

From an actual photograph taken in Mr. Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City





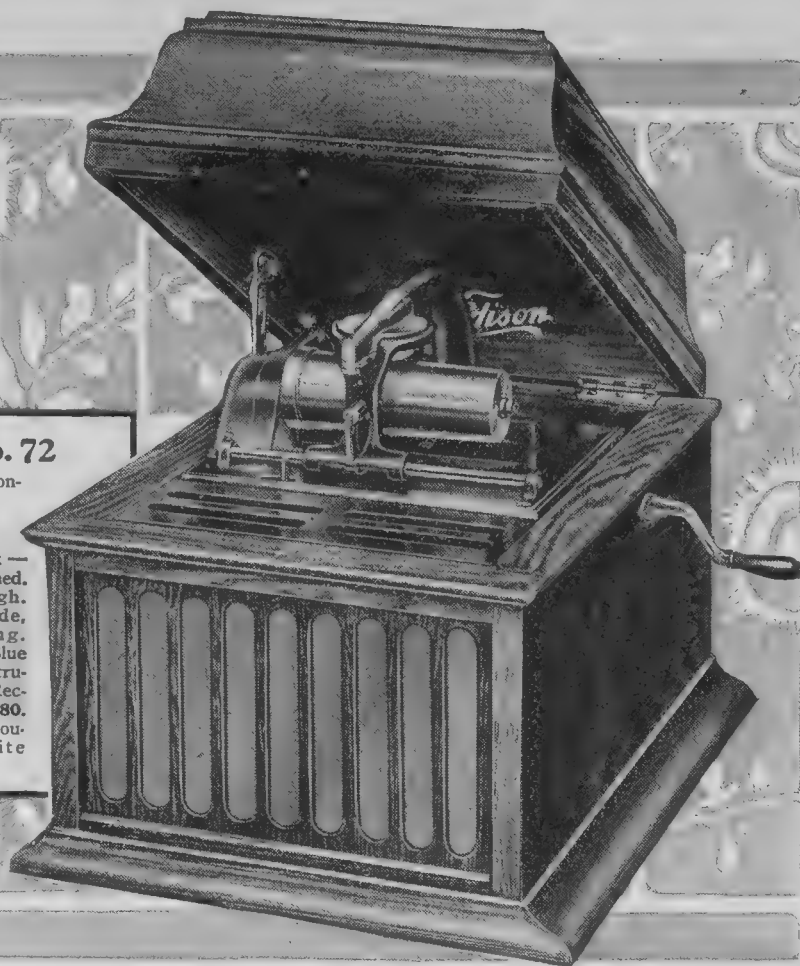


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On This Great Outfit**

Outfit No. 89 New Model Instrument and handsome record cabinet complete—two pieces. An entire phonograph outfit, just like the very highest priced instruments and at one-fifth the price. Cabinet finished in dull brown oak to match instrument. Capacity 80 records. Height of outfit complete, 42½ inches, width 13¼ inches, length 17 inches. Price, complete, with 12 Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records, only \$89.00. (See terms in coupon on opposite page.)

Outfit No. 72

Latest model concealed horn instrument. Finished in beautiful golden oak—elegantly polished. 12¾ inches high, 12½ inches wide, 16 inches long. Price, with 12 Blue Amberol Indestructible 4-minute Records, only \$72.80. (See terms in coupon on opposite page.)



Your Choice Sent On Free Trial!

See Coupon on Opposite Page

AN ASTOUNDING OFFER—the New Edison Diamond Amberola, Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer, and twelve brand new Diamond Indestructible Four-Minute Records sent to you on *absolutely free trial*. Send no money—just fill out the coupon on opposite page and send it to us at once. We will send you the complete outfit immediately. Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits of the big cities. Laugh at the side-splitting minstrel shows. Hear anything from Grand Opera to Comic Vaudeville. Judge just how much this great phonograph would mean to your home. Then, if you choose, send the outfit back to us at our expense.

Only \$1⁰⁰ After Trial

**Is Your Home
Happy?**

How about your home? Is it a real home? Is it something more than a place to eat and a place to sleep and to shelter you? Is it a place where the united family can gather together and be happy? Has it something that will make your friends enjoy visiting you? That kind of a home is a happy home. And anything that will bring you such a life means as much to you as food and clothing. It is a necessity.

Put music into your home and you will have the greatest influence for happiness that the world has ever known. It is the mother's lullaby, the warrior's cry, the lover's song—who, indeed, does not find the expression of all his moods and emotions in music? And now Mr. Edison's genius has put real music within your reach. You can make it part of your life.

If you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument after the free trial, send only \$1.00. Pay the balance for the complete outfit in small monthly payments. (See terms in coupon on opposite page.)

Think of it—a \$1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get an outfit of Mr. Edison's new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, the life-like music—the wonderful Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records. The finest, the best that money can buy at very much less than the price at which imitations of the Genuine New Edison Diamond Amberola are offered. Get the New Edison Diamond Amberola on free trial. Just send the coupon on the opposite page. Remember, the 12 brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records included with each outfit. Don't delay. Send the coupon now.

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Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Diamond Amberola

AFTER years of labor on his favorite invention, Mr. Edison has made the music of the phonograph true to life. There is no reason, now—especially since we make this rock-bottom offer—why you should be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's genuine instrument. You are under no obligation on this free trial offer. Hear the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your home before you decide to buy.

Outfit No. 112

A superb instrument—wonderful bargain. Handsomely plated and polished. Richly enameled. Size 15 1/4 inches high, 14 3/8 inches wide, 19 3/8 inches long. Regularly finished in mahogany and golden oak. May be had also in weathered oak or fumed oak. Price, with twelve Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records, only \$112.80. (See terms in coupon below.)

Send No Money —Just the Coupon!



greatest singers and players, the sweet, old time melodies, the jokes of the funniest vaudeville actors, all right into your own parlor, as if they were there *in person*. See for yourself how much you *need* the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your life. See how much happier it will make your home. Just fill out the coupon and send it in. No money down; no C. O. D. You pay us nothing unless you keep the outfit. Send it back, if you wish, *at our expense*. Or pay only \$1.00 after the trial, and balance in easy monthly payments as explained below. Remember, the twelve brand new Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records are included with each outfit.

Complete Stock of Foreign Records Polish, Swedish, Norwegian, French, Finnish; Bohemian, Russian, Hungarian, German.

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors, Dept. 109 311 King Street, E., Toronto, Ontario
United States Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Illinois 338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba

No obligation to buy in sending this coupon; this is just an application for a Free Trial

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dists., Dept. 109 — 311 King St., E., Toronto, Ont. — 338 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Mr. Babson:—As per your offer, I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph with the new Diamond Stylus reproducer in my own home on free trial. Send me the outfit which I have checked below, and the twelve Blue Amberol Indestructible Four-Minute Records which are part of the outfit. If I decide to keep the outfit, I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price direct from you on your special terms. I agree merely to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small freight or express charges, and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory, I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense. Otherwise, I will send the first payment of \$1.00 within forty-eight hours after the free trial or as soon as possible, in no case exceeding one week, and will make monthly payments thereafter of (check the square below to the left of outfit which you wish to have us ship). The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made. If I am not 21 years of age, I will have my parents or guardian fill out the coupon, as you do not wish to boys and girls under 21.

☐ **Outfit No. 72** \$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month. Complete price with 12 records, \$72.80. ☐ **Outfit No. 89** \$7.00 for 12 months and \$4.00 for the 13th month. Complete price with 12 records, \$89.00. ☐ **Outfit No. 112** \$10.00 for 10 months and \$11.80 for the 11th month. Complete price, with 12 records, \$112.80. Send me the outfit finished in...mahogany...golden oak...weathered oak...fumed oak

My name.....Address or R. F. D. No.....City.....

State.....Shipping point.....Ship by.....Express. Occupation.....

Age.....Married or Single.....If steadily employed at a salary please state.....

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity?.....If there is a possibility of changing your

address during the next year, what will be your next address?.....

IN wishing every reader of The Western Home Monthly a Merry Christmas, the Philosopher hopes with all his heart that each one of them will be able to welcome the kindly day in good health and happiness. There will be exceptions, the Philosopher knows and regrets; and he hopes that for these the drawbacks which circumstances may impose, will be tempered by the consolation of the message brought to earth by Him whose coming, nineteen hundred and twenty years ago, will be celebrated this month by the greatest anniversary in the calendar, the festival which crowns the year. This will be the seventh Christmas since the Great War broke upon the world, the most terrible disaster in all the history of humanity. It will be the third since the passing of the cataclysm in which so many things went down. Emperors have been hurled from their thrones, dynasties have been destroyed, empires have been shattered into fragments. But there is one Kingdom which has not been shaken—the Kingdom of the Child, the throne of which was established in Bethlehem. The vision of the Christ-child in the manger, brings the world back to the beginning of things, and every child's cot at this season becomes a symbol of peace and good-will, and the promise of a new world.

THE PROBLEMS OF OUR TROUBLED TIMES

At no season can it be more fitting and appropriate than it is in the Christmas season, to give thought to the necessity of bringing the spirit of the teachings of Jesus to bear on the social, economic, industrial and political problems of the troubled time through which we are living. Our ears are assailed every day by oracles, threats and warnings in reference to these problems. The passion for talking excitedly about these problems, is one of the marks of our time. Let us not forget that while we all have our duties as citizens, our primary duty is not to consider and decide what other people ought to do, but to do our own duty as individuals in this world. Let us not be too ready to feel ourselves called on to be reformers of the lives of others, and would be managers-in-general of society. Every man and woman has one big duty. That is, to take care of his, or her, own self, in accordance with the fundamental fact that this duty is not a selfishly individual matter, but is truly a social duty. The making the best of one's self individually, is not a separate thing from the duty of filling one's place and discharging rightly one's obligations as a member of human society. The two things are one; and the latter is accomplished in the working out of the former. To realize this is to realize the inner meaning of the teaching of Jesus.

AS WIDE AS HUMANITY

Milton, in his Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity, sings of the snow upon the earth as a symbol of purity. He was thinking, of course, of Christmas in England, not Christmas in Palestine. And why not think of the great birth from which the Christian era dates as belonging not to Palestine, but to every land—to our own Western Canadian prairies, and Milton's England and every other country under the sun? While the children in Western Canada, deep in blankets, listen eagerly for the sleigh-bells of Santa Claus, and the patter of his reindeer's hoofs on the roof, their cousins in Australia and New Zealand, on the other side of the world, await just as eagerly the same legendary sounds and the tardy dawning of the happy morn; they are more restless and wakeful, it may well be, on account of the heat of the night. In Australia and New Zealand, as in Canada and in every other land in Christendom, Christmas is, above all things else, the children's day. It is a day when we can all be children, while at the same time, as mature men and women, realizing that all that is best in our civilization we owe to the Babe born in Bethlehem.

SOCIALISM vs. CHRISTIANITY

The core of the teaching of Jesus is that each one of us must be faithful to his, or her, conscience, and must as an individual work out the Golden Rule of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, without looking into any State-system, to bring about results which cannot be brought about otherwise than by the operation of spiritual forces within us. This is where Socialism is fundamentally wrong in asserting the possibility of establishing a State-system with conscience, power and will, sublimated above human limitations, so that it control with supreme wisdom and beneficence, the entire life and work of each and every individual. The gospel of Karl Marx, the great prophet and preacher of Socialism, is directly opposed to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Lenin and Trotzky and their associates in the Bolshevik control of Russia, are high-priests of Marxism, and under their rule, labor in Russia is ruthlessly subjected to State-control more rigorous and tyrannical than the State-control in Germany ever was. Socialism, in a word, aims at reducing humanity to the conditions of the bee-hive, and making every worker a living machine and no more. It scornfully disregards the essentials of human individualities, which the teaching of Jesus has made the things of highest importance in the world. There is profound significance in the fact that the Bolshevik regime has banished every suggestion of Christianity from the schools in Russia. Christmas does not fit into Bolshevism.

The Philosopher

THE SPIRIT OF THE ANNIVERSARY

The spirit of the Christmas festival and its transforming effect upon humanity, find expression in the greeting which is now many centuries old, "A Merry Christmas." That greeting works its way even with the Scrooges of the world. It is for each of us to let the Christmas spirit take possession of us, even as it took possession of Scrooge. Who can ever forget Dicken's account of it? "Some people laughed," says that immortal chronicle, "to see the alteration in him; but he let them laugh, and little he heeded them. For he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter, in the outset. And knowing that such as these would be blind, anyway, he thought it quite as well they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the malady in less attractive form. His own heart laughed, and that was quite enough for him." And whether we be Scrooges or Bob Cratchitts, we can all take to heart the Christmas message of Robert Louis Stevenson, the finest ever penned by a man of understanding heart who had also the genius of mastery over the English language: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation—above all, on the same terms, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude." That is a message which we can all carry with us, not only through the Christmastide, but throughout all the months which are to follow. It is a message in harmony with the old story—old, yet ever new—whose meaning is the central significance of the Christmas festival.

LAND, LABOR AND CAPITAL

Jesus made a great use of parables, by which in simple form he taught profound truths. There is an ancient Arab story which might well be applied today in the consideration of the economic problems which are the cause of so much turmoil. There was a man who desired to test which of his three sons loved him most. He sent them out into the world, his object being to find out which would bring him the most valuable present. The three brothers met in a distant city, and compared the gifts they had to take home to their father. The first had a magic carpet, on which he could transport himself and others whithersoever he would. The second had a medicine which would cure any disease. The third had a glass through which he could see what was going on in any place he might choose to name. The three brothers decided that the one with the magic glass should make use of it to see what was going on at home. He saw his father ill in bed, with the physicians standing by his bedside and despairing of his life. Immediately all three brothers stood upon the magic carpet; the one who owned it made it transport them to their father's bedside in the twinkling of an eye, whereupon the brother who possessed the medicine which would cure any disease, administered some of it to their father, and thereby their father's life was saved. The perplexity of the father, when he had to decide which son's gift had been of the most value to him, illustrates very fairly the difficulty of saying whether land, labor or capital is most essential to production. No production is possible without the co-operation of all three.

PRINCIPLES TO PUT IN PRACTICE

What is it that we do on Christmas Day? We commemorate the birth of the Divine Infant at Bethlehem. By devoting the day to peace and good-will, and by doing our most that the Christmas spirit may not be confined to that one day alone, we are endeavoring to fulfil the Gospel. The story of the herald angels' singing, is one of the most beautiful in all literature. The shepherds were watching their flocks in the field by night, when they heard "the multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace good-will towards men.'" Those who devote their thoughts and their acts to peace and good-will, and who plan how to make the blessed Christmas season one of happiness to others, illustrate in practice the principle underlying the whole Gospel, and in so doing, give glory to God in the highest, as mankind can best give glory to God in the highest. For it is not by words of prayer and praise that God is most truly glorified, but by words of kindness and by deeds done for others in accordance with the Divine will. The Christian, whose life is most truly in accord with the spirit of the teachings and the deeds of Christ himself, is the active Christian.

CHRIST'S TEACHING AND CITIZENSHIP

In nothing is it more necessary to be guided by the Golden Rule laid down by Jesus, than in our thinking about the State and what it owes to each of us as an individual, and to the class to which each individual of us happens to belong. We should think first, not of the duty of the State to us, but of our duty to the State. What is the State? The State is All-of-us. In actual practice—that is, in the operation of the State-system—it is only a little group of men, chosen in a very hap-hazard way by the majority of us, to perform certain services for all of us. The majority of us most often go about this choosing in a way that is not the best possible, and the most rational; and we are often disappointed by the results. Sometimes in the operation of the State-system it happens that something which quite seriously affects us, is done, not by any of the men elected by the majority of us, but by some official in a Government building. In ancient times it often happened that the operation of the State-system was controlled by a King's favorite—a fiddler, or a bad woman. In our day it is sometimes for the moment controlled by a little official, who finds his hand on a lever of the governmental machine. But what should be our attitude in regard to what we want the State to do for us? Here is where we should be guided by the Golden Rule. We should not want the State to grant any special, unjust privilege to any class or interest. That is to say, we should not want All-of-us to do something unjustly to the advantage of Some-of-us, at the expense of the Rest-of-us.

GOOD CHEER AND INSPIRATION

The year has two Springs. One begins in April. The other blossoms in December. Christmas is a Springtime which touches with a renewal of life, many sleeping emotions. The recurrence of the festival which Christendom has for ages hallowed with rejoicing, not only reminds us of the centuries that have passed since Christianity came into the world, but stirs the heart with the happiest impulses. The young associate it with experience of the greatest delight; the old with hallowed recollections of their own childhood. No other season of the year brings to us all such newness of feeling. It is the season dominated by the higher and homelier sentiments, by worship, by joy, by charity, by good cheer. The good news heard by the shepherds has lost none of its power, but has, on the contrary, been many times multiplied. Ignorance, the foe of the race, must become an ever-narrowing factor in human affairs. There has been ebb and flow of human weal; but it is for every one of us to resolve to do his, and her, utmost to make each succeeding Christmas a better one. However sadly we have known human weal to ebb, we must always remember that its rise and fall have not been as those of the ocean tide, which recedes to where it began, but the rise and fall of a great stream, which always and ever pursues its way onwards towards the supreme fulfillment. While the earth endures the spirit of Christmas will continue to be the inspiration of the utmost greatness of soul, the basis of the best and truest brotherliness of men, the inmost secret of what is best in the life of the world. A great day, indeed, for humanity, is Christmas—the great day of all the year, to be honored by the bringing forth of the best that our hearts can give our neighbors.

CONFUSING HUMAN ILLS

The teachings of Jesus, unlike the teachings of Karl Marx, and of many of those who are loudest in the world today in their advocacy of schemes for bringing about the millennium overnight, make no confusion between two totally different classes of ills in the world. Certain ills belong to the hardships of human life. They are natural. They are part of the struggle with Nature for existence. We cannot blame our fellowmen for our share of these. Certain other ills are due to the greed and injustice of men, and to the imperfections or errors of our existing systems for the carrying on of human life and business. These ills are rightly made a subject of discussion; their removal is rightly made an object of agitation. The first mentioned class of ills is to be dealt with only by manly and womanly effort and courage and energy; the other class of ills is to be dealt with by associated effort. The great trouble with so many of the "reformers" with schemes for making the conditions of human life better, is that they do not distinguish between the two classes of ills, and proclaim that their schemes will cure both. They delude themselves into believing that State action can do more than it is possible for State action to do. In regard to certain ills, each and every individual must work out his, or her, own salvation, and so bring to realization human values which it is utterly beyond the power of any State-system to develop.

THE GREAT TURNING POINT

The birth which Christmas commemorates, is the greatest of all historical events, because it gave humanity a new idea and a new inspiration. It is the only birthday honored all the world over as a festival of joy and love, the anniversary of the greatest turning point in the record of humankind, from which we now date our every day. The Christmas festival was fixed many centuries ago, to coincide with an ancient pagan festival at the Solstice, when the days having reached their shortest, begin to lengthen, because the sun at that turning point of the year, swings back again in his course, rising higher in the heavens with each succeeding day. So the Sun of Righteousness, with an ideal appropriateness, is made to come in with the birth of the new solar year.

The Wishing Tree

By Ruth E. Wilkin

APRIL had just unpacked her suitcase. The frogs in the old mill pond, back of Elm Street, were now announcing her arrival in coarse tickles of sound. In all her twenty-three years Maizie Eliot had never felt so achey in the region of her throat. The peach trees in the old garden that once was hers had put on the most delicate of pink georgettes and the maples were wearing a suggestion of green chiffon over their brown arms. That same morning Maizie had stopped Johnnie Sims in the middle of the conjugation of "amo" to pay respect to the blue-bird's solo outside the class-room window. If only she could be a part of all this gay springtime! She wanted to dance all evening in whirls of peach pink and maple green, and then again she wanted to float and drift along in the moonlight, neighbors with the clouds for a while, but she must cease this childish dreaming—what was the use!

"Miss Schoolma'am, you should have gone with Miss Caroline to hear the new rector if you are going to be so silly," she scolded.

Someone across the hedge began humming Annie Laurie. The little boy who used to live next door had sung that old song with her in a school play a long time ago. Dennis had built this seat, too, under the wishing tree. How firmly they had believed in fairies.

The moonlight seeped through the boughs of the old apple tree and splattered over the girl. She closed her eyes and remembered. There was Dennis, his black eyes sparkling, waving his hand out the side of the old carriage and calling, "If you want to see me real bad, just sit under the wishing tree and cross your feet and close your eyes and then say it three times and hold your breath and—then I'll come."

She remembered that he was still calling to her when Old Ned swished the carriage around the corner.

Where would Dennis O'Hara be now? Would he be happy—clean—strong? Again she closed her eyes, and this time she built air castles. Would that the wishing tree could draw him back! Whimsically, she repeated her little girl wish, held her breath and slowly opened her eyes.

"Maizie Eliot, you silly goose!" she murmured and involuntarily looked toward the gate in the hedge.

There was a white blur by the clump of lilacs—it was a man in white flannels.

With a stifled, "Oh," Maizie jumped from the wishing seat and hurried through the side door on up to her room. Turning on her light she faced her mirror.

"Maizie Eliot, why did you run? You remind me of those freshman girls of yours. No doubt, the man who has Mrs. O'Flannigan's east room was taking a walk for his health." With a parting "I am ashamed of you," Maizie energetically began her evening task of brushing and making two long braids out of her mass of copper-colored hair. It was only nine o'clock, so she read The Evening Clarion as an antidote for white flannel thoughts until the sand man threw his whole bag full in her eyes.

The Fairview High School faculty had held a special meeting after school to discuss ways and means of making Caesar's wars and geometry theorems interesting at all times of the year, so it was past Mrs. O'Flannigan's dinner hour when Maizie dropped into the porch swing. Miss Caroline was taking the homesick little stenographer to the band concert that evening, but Maizie begged to stay at home to rest.

Dishes rattled in the kitchen. The white hyacinth that bloomed at the step threw up a handful of perfume. From the wishing tree a sleepy robin called, "cheer-up, cheer-up!" From somewhere a breeze off damp earth and growing things swept her cheek. In her dress box there was a pale green organdie with tiny ruffles. Fairview did not believe in ruffles in a school room.

Maizie Eliot went upstairs. Soon the old mirror reflected the 'merry blue eyes, the freckled nose and the copper braids, and the ruffles of the wishing tree days.

Once again she sat under the wishing tree. Once again (Continued on page 55)



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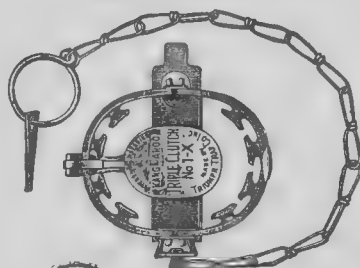
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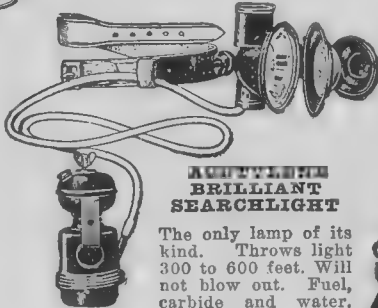
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Christianity the Greatest Fact in History

A Christmas Meditation

By Rev. James L. Gordon, D.D.

Minister First Congregational Church, San Francisco



CHRISTIANITY is the only religion with a world-program. Christianity asks for a map as large as the earth. In every conflict between the nations the wise statesman consults the missionary. He is everywhere to be found. He is omnipresent. The standard of the cross is the universal ensign. Jesus is the universal character. Behold the world has gone after Him!

Christianity is the religion of the most enlightened civilization known to history. George J. Romanes wandered off into the broad fields of doubt and unbelief and coming back to his first religious experience, he exclaimed: "It is Christianity or nothing."

Christianity leads the vanguard of the nations. The simple fact is that the great nations of the world are the Christian nations. Education, science, invention, discovery, sanitation and advanced legislation—these are all the instruments of a Christian civilization.

Christianity has inherited great tracts of virgin soil. Canada, United States, Mexico, South America, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and a thousand islands of the sea, are big enough and vast enough to provide room and food for one thousand million people. Geographically the world belongs to Christianity. To her has been given the kingdoms of the earth for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. We have room, here, on the Continent of North America, for five hundred million souls. What a vast heritage. Mighty mountain ranges. Rushing rivers. Splendid inland seas. Vast prairies. Garden spots fit for the gods. And the encircling seas of history and prophecy.

Give us men to match our mountains,
Give us men to match our plains;
Men with empire in their visions;
Men with purpose in their brains.

Christianity is the only religion which has encircled the globe. It suits itself to every country, climate and condition. The Bible of the Old and New Testament, fits, wherever it falls. The Bible was written in Palestine and Palestine, geographically, is the whole world in miniature. Summer and winter, mountain and valley, desert and plain, hill and dale, sea and river—there is not another bit of territory like Palestine. A book written there is "readable" anywhere. Therefore a gospel written in Palestine is a gospel written for the world. There is no country like Palestine, no book like the Bible, no character like Jesus and no religion like Christianity. Christianity "fits" the world.

Christianity has in its possession the best expression, in character and literature, of the accepted ideals of the race. All men and nations, to-day are judged by standards of morality which are Jewish and Christian in their origin. All men are measured by the Perfect Man. All books are measured by the Book of Books. All law finds its root in the Law of Moses.

Matthew Arnold was placing his finger on a great fact when he said: "If any man will show me, outside of Christianity—outside of a Christian country—ten square miles, where infancy is regarded, old age respected, womanhood revered, and where human life is held sacred—I will surrender my interest in the religion of Jesus Christ."

Christianity is built on the deepest natural instincts of the human heart. It has the best answer for the unanswered questions of the soul. It provides the doctrine of God as nature's fundamental fact. It opens the door of prayer as the way of admission into the presence of the Invisible. It flashes upon the pathway of man the light of Truth. It enthrones the law of Love as the rule of life and the standard of Character as the test of experience. And it lifts up the goal of Immortality as the master motive of the soul.

No other religion has dared to combine three such ideas as the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man and the Immortality of the Soul. Immortality is the brightest gleam that ever spanned the river of death. Victor Hugo, in his old age, exclaims, "I begin to feel within me the throbbings of an immortal life." Christianity has shot its roots down deep into the soil of history. Christianity rests on the solid granite of historical fact. Our faith is founded on fact. The Bible is a gigantic fact. The Church of God is a stupendous fact. Christianity, as a moral force in history, is a colossal fact. The character of Jesus is a majestic fact. The regenerating power of the Holy Spirit, by which bad men are made good, good men made better and bettered men made even more

blessed, is an all glorious fact. The resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, on the third day, according to the Scriptures, is the one great fundamental fact of Christianity and the turning point in history. Toward that event all history converged and out from that event all history radiates: "Up from the grave He arose, Jesus my Lord!"

Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic, once met his friend, General Lew Wallace, and immediately opened a discussion with him on the subject of religion, with special reference to the historical authenticity of Christianity: "Lew, you are not a professed Christian, are you? Certainly a man of your intelligence is not a believer in such doctrines as the divinity of Jesus and the inspiration of the Bible," said Ingersoll in his bold, brusque way. And, for the moment, Lew Wallace was stalled. He had no answer for the brilliant orator. But the question stirred his sluggish soul and set him thinking. Then he began to ask himself the question: "Is Christianity creditable from the standpoint of history?" The answer to that question is revealed in that wonderful book which Lew Wallace laid on the centre table of history, "Ben Hur, or The Tale of The Christ." The literary and historical investigations which led to the writing of that book also led the author into the real presence of the real Christ. The mental process was an evolutionary one. First he exclaimed, as the facts began to array themselves: "There certainly was a Christ!" Then, as the facts began to marshal and organize themselves, he said to himself, within himself: "This

is of a surety the Christ!" And, last of all, as the thought of the re-discovery of the foundations of his religious convictions entered into the fabric of his soul, he exclaimed, triumphantly, "My Christ!" "A Christ!" "The Christ!" "My Christ." History leads to Christ. Any man who knows enough to read, and has read enough to know, knows this, if he knows anything, that the religion of Jesus Christ rests on the quarried blocks of history's granite.

Christianity has proved to be the greatest revolutionizing force in history. Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, Humanity, Democracy, and Socialism are all the echoes and re-echoes of the divine artillery of Christianity sounding out over the hills of Time. Mightier than nitro-glycerine, mightier than gun powder, mightier than dynamite, mightier than the earthquake and all planetary upheavals is the revolutionary force of a genuine Christianity sweeping over the earth.

The moon of Mahomet arose
And it shall set, while blazoned
On heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross
Leads generations on.

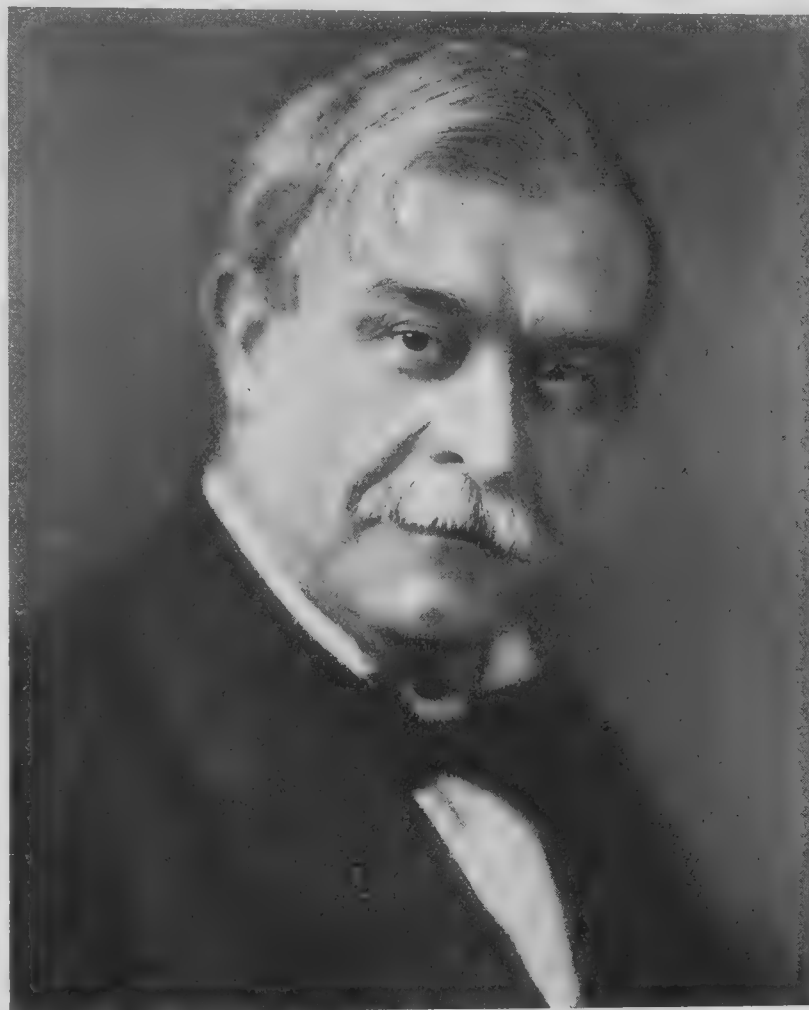
There has always been in Christianity a revolutionary force. "These men who have turned the world upside down, have come hither also." Mark the procession. The Covenanters. The Huguenots. The Waldenses. The Puritans. The Pilgrim Fathers. The Abolitionists. The men who have moved the world, have been the men whom the world could not move.

Christianity has robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. What a sad world was this until Christ spoke. Listen:

"And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years—and he died." Death reigned till Christ came. Then Christianity began. To the Christian this world is but the vestibule of the eternal. Off with the crape! Let the mournful dirge cease! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Samuel Rutherford turned to a weeping mother and said: "Do you think that she is lost who is sleeping on the bosom of eternal love?"

Christianity lives by an actual experience in the lives of men and women. Sir Isaac Newton, the Christian astronomer, said to an unbelieving member of his own calling and profession: "Sir, I am glad to hear you talk about astronomy—that's your particular line of study, but you know nothing about Christianity; that's a matter of experience." Somebody asked Coleridge: "Is Christianity true?" His answer was expressed in two words: "Try it." "Don't question me about the evidence in favor of Christianity, try it." Christianity lives as a spiritual force in an inward experience.

Christianity is the hope of humanity. The guarantee of Christianity and the hope of humanity is Jesus Christ. "Lord to whom shall we go—Thou hast the words of eternal life." In the city of Paris, I found the Arch of Triumph, standing like a focal point enthroned in granite and bronze, at the exact spot where twelve great avenues converged. Every avenue of light in our Christian civilization leads up to an imperial Christianity and to an enthroned Christ.



REV. J. L. GORDON, D.D.

Stories of City of Arras

By E. E. Erb

Contd. from page 26

The marvels accomplished by the protection of Notre Dame des Ardents had made such a stir in the world that its fame had crossed the sea and penetrated even to Ireland. The inhabitants of that country invoked it in a moment of peril and obtained assistance.

On September 17th, 1636, Ferdinand of Spain, lieutenant and governor-general of the lower countries and of Bourgogne, was in Arras and went with his followers to hear the Mass. During the service the Holy Candle was lit and some of the drops of the wax were presented to the Prince. The ceremony was carried out with great pomp.

During the siege of Arras in 1640 by the French, a bomb fell near the chapel, a second fell behind the monument and hurled to the ground the beautiful image of Mary, which was placed in a niche above the altar. The niche and the table of the altar were broken, the wall was damaged, but the image was found unhurt. Nothing else in the chapel remained intact. At the sight of this destruction the officers of the Confraternity hid the Holy Candle under the pavement for safety.

The town surrendered on the Feast of St. Lawrence, the 10th of August, and in the capitulation, given on the 12th by the French, the Holy Candle was especially mentioned in clause III. (3) "The Holy Candle and all the other relics are not to be taken out of the city."

The tower and chapel were rebuilt in 1655.

During the revolutionary period all religious monuments and churches were destroyed. The beautiful chapel of the Holy Candle was the first to fall. In June, 1791, they proceeded to demolish it under the pretext that it threatened to become a ruin. The pyramid was yet so solid that it was necessary to attach cables to which they harnessed horses to make it fall. When that act of vandalism was accomplished the most terrible calamities fell on the town of Arras. The following year hundreds of its inhabitants lost their lives under the knife of the guillotine, and it did not cease to do its deadly work during all the months of the revolution.

In the meantime the wardens had difficulty in concealing the Holy Candle and other precious relics. Madame Watelet, the wife of one of the wardens of the Confraternity, concealed these in her house in the Rue de Tripot, burying the jewelled casket which contained the Holy Candle in her cellar.

The Revolutionary Tribunal, with the object of finding the Holy Candle and all other religious relics, made a house to house search of the town. The Watelet family, knowing the danger of being found in possession of these relics, threw the precious casket into a well on the Rue des Chanoines. That other persons had placed objects there for

safety was discovered the next morning when a censer was brought to the surface in a vessel of water. This caused the Revolutionists to search the well, and the Holy Candle, along with many other precious relics, was recovered. The discovery made a great stir in the city and the searching of houses was for a time suspended.

It is not known why the Revolutionists did not destroy the Holy Candle, but it is certain that after the establishment of order and when the exercise of worship was authorized, the Holy Candle was handed over to the Mayor of Arras by M. Grimbert, who sent it to him in February, 1803. It was then given along with many other precious relics to the clergy of the cathedral. These various articles formed the decorations of the chapel of the Holy Virgin in the church of St. Jean Baptiste.

There are various documents proving the movements and resting places of the Holy Candle after its removal from its own chapel.

At this period there was so much to be rebuilt and arranged that it was not until thirty years later when the devotion to Notre Dame des Ardents commenced again to take its place in the hearts of the people. Then the Dames Ursulines d'Arras, so honored by Christian families for the services which they rendered to the young, had constructed the beautiful pyramid of the Holy Candle according to the plans of M. Grigny.

On the occasion of the procession which took place on July 15th, 1860, a new candle, at the base of which had been placed a considerable portion of the old, was carried in a small Gothic spire, an imitation of the original pyramid on the Petite Place. This object of art shining with gold and rich embroideries, had been decorated in the Convent of the Ursulines and was carried by the pupils of that establishment.

As a proof of the veneration in which the Holy Candle was held by the citizens of Arras the following article from the Lion d'Arras is convincing:

From the "Lion d'Arras," August 5, 1916.

The Destruction of a Great Work

The Chapel Des Ursulines of Arras

In 1867 Napoleon III. visited Arras. All at once the sovereign stopped in rapture before a monument which to him seemed to be a pure work of art. He looked with surprised enthusiasm at that jewel of architecture, which is the chapel of the Ursulines.

The emperor asked the name of the architect. He was told that he was Grigny, the author of the cathedral of Geneva, of the church of Notre Dame du St. Cordon at Valenciennes, of the monastery of St. Sacrament, of the church of St. Gery, and the Hotel Deusy at Arras. Grigny, the mason's apprentice, in whom was soon awakened irresistibly the genius of architecture and who very soon became an incomparable master. Grigny who, after having covered all the north and Pas-de-Calais with splendid buildings, died poor and without honor, because always he had put the worship of art before that of his own interest.

In the name of all the town of Arras the prefet claimed a decoration for the great artist. Alas, when that Cross of Honor, so merited, arrived, Grigny was at the gates of the tomb. He soon expired at the age of only fifty-two years. The opinion of all architects is that the chapel of the Ursulines was the most perfect work of this master.

It was also the most difficult, because the work was double. It was necessary to reproduce the Holy Candle of Arras, venerated monument of our ancestors, and to harmonize it with a church born in the meditations of a builder of the nineteenth century.

But Grigny's genius soon overcame difficulties. The church that he conceived, inspired by the art of the thirteenth century, is of a style so pure, so correct, that it is difficult to believe it to be modern. It is truly a medieval

(Continued on page 54)

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Stories of
City of Arras

By E. E. Erb

Cont'd from page 53

construction, emanating directly from religious genius of the most beautiful period in Ogival art. Hardly had the artist thrown his work toward the sky than it excited everywhere the most lively enthusiasm.

Before the revolution the panorama of Arras seen from the surrounding country was one of the most gracious and picturesque sights that could be imagined. Around its belfry and cathedral were grouped delicate spires, towers and turrets of eleven parish churches and twenty-two monasteries.

Grigny contributed largely in the restoration of our town to something of its original splendour. After our glorious belfry nothing retained so much the eye of a traveller arriving in the town than the silhouette of the Chapel des Ursulines. What was the spire erected in the centre of the Petit Place by the piety of our ancestors in the thirteenth century? It was difficult to say exactly. It is well known that designs representing it existed. But these were faulty and badly conceived. Grigny studied them, comparing one with the other. With a rare archaeological intuition, and his profound knowledge of the Middle Ages, arranging in one place absurd lines, and in another impossible details, collecting from various documents each certain fact with the sense of harmony which characterized him, he revived a delicious work which preceding ages had been so justly proud of.

He had to go further. Another difficulty which he overcame was owing to the fact that his Middle Age predecessor had only built on an eight feet base with an elevation of eighty, Grigny very much more audacious gave his tower fifteen feet at the base and one hundred and sixty feet high.

We will rapidly describe this marvel. It comprised four parts. The first was square parallel to the road, surmounted on each side with a triangular gable, and at each angle historical gargouilles. In this first part was the porch. The second part was again square, but lozenged on to the first giving a large variety of lines already to the monuments.

The third part was octagonal. On the four angles left empty by the octagon were put the four beasts which represent the evangelists. Then in retreat are the two upper parts, richly ornamented, each sustained by right clusters of gracious columns. It marked the supreme perfection of the art of the thirteenth century. Then gracious and light the spire in its ideal flight seems to invite the soul with its cross towards the firmament. Was it not a moving poem in stone. The church in cruciform style of the thirteenth century had a vestibule, a transept, a choir with ambulatory, with corresponding higher stages. The beautiful sobriety of its lines, the rich and moving arches, the columns and the roof spoke also of difficulties overcome. The altars had their surrounding groups of saints, each with their raison d'être. The windows took the Christian into a pure atmosphere of mystery, and proclaimed in artistic fashion the history of the Ursulines and the glory of God and His Mother.

The barbarians from the Rhine have destroyed all this.

In 1876 a hurricane threw down nearly eight yards of the spire, but it still remained a marvellous work.

More cruel and savage than the unchained elements, the German hurricane has almost entirely destroyed the work of Grigny.

From October 6th, 1914, the German artillery marked it specially, and from three different sides threw shells on to the town so dear to the Arrabates.

That was not sufficient. During six consecutive months the fury of the enemy was poured upon the wounded; breaking its symbolical animals; its historical gargouilles; throwing down its columns; breaking its arches; mutilating its facades, so much so that passers-by were doubtful, fearing that the octagonal part would fall and crush them, and demanding what wonderful balancing power kept it still in its place.

On July 30th, 1915, two shells hit this beautiful thing, which refused to die, and the thing was finished, for we can no longer give a name to that which

remains. The stranger who sees sadly this devastation cannot form any idea of the splendid tower which Grigny had conceived.

The roof of the church is broken in all parts, almost as if it had not existed. The flying buttresses appear as if they had been bitten by the teeth of an ogre. There remains hardly any trace of the balustrades. The interior is an abomination of desolation; the windows have been reduced to powder. From the devastated windows the crude light penetrates, throwing on the spectacle an appearance of a tomb. And on all sides there are breaches. A large shell not only broke a large part of the sanctuary roof, but it also went through into the crypt causing very great damage there.

It was during the terrible July, 1915, that the savage Germans consummated the ruins, amongst others, of the cathedral of the Abbey St. Waast and its treasures, these being the beautiful St. Jean Baptiste and the incomparable jewel which was called l'Eglise des Ursulines d'Arras.

[Since this article appeared shells have almost completely demolished this church, with the exception of the base of the tower, which still remains standing.]

Some of the religious sisters who were in Arras during the beginning of the Great War took refuge in Dumfries, the county town of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Here also the famous Holy Candel and other relics were taken for safety until such time as it will be considered advisable to restore them to their rightful places.

A WINTER EVENING

By Louise May Gridley

Soft bands of white across a sunny sky—
And then the low-toned twilight creeping on.

A neighboring roof deep etched with
burdening snow;

Hill, field, and tree beyond

Blending in one wide, gentle blur of
gray;

Brown shrubs and withered grasses wave
aloft

Their invitation to a passing feathered
guest;

While here, and there, and here again
Faint wisps of smoke curl upward,

Telling once more the tale of little
homes,

Whither the toil-worn hasten, to sit
them down to rest.

So I will spread a table, here beside
our hearth;

A joyful feast, for Love broods over it,
Lending the snow-white luster of his
wings.

And now, all things made ready, I will
wait,

And listen for the voice I know so well.

THE DRESS OF GOLD

By Ida M. Thomas

She wrought a dress of gold with skill
and care,

Resolved that she would make of it a
snare,

Which, coupled with the lure of her dark
eyes,

Should win her prince and kingdom for
a prize.

She wore the dress with dainty grace,
and since

The gods were kind to her, she met the
prince,

Who, like a fairy prince played well
his part

And straightway offered her his hand and
heart.

That night Love came and kissed her
in a dream,

Love, who had not been reckoned in her
scheme.

He bore no mark of wealth; was poorly
clad,

With air and manner of a peasant lad.

Next morn, aside the dress of gold she
cast,

And donned a simple cotton gown, then
passed

Out toward the rising sun, and hand in
hand

With Love, she wandered to an unknown
land.

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Death vs. Love

By Grace G. Bostwick

Death was jealous of Love, for though he got his people in the end, the thought that Love had his way with them first, tormented him. So he said to Love one fine day when they met in the City Park under the great Catalpa tree that was languid with blossoming, "Let's change places for a bit—just for fun," he added at the surprised look of his companion. "I get very sick of the same old tiresome job with the same old flowers, and crape and people always snivelling about. What do you say?"

"Oh, I'm not tired of mine," declared Love, "only—" he hesitated and frowned in a preoccupied way.

"Only what?" asked Death curiously. "I don't have as much to do as I'd like just now," he admitted. "I fly on the wings of the wind to a prospective case, only to find so often that it's pretence after all. And, of course, I don't have anything to do with the counterfeit."

"Who has?" Death was deeply interested.

"Oh, Ambition and Greed and Lust and that crowd," he sighed. "Of course," he brightened at the thought, "they're bound to need me sooner or later."

Death chuckled. "Now's your time," he declared. "I've been rushed to the wall with the war and the thousands starving across the way. But right here in America there are cities where I brushed them off the map like flies. Got scared of me, you know, and couldn't see anything else. It was really funny the way they fell for me!"

"All right," agreed Love suddenly, with a queer look at Death. "I'll change."

So Death and Love changed places for a week. And at the end of the week, they met under the great Catalpa tree that mourned continually as her blossoms fell to the earth beneath.

Death was restless and uneasy. He looked old and haggard as he leaned against the grieving Catalpa, to glance questioning at Love.

The latter was sadly changed. Though he still wore his shining look of exaltation, its radiance had given way to a sorrow that dimmed his beauty like a fog.

Death laughed recklessly. "A cross-eyed preacher and an old maid from the country—and a few like that," he mocked. "Can you beat it? Talk about idleness—I've had enough to last a century!"

Love shook his head in sadness.

"You didn't like my job very well, I take it," Death bantered in his grim way.

Love looked at him gravely. "I never envied you," he said, "but now I—I pity you."

Death straightened. "Pity me?" he asked astounded. "Why, I am greater than Life itself! Thousands kneel to me hourly! I am—I—" He paused at Love's staying hand.

"You think you end life?" Love smiled and his smile was infinitely sad for the dreadful fear that he had witnessed throughout the week, "but there is no life without love. Love is life! And I, Love, am immortal! Your work is a mockery!" he declared sternly.

And Death, who, for the first time, faced his conqueror, shrank back into the shadows and disappeared.

in white was standing near the twisted trunk of the old tree.

"I didn't know any one was here," the voice continued. "I'm sorry I disturbed you."

Maizie's heart was pounding. It was rather confusing to be so suddenly transferred from childhood to the grown-up state—and especially when this adult world was lonely and somewhat unhappy.

"You did startle me a little—I didn't know there was anyone else here this evening except Mrs. O'Flannigan."

The man stepped back into a pool of moonlight. He seemed a bit embarrassed. Maizie noticed that he was very dark and—yes, he surely was young. Maizie gathered up her scarf and started toward the porch.

"Wait just a moment—please."

Maizie didn't answer, but she waited. "Let me explain. I used to live over that side of the hedge. I haven't been

back since I was a lad—until yesterday. The man who owns the old place kindly permitted me to wander about my old playgrounds all I pleased—and then I—trespassed."

Maizie caught her breath—suppose—but no, it couldn't be.

"You see I used to be on this side a good deal—especially under this tree."

An April breeze pushed back the tree's branches and let in a shower of light; also plucked a handful of peach blossoms from the nearby garden and gently dropped them on their heads. The man was looking out across the hedge.

"I've never learned what became of the family who lived here. There was a little girl—we called this the magic tree and," he chuckled merrily to himself, "wishes made under the magic tree came true."

Maizie sat down abruptly. She was still in the shadow. The man turned quickly.

"I am O'Hara, the new rector of St. Andrew's."

Maizie stood.

"I am Miss Eliot—school teacher—and—I must be going."

The moon's beams fell full on her face. "Maizie!" Dennis triumphantly seized her hands and drew her back to the wishing seat.

"Do you believe in fairies yet?" she questioned.

"Who wouldn't!" he exclaimed.

"Didn't I try out our old wishing game under this tree yesterday evening?"

Maizie was silent, but she smiled happily to herself.

Someone down the street was whistling Annie Laurie.

The achey feeling had gone from her throat.

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The Wishing Tree

By R. E. Wilkin

Cont'd from page 51

the moon splashed her with silver spray. Once more she shut her eyes and remembered. The odor of baking gingerbread tickled her nose. She could hardly keep her eyes closed. She was wishing, "Dennis, come play with me," three times. The sun was so bright, it was too good a morning to waste. There was that new kite to fly, or they might try out the fishing lines Uncle John had left. One couldn't do those things alone. No, one couldn't ever have much fun without someone to share it. She drew a long breath and held it.

"Pardon me!"

The girl jumped to her feet at the sound of the man's voice. A tall figure



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The Woman in the Country

Her Outlook

I AM a country woman. I was born in the country. Most of my life has been spent in the country. Country sights and sounds and smells are good to me. Even the malodorous prairie slough is not so evil to my nostrils as some of the malodorous perfumes of a city.

Not only was my earliest home in the country but in a hilly country. The house in which I was born was a rambling old frame building with one end of the main part nosing into a steep hillside, and additions to which you climbed by a half dozen steps from the roadway. Every way you looked there were hills, and winding roads disappearing round through or over them, while directly in front, below one of these roadways, ran the river. Rather, the river tumbled, for below the bridge by which the road led up over the hill, it rolled and tumbled and foamed over rocks and more rocks until it too, turned a corner and disappeared.

My second home was not far away, on a farm. None of your common farms, but on a block of fairy land bounded on one whole side by the river. Here, too, it was none of your tame, tortuous prairie streams but a mad, tumbling, whirling, gurgling, wimpling, dreaming, drowsing, dancing, twinkling dear delightful water, with speckled beauties lurking in the deep holes thereof.

River and rocks and hills. If the land was stony what did it matter. One of the most interesting sports of our early days was a race, stepping from stone to stone

room." Poor little city children I am thankful that a country home was my birthright, and lots of room.

One spring since we came West a family moved into our neighborhood. The young mother of the home, watched the flowering of the prairie about her.

When she drove to church or post office she stopped to gather the beautiful wild flowers. Such banks of gorgeous color. She was soon puzzled by the apathy of her neighbor women who could pass it all without comment, blind to all its beauty.

"How is it you didn't get that way?" she asked an old lady, an enthusiast after her own heart. "Did hard work take it all out of them? Did they wonder and rave over it as I do, at first, and then grow so familiar with it all that they do not notice any more? Do you know I just ask God over and over never to let me grow indifferent to the beauty of it all."

Not to grow indifferent to the beauty; to keep one's love for God's out-of-doors; to see the world about us; to know the birds as friends; to recognize them as individuals; to know the vines and trees and shrubs that grow, even in the bluffs on our farms, and on the hillsides along our valleys. Wouldn't even this be worth while to busy women? (Is there a handbook of Manitoba trees and shrubs published, I wonder).

During the past summer, an elderly farmer was walking along the beach of one of our lakes. He stopped to talk with a friend who lived in one of the cottages. During the conversation he said to her:



The day of days to children, and the superhuman Santa

to see who could go furthest without once touching earth. Some of the youthful Iajos boasted that they could go nearly a mile, "and never touch the ground onct." When I go back now to the old home, the hills are not nearly so high nor so steep, and the stones have disappeared. Strange.

If one side of the old farm lay along the river, across the middle of it oozed and dimpled a spring-creek on its way to the river. A spring-creek with a log bridge over it. Down the lane, through the maple sugar bush you went—a maple "bush" with not a bush tree in it—over the hill, and there you were. A bubbling, crystal spring, under the roots of an old elm, tangled growth, tall mountain ash resplendent in autumn—a slashing where wild strawberries and raspberries grew in profusion, and wild gooseberries along the brush fence. These were the more apparent sources of delight. There were others. And child life to me meant hunting wood and carrying water, fetching cows from the pasture, tending gap on summer days when the teams were drawing stone for the lime-kiln or taking in hay or grain to the barn, washing dishes, picking berries, shelling peas and getting fun out of it all.

Poor little city children. Not allowed in a suite; run over on the street; no place to play; no place to work; no place to learn to think.

A woman said to me not long ago: "I cannot conceive of you people cooped up in a city suite, you would be cramped, cramped—you people seem as if you always had had lots of room, lots of

"Do you know this is the first time I have ever seen this lake in summer?"

"And you were one of the first settlers?"

"Yes, and I have been over it, many and many a time in winter when it was 40 below zero, drawing posts and lumber, but it didn't look much like this then."

"And you came from the sea?"

"Yes, I was born and brought up not far from the sea. I loved the sea. When we first came out I missed the water. I never thought this lake could look like it does to-day or I would never have been all those years without seeing it in summer. I have missed it."

He had missed it. He and his family might have enjoyed days or even weeks of pleasure even in those early days of hard labor and little results, if they had known how. What it would have meant for the children to learn to swim and fish and row.

We are eating mushrooms these damp days, fat, juicy, meaty fellows. If we valued them at city prices, we are faring like New York millionaires.

Go out early these foggy mornings and get them as they burst through the ground—white-headed, with a little damp earth still clinging to their caps, and a pink underfacing of a most delectable pinkness. Search for them in all the out-of-the-way places. Along the roads and in the potato ground that gave such a miserable crop this year, round the old corral and where old buildings have stood.

You do not like them

Oh, my Countryman, you too have missed it. You make me tired.

—The Countrywoman

Mrs. Sembaluk's Vote

By S. G. Mosher

MRS. Sembaluk selected a garment from the icy depths of the big tub, and spread it out on the stool beside the wall. With an implement resembling a baseball bat she began to beat the garment, occasionally dipping it in the water again, and turning it so that a fresh portion was exposed to her blows. Although the day was mild for a western December, the thermometer stood considerably below freezing point; but Mrs. Sembaluk, in her short woollen skirt, high felt boots, and sheepskin coat, did not feel the cold except in her hands and feet.

When the shirt had been pounded to her satisfaction, she immersed it in the clear water in the horse trough, and hung it over a nearby fence, where it quickly froze into the same immobility as the garments which had preceded it. She paused a moment to wipe the beads of sweat from her forehead, and at the same time to stamp some life into her numbed feet.

Here, for sixty dollars I can get it a fine washing machine from the mail order, and do mine washing in the house like an English lady," she thought. "But no, Kosten say we cannot afford. A power pump can he afford for the barn, yet for the house must I to draw water with a pulley."

Stung by her grievances, Mrs. Sembaluk rained vigorous blows upon Kosten's Sunday shirt of homespun linen; it was well that the garments of the Sembaluk family were of strong material. To be sure, there was no reason why she should not have done her washing in the stuffy warmth of her kitchen, but like other Russian women she washed outdoors in all weathers, as her foremothers had done. Only when one had a washing machine, one naturally washed indoors.

The early winter dusk was creeping up before the wash was finished. Mrs. Sembaluk went to the house and lit the fire in the big steel range; then with a sudden resolve tightened her lips. "Enough it is for him, since I must to wash outdoors yet," she thought. So Kosten Sembaluk, who had been hauling logs all day, found his supper to consist of warmed over potatoes and the scanty remains of the chicken left from yesterday's dinner.

"As I sat on the load I thought to myself that there would be hot cabbage soup, and fried pork with much gravy. What for is this a supper for a man who works hard all day?"

"Easier it is to sit all day on a load than to stand with your hands in cold water. And all time must I be running to the house to see if little Wasyl is all right. With a washing machine would the work be done long ago yet, and a good supper ready."

"My mother washed her clothes always in the good, Russian way," Kosten stated, "and she had ten children to look after, instead of one."

"Your father tramped behind oxen when he ploughed, while you sit at ease on a tractor," his wife retorted.

"That makes nothing," was the impatient retort. "With the tractor I work ten times as much land as mine father, and make twenty times as much money."

"What good, since the money buys only more land, and more and more machines to work it?"

"I built this fine house," said the aggrieved Kosten. "Even Mr. Gibson at the big ranch has no better house."

Mrs. Sembaluk looked scornfully at the bare wooden floor, the homemade table and stools, the white-washed walls, ornamented only by a few religious pictures. "From outside it looks fine, but inside it is not better than your grandfather's in the old country. More rooms for me to clean, that is all."

"Never have I seen thee like this, Natalka," Kosten said with a puzzled air. "What more dost want?"

"I want a furnace to warm the house, and oilcloth for the floors, and curtains—lace ones, like Mrs. Gibson has—and proper furniture, and wallpaper for the walls, and a sewing machine, and a washing machine, and a bread mixer, and an egg-beater, and a silk dress and

a hat, and a proper fur coat from the mail order, instead of that old sheepskin thing, and—"

Kosten, who was extremely hungry, had been conveying food to his mouth with both hands; but at this outburst surprise held him immobile, a spoonful of potatoes in his left hand, and a piece of meat grasped in his right.

"Art thus mad, Natalka?" he gasped.

"I am not mad. Also, I want knives and forks, so that little Wasyl may learn to eat like a Christian. English people do not take the meat in their hands, or eat with both hands at once—I have watched, when we ate at the Chinaman's, in town."

"Each nation has its own ways," said Kosten, imperturbably. "I might to put in a furnace next fall—if we have good crop. The other things I cannot afford."

"Mineself I could afford, if I had the egg and wool money which is mine—wool from the sheep which mine father gave me."

"But I am the head of the family," Kosten argued. "Even in this country does the government admit that, since it is to me only that it gives vote."

Natalka gave an angry sniff, and they continued to eat in silence. But when Kosten had picked the bones clean, and thrown them to the dogs which prowled under the table, and when he had swallowed seven cups of strong, scalding tea, he felt more amiable.

"Dmitri Chornahuz wants that I should be elected councillor at the next meeting," he said.

His wife, who was washing the dishes, let a cup fall in her amazement. Being of enamelware, there was no harm done. "But never has a Russian been made councillor," she gasped.

"All the more honor if I am the first," replied Kosten. "Dmitri says he can get most of our people to vote for me, if, when I am elected I will get money from the government to mend the road near his place. But Mr. Gibson wants to be councillor, and most of the English will vote for him."

"He may be angry if you go against him," Mrs. Sembaluk said anxiously.

Kosten shrugged. "This not the old country, where one must go in fear of every rich man," he retorted.

The month that followed was a busy one for Kosten. There were meetings to attend, and doubtful voters to be visited. Most of the Russian settlers were pleased with the thought of a man of their old nationality for councillor, but some had announced their intention to vote for Mr. Gibson. Two days before the election Kosten started out canvassing in a rather despondent mood; the evening before he and Dmitri had calculated that their opponent was likely to win by a very narrow majority.

It happened that Mrs. Sembaluk had a big wash that same morning, and as she swung her bat in the crisp January air, she, too, felt despondent. She thought that the foreign born might protest as much as they liked that in this new country they were the equals of anybody; for the women, at least, it was not true.

A loud honk drew her attention to an auto which had stopped at the gate, but she went on with her work. If the strangers wanted anything they could drive up to the house. So presently the driver climbed out, opened the gate, and drove his car up the somewhat steep hill. Mrs. Sembaluk continued pounding a particularly obstinate spot in her best tablecloth; nevertheless she noticed that there were two ladies in the approaching car, and that the younger wore a fur coat of the kind she herself wanted.

The driver politely lifted his cap, and asked Mrs. Sembaluk if her husband was at home. As she turned the tablecloth Natalka replied that he was not.

"That's too bad. We've run out of gasoline, and knowing Kosten had a tractor, I thought he might have some on hand. Do you know if he has?"

"I do not know," Mrs. Sembaluk replied. Though she knew very well that there were four large tins of gasoline in the granary, (Cont'd on page 62




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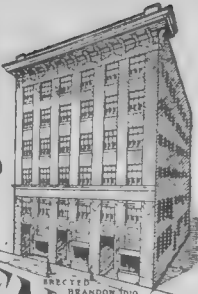
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Mrs Sembaluk's Vote

By S. G. Mosher

Cont'd from page 61

was so understood.

"I'll have a look around, and borrow a gallon or two if I find any," the driver said. "There's a big political meeting over at Three Pines this afternoon, and as these ladies are to speak, it is up to me to get them there on time."

For the first time Mrs. Sembaluk's arm stopped its rhythmic swing. Hands on hips she surveyed the two women, puzzled. "That man makes the joke when he say you speak at meeting?" she asked.

"Only this lady will speak," the younger woman replied. "She is a member of the legislature." Then, seeing that the Russian woman looked puzzled, she explained, "This lady helps to make our laws."

"How can that be, since a woman can not even vote at school meeting?" Mrs. Sembaluk asked.

The older woman leaned forward. "Do you not know that in this province women have had the full franchise for several years?" she asked.

"Then I can vote at Poltava, for councillor?"

"Certainly you can," was the reply. "Oh, Mrs. Plummer, could we not take her to the meeting?" the younger

it was not her intention to deceive. She merely meant that she had no power to transact business in her husband's absence, and

Natalka went on. "To a meeting at Three Pines I went, in a fine auto with two English ladies. One of the ladies made a speech, and the men listened. That lady says I may vote at the election at Poltava. If you will buy me the washing machine, and let me keep the egg money, I will vote for you—otherwise, not."

"I forbid you to go to that election," cried her husband, purple with indignation. "My wife shall not make of herself a joke before our people."

"Poof! At the English lady nobody at all laughed. Besides, for what did the government give me the vote?"

"If you go, you walk," snapped Kosten, as he flung off to bed.

Next morning his bad temper was gone, and he spoke quite amiably before starting on the day's electioneering. Natalka met him half-way, and Kosten thought the danger had blown over. But when the dishes were done and the house tidied, Mrs. Sembaluk wrapped up Wasyl, set him on his little sled, and crossed the fields to the house of her sister Domenica—she who had married the brother of Poli Ewasuk. After a prolonged visit she returned looking well satisfied.

That evening Kosten was more despondent than ever. He volunteered no information regarding election prospects, nor did his wife ask for any. But the next morning, when the sleigh stood at the door ready to take Kosten to the polling booth, she enquired if he meant to buy the washing machine.



From the kiddies' point of view, the Christmas season is particularly remarkable for its abundance of "good cats."

woman asked impetuously. "It might open new vistas for her. It is time these foreign women learned to use the vote. Think of the poor thing compelled to work outdoors on such a day!"

Mrs. Anne Plummer, M.P.P., smiled. "I am afraid the vote has not the magic power you credit it with, Helen, but she might like to go to the meeting."

So, abandoning her unfinished wash, Mrs. Sembaluk hastily wrapped little Wasyl up in shawls, and drove off in the luxuribus auto. The meeting ended shortly after five, and the car deposited Natalka at her gate before her husband, still gloomy, reached home.

"For two hours have I argued with Poli Ewasuk," he told her. "Now that he is one of my family, it is his duty to vote for me, but he say that for Mr. Gibson he must to vote yet."

Poli's brother had married Ewasuk's sister, which, according to Russian ideas, made all the Ewasuks kin to the Sembaluks.

"Dmitri says one vote may turn the election," Kosten ended with a sigh.

"Then my vote and Domenica's might elect you," his wife remarked.

Kosten looked at her sharply. The fact that women could vote was well known to Chornahuz, and he had enlightened Kosten on this point, but they had decided to keep the knowledge to themselves. The older women would probably refuse to vote, and the younger ones might prove hard to manage. "I learned something yet this day,"

"I have said we cannot afford, and that settles it," he snarled.

"Then must I to vote for Mr Gibson," Natalka said in a voice she tried to keep steady.

"Then ten miles will you walk to the polling booth," snapped Kosten, as he flung out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

But late that afternoon, Poli Ewasuk, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, called in a sleigh for Natalka and little Wasyl. Poli had advised waiting until the last moment, that the women's votes might come as a surprise to their opponents.

"A pity it is," he said, "for I would like it fine to have one of mine family councillor. But what must be, must."

There was some excitement when Poli's team stopped at the school where the election was being held. Natalka was glad to note that there were several women in the crowd. "Here's a lot of Sembaluk's women folks," she heard someone remark to Mr. Gibson. "All up with you now, Nat."

The big rancher laughed. "I won't worry, Tom," he replied. "Sembaluk is an honest fellow, and it is time these Russians were taking a hand in local affairs."

Poli was spreading blankets over his horses. In twenty minutes the poll would close. Natalka seized her sister by the arm. "Get Poli and his wife, and come over here," (Cont'd on page 63)

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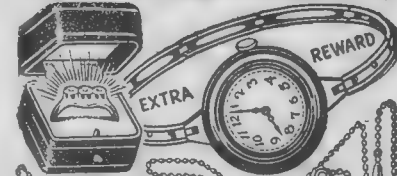
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Hundred-Year-Old Saddle-Maker Still an Active Worker

By Francis Dickie

In November, 1920, Charles Quick, the young-looking old man shown in the accompanying photo, began his 101st year of life—active life. He is the oldest saddlemaker in the world, and probably the only man in the world who, at one hundred years of age, goes daily to his work, and makes as good saddles at 100 as he did at thirty. Down on Powell Street, Vancouver, Canada, Quick conducts his business.

He is jolly, active, with booming, commanding voice, a pair of eyes that see as clearly as when he was a boy. His hair is thick and his beard is long, giving him the look of sixty rather than a century. He is still a master craftsman, and on his birthday, recently, to show that the years sat lightly upon



Charles Quick 100-year-old Saddle-Maker

him he sat down at an ordinary sewing machine and mapped out, on a piece of brown paper, an intricate and clever pattern.

He relates with zest one anecdote to prove his contention that "it's stock that does it." "My mother jumped over the kitchen table after she had twelve children."

Quick is an outstanding figure in this twentieth century because of his close connection with an invention that has

done so much for the world—the sewing machine. Three quarters of a century ago, while he was working at his saddle-making trade in London, England, he made an ordinary sewing needle with an eye at the end, an innovation, for this had till then been confined to the larger needles used in saddlemaking. Elias Howe, of Spencer, Mass., the now world-famous man by reason of his producing the most practical sewing machine, was then working in London, and friendly with Quick. The two returned together to America after Howe had sold his English patent rights.

Quick was closely associated in business with Howe and shared in some of the good fortune that resulted from the sewing machine business and similar ventures which Howe entered upon after he had established his rights to the patent. Quick was one of the principal witnesses in the long and hard fought law suits between Howe and Isaac Merritt Singer, which enormous litigation is famous in American history, but out of which Howe finally came victor.

Quick is also an inventor of some note himself. Fifty-three years ago he made the first sewing machine for harness work. This machine, affectionately called by him "Betty," still stands in his shop in Vancouver.

Possessor of several fortunes, Quick travelled widely, and his reminiscences of famous presidential campaigns, coronations and other notable events make him an interesting companion. As a tribute to his genius as a saddlemaker men still send to him from all over the world when they want special work done.

Though an Englishman, Quick fought through the Civil War on the Union side. A quarter of a century ago he invested his fortune in San Francisco. The earthquake came and swept it away. Yet at an age when most men have already passed to their grave, and those that have not, are no longer active, Quick came to Vancouver, Canada, and there to-day he makes saddles of a kind which are famous and in demand around the world.

Happy and contented he has begun his second century. Looking back at the past with few regrets, he still thinks of the future, and believes another quarter century may easily be his lot.

The First Step Taken

Jimmy Martin, after running a barber-shop for two or three years, decided to become a dentist. His Uncle Si, upon hearing of this decision, dropped in to talk it over.

"Yes," he agreed, "dentistry is about the easiest new job you could take up, Jimmy. You know how to work the chair already, so the rest ought to come easy enough."

Not even a vegetarian can afford to live on his laurels.

the washing machine Mrs. Gibson has been using, cheap for cash, since they are getting a new one. A bad husband I have been, to drive you to vote against me."

"As if I would do such a thing," Nataalka exclaimed. "Look, now, Kosten, it was for you that I voted, and so also did Domenica and Poli and Nastasia. And here we must stay until they count the votes."

"You voted for me? Then am I councillor already, I am sure of it," Kosten cried. "For that you shall have the fine fur coat, this fall."

"Not for that did I vote for you, but you may buy for me the fur coat all the same," Nataalka replied. "Now, Kosten—"

Here she was interrupted by a voice announcing that Kosten Sembaluk had been elected councillor by a majority of two.

"And no more do I wash outdoors," Mrs. Sembaluk said, as she drove home happily beside her husband. "For the wife of a councillor, that would not be fitting."

she said. "There is something I must say."

For a few minutes Nataalka spoke rapidly, pleadingly, and her hearers

looked much surprised. Finally, they all went in and polled their votes. As Nataalka emerged from the makeshift polling booth, her husband pushed his way through the crowd. She shrank back, but Kosten spoke pleasantly enough.

"Where have you left Wasyl? I have the horses ready, and we must start at once."

"Domenica has Wasyl. But, Kosten, you cannot go home until the votes are counted."

"Not much use to wait for that. But, Nataalka, I am sorry I spoke as I did this morning. It was that I was worried with all this politics, and a man does not like to be driven. But from to-day you shall have the egg money to do with as you like. Also, I have bought

Mrs Sembaluk's Vote

By S.G. Mosher

Cont'd from page 62

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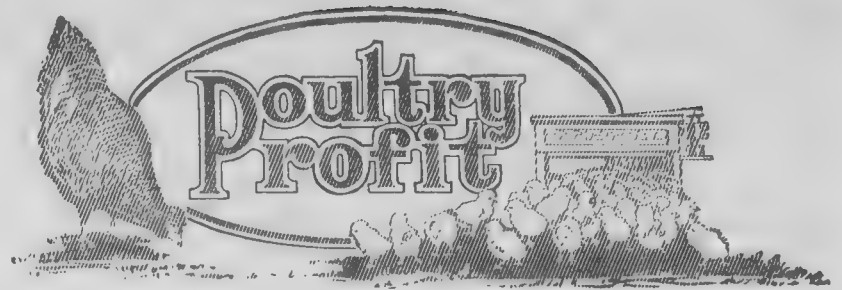
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By Helen E. Vialoux

The Dominion wide egg-laying contest which has been of such interest to thousands ended on November 1st. We Manitobans feel proud indeed to learn that a pen of Winnipeg birds, 10 Anconas, owned by Wm. Howe, are the winners of the Dominion contest. The second and third place also came to Manitoba birds. Second pen, White Wyandottes, owned by Thos. Lund, Stonewall, and third, W. H. Semmington, Brandon, Man.

Howe's birds laid 2041 eggs in the year, making an average of over 200 eggs per hen. The curious thing about this contest is that Ottawa and Montreal calmly ignore the Western report of the contest, though the figures are official. The Montreal papers report, "Dominion-wide egg laying contest won by Vale Poultry Farm of Montreal, at Ottawa, White Leghorns, with a record of 1729 eggs." Three hundred eggs less than Howe's Anconas, but, no doubt, later on the East will waken up and find out the Dominion contest had a Western tail to it, and the champions belong to Manitoba, where zero weather prevails for the winter months.

The contest for 1920-21 commences on November 11th at Brandon, Ottawa and at least three other points in the East, including St. John, N.B.

Really the best individual egg layers in the contest at Ottawa were Rhoades Barred Rocks of Ottawa, and until recently they were in the lead, but, alas, no less than four of the best layers out of the pen of ten birds died before the end of the year, which was hard luck indeed, as the directors ruled out the substitutes provided, and Rhoades' pen only took the third place in the experimental farm contest.

The egg-laying contest at Storrs, Connecticut, U.S.A., ended on October 29th, and it is interesting to compare the result of the first contest in 1912, when five birds laid 1071 eggs, with the 1920 record of 2234 eggs, ten birds in the pen, showing that there has been little change in egg records for the past nine years. White Leghorns won the contest for the three first years, then the White Wyandottes had their innings for a couple of years, and since then the Barred Rocks have been the champions. Jules F. Francois, of New York, winning for two years in succession with his wonderful pen, averaging 220 eggs per head. One thousand hens were entered in this contest, thirteen states of the Union were represented and three Canadian provinces. They laid a grand total of 161,455 eggs in the year, an average of 161.5 for all. Individual records were wonderful in some cases. A Barred Rock hen laying 103 eggs in 104 days. Two Rock hens tied for highest individual honors for the year, with 281 eggs to their credit. A Wyandotte hen from British Columbia, honored her country by laying 267 eggs, the champion of the Wyandotte division. The best Rhode Island Red hen laid 269 eggs. Yet Professor W. R. Graham, of Guelph, tells us our average Canadian hen only produces about 84 eggs each year. He rightly contends that we not only need more hens but also better hens in Canada if we are to build up a great poultry industry of national importance. Professor Graham suggests the schools as the best medium, educate the children to raise good poultry and to be able to select a good bird, to learn how to cull a flock for best layers and breeders, then we shall see better flocks of fowl in the farming districts at any rate. This work is already in the hands of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs of Manitoba, where 27,000 members are learning a great deal about poultry and stock. The club movement is only in its infancy in Ontario and Quebec, doubtless it will grow by leaps and bounds in the future. There is a splendid prospect for "Successful poultry raising with profit." The

Western Home Monthly slogan, for some years, at least. Mill feed and grains are being materially reduced in price, and the number of fowl kept in Canada has decreased owing, of course, to the outrageous prices demanded for all chicken feed the last two years. There certainly has been profiteering in feed grains and every sort of mash, bran or otherwise. More backyard fowl are kept, but in the suburbs and on the farms throughout Canada the flocks have been reduced. Fresh killed poultry and new laid eggs are very high, and scarce as a consequence. Canada has now an excellent market and a good reputation for her eggs in the Old Land. The future of the poultry industry is bright indeed if handled in the right way.

The use of electric light as an aid to winter egg production has become general in Canada and the States. The light should be switched on about 5 a.m., and when days are very short at 4 p.m. keeping it on until 10 p.m. Hens in common with every other creature in nature need a rest for some hours at least. Over-forcing is a poor practice, resulting in general debility after a time. The use of mashes, dry or wet, in proper proportions helps to induce heavy laying. Many good laying mashes are on the market but they are priced too high. Bran and shorts one-third, crushed oats one-third, mixed with some beef scrap at home, costs less and does the same work.

Christmas is drawing near, fowls of all varieties are fattening for the feast. Dry plucking is the scientific method of dressing birds, without doubt, but for home consumption fowls may be scalded and plucked in a twinkling, and present a very good appearance if the work is done in an expert manner. The fowl should be killed with a sharp pointed knife run into the roof of the mouth. A large kettle of hot water just below boiling point should be in readiness and the bird quickly plunged into it for a few seconds, when the feathers give at a touch, dip the steaming carcass into cold water for a couple of seconds, pluck legs, wings and neck. At first remove pin feathers with a little knife then drop into ice water to plump and whiten, when cool enough place on a shaping board of plank. If the fowls are to be packed for some weeks, leave them on the shaping board until the next day, then place in a packing box with clean snow between the layers. This method of cold storage keeps the birds more juicy than if frozen in the ordinary way. Keep them in a low temperature, of course.

Turkeys are always dry plucked, are dressed easily if the large tail and wing feathers are removed as the bird makes his last struggle. Ducks and geese are woolly things, somewhat hard to make presentable. Some people steam them, but I prefer the dry plucking, and the pin feathering is no joke on a large bird.

In conclusion I wish all the readers of The Western Home Monthly a Merry Christmas with a fat turkey, goose or fowl to grace the festive board. May we live up to the Golden Rule in 1921 in all of our dealings, and thus become a happy, united people.

MARKET LETTER

Wheat. — In reviewing the wheat situation conditions in other commodities must be taken into consideration, for the reason that decline in other commodities is creating the main bear sentiment, which has resulted in the severe decline of wheat prices during the past week. As the news continues that liquidation of other lines of merchandise is continuing, the assumption would be that wheat prices might possibly go lower. However, opinions are divided, and during the week following opinions

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Market Letter

Cont'd from page 64

were expressed. Farm holding ideas will be swept aside by the tide of liquidation and revision now rippling over the world. The impossible European debt outlook and discounts of 25 to 90 per cent in foreign monies assail our foreign trade. Our unemployed list is already set at one million with forecasts of a down curve until April. When January arrives, as the United States wheat surplus will be gone, the United States will have no interest in export news. The Central European wheat buying force will hold a dominant buying hand in Canada, Australia, and Argentine. It is more a question of what Europe can afford to pay than of "rainbow dreams." For long distance the question of \$1.50 wheat looms up. You cannot offer a large army of unemployed \$2.25, \$2.00, or \$1.75 wheat. Labor has already revised its attitude, and is afraid of a permanent large drop in our manufacturing pace when Europe worthily seeks to pay us by shipping their goods. The United States drifts into a strange trade situation, in which "the necessities" are present. Our fault is mostly one of not recognizing the false props under the mad prosperity rush. The world trade and financial reaction overwhelms mere wheat statistics. The wheat price remains out of line with coarse grains. Leading economists predict April 1st for date of the "rising sun of public confidence." Until necessities and commodities reach levels, at which the public will buy the bulges will be

stocks of commodities are being liquidated at lower prices buyers feel that wheat also should be brought lower and are making their bids accordingly.

Christmas Toys

A bewildered customer, wandering through the aisles of a great shop that had in its Christmas stock every toy invented by the civilized world for the amusement of little boys and girls, was impelled to ask, "Who on earth buys these myriads of toys?"

Her companion glanced at the French dolls, the German animals, the intricate games and costly pieces of mechanism now so familiar to our nurseries, and answered, meditatively, "Toys! Oh, they are all bought by people whose children don't know how to play."

It was no paradox, but a plain statement of a plain fact. How can a child's imagination expand when it is weighted down with material possessions? How can a child give free rein to his fancy when there is so little room for "make-believe" left in his petted life? John Ruskin's mother limited his toys to an immense box of blocks, with which he built day after day, the fragile edifices that turned his mind unconsciously to beauty of construction, to the graces and glories of architecture. The bareness of his surroundings compelled him to people his own world with creations of his own invention.

A few playthings aid play; a number of them spoil it. Simple playthings stimulate a child's mind; elaborate ones dull it. The cheapest and plainest toys are often the most beloved. The first walking dolls were considered marvels of ingenuity.

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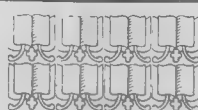


The Christmas Community spirit at work in a great city.

questionable. An impression existed among a majority of operators, including a few leading bears, that the grain markets are due for a further rise before they are a safe sale. Those friendly to the market said wheat was due for a good rally, having been well liquidated and having become oversold. One of the largest traders said he had no faith in the maintenance of good bulges on wheat, although he regarded corn and oats as well liquidated by speculators, while farmers have done no liquidating so far. Julius H. Barnes said regarding the wheat situation: "The export situation is healthy; running about one million bushels per day on the average. However we have not used up our exportable surplus, owing largely to the fact that domestic consumption has been much smaller than usual this year. I think we have seen the worst of the liquidation in grain as well as in securities and commodities. I do not see anything especially bullish in the wheat situation, but the apprehension in regard to the grain and commodity markets plainly is subsiding." Old operators say it generally takes three days on an average to turn the markets after liquidation has run its course. The last three days are regarded by a few as indicating prices are low enough for the time being and that the big shorts are taking advantage of soft spots to cover. In summing up, one influence seems to predominate, and that is that as all other

With what wonder and delight we watched them jerk their way along a table or a mantel-shelf, and what slow disgust filled our hearts when we grew tired of seeing them strut, and realized that for all the ordinary purposes of doll life they were worthless! What child wanted to carry about, to love, cherish and correct a doll baby cumbrous with machinery, whose internal organism was manipulated with a key! Better the armless, legless veterans who had so long played their plaint parts in the endless dramas of the nursery.

A well-known writer has told us the story of a little boy whose Christmas toys were so many and so wonderful that he had no resource except to steal into the kitchen and play with lumps of coal. An American lady traveling in Sicily saw, sitting on the roadside near Taormina, a tiny girl who was nursing what seemed to be a doll, but what turned out to be a smooth stone wrapped in a ragged little skirt. Moved to pity by the sight, the kind tourist hastened back to town, bought a real doll dressed in bright blue, and carried it to the child, who was still crooning and rocking herself to and fro. The little girl accepted the gift in mute bewilderment; then, as the sweetness of possession stole upon her, she laid the doll close to the beloved stone, swaddled both nurslings in the old skirt, and, with a look of perfect happiness on her round face, continued her unintelligible lullaby. Her imagination had worked the every-day miracle of childhood. What she held was neither stone nor doll, but two real babies cuddled softly in her little arms.

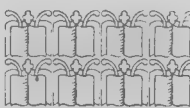


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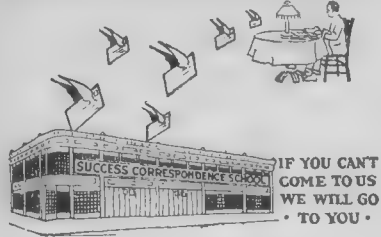
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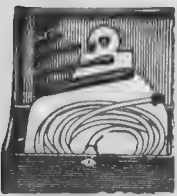
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"The National" Runs Through Famous Clay Belt of New Ontario, the Cobalt Mining District and the "Highlands of Ontario"

Travellers between Western and Eastern Canada appreciate the high standard of railway service afforded by "The National"—the splendid train which operates daily between Winnipeg and Toronto, east and west bound. This through train uses the rails of the Canadian National Railways from Winnipeg to Cochrane, the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario (owned by the Ontario Government) from Cochrane to North Bay, and the Grand Trunk from North Bay to Toronto.

"The National's" trip between the Manitoba Capital and the Queen City of the East is one of 1,256 miles. The departure from Winnipeg is at 5.0 p.m. and Cochrane is reached the following night. This is a wonderfully interesting trip through the sparsely populated territory of New Ontario, giving the traveller an opportunity of inspecting this fertile region, including the famed clay belt, where tens of thousands of settlers will make their homes in the future. The area of New Ontario is 330,000 square miles, fully four times the size of Old Ontario; and in addition to great expanses of good farming land, it has wonderful resources in timber, minerals, water power, fish and game.

"The National" next threads the rich districts served by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, including the Cobalt Silver Camp and the Timagami Forest Reserve. There is a daylight run over the Grand Trunk through "The Highlands of Ontario," comprising the beautiful "Lake of Bays," Muskoka Lakes and other holiday resorts.

The three railways combine to make the passenger service over this new road the equal of that offered anywhere on the continent. The smooth, straight and level roadbed embodies all that has been learned in three-quarters of a century of railroad building. The greatest travel comfort is therefore assured.—Adv't.

Trimmings for the Christmas Tree

By Julia W. Wolfe

In many homes Christmas would not be worthy of the name without a resplendent tree. Even where the young people have outgrown mere babyhood the custom is continued, the branching tree forming the pivotal point of the decorative scheme. Homes which cherish this custom will feature it more than ever as the years go by.

The "string ornaments" of brilliant beads are especially effective and so reasonably priced—a yard of the same composition crystals which form the brilliant balls selling for 10 cents. Cheaper composition beads, highly effective in colors, but not opalescent, sell at 5 cents a yard. These beads are imitated in candy strings that seem to take the place of popcorn, which every year is in evidence. They are variously colored red and white, green and white, and so on.

Stiffened cotton wadding, a comparatively new development in tree trimming, takes a host of pretty forms and being sprinkled with mica, will add its quota of "shine" to the glistening boughs. In the wadding come fruit and vegetable shapes, little baskets, Japanese lanterns, fish and other outlines easy to model.

At 10 cents each, come extremely realistic paper pulp animals taking in the entire menagerie, including the Christmas reindeer. In the way of candy novelties, comes the giant lollipop, modelled after the "sucker on a stick" pattern, but of enormous size. One or two such would add a touch of novelty to the branches, and lucky the kiddies to whom one is handed down at the distribution of gifts. He will have Christmas candy for a week at least.

Lollipops both large and small make fascinating dolls. Several in this guise tucked into the green will suggest something quite out of the ordinary. Eyes, nose and mouth are put on with melted chocolate or with fondant or melted marshmallow, according to the color of the candy disk which serves for the face. Surround the face thus made with a white paper frill. Make for the stick, a long robe by gathering a length of white crepe paper around the top of the stick, allowing a high ruffle to ascend where the ears should be, catch in at the neck with thread or a ribbon and the doll is complete.

Bright colored paper now so easily obtained at Christmas time will make a hundred pretty ornaments in the hands of a good crafter. Sleds of scarlet paper are cut out in one piece, the runners being afterwards bent down into places at the sides. Instead of gilt stars, if you have cut those other years, shape gilt and silver holly leaves, the leaves being easily cut and ever attractive as a pattern.

Paper napkins can be folded into most fascinating paper bags of a kind which a child can carry on its arm finished off with gilt strings. Choose the napkins with striking borders in colors for this novelty. Where candy canes cannot be obtained for one reason and another, set sticks with curved tops or bend wire into the shape of canes with pliers. Cover first with white crepe or tissue wound over and over. Then add the pink stripe of the make-believe candy in the same way.

Perhaps the most popular form in which Santa Claus comes for the tree is of hard chocolate. The genial saint is obtainable in this goody at prices varying according to the size of the figure from 15 cents to nearly a dollar.

Gifts for Elderly People

Gifts that combine comfort and usefulness—especially comfort—are the most satisfactory gifts for people of advanced age, and each one of us who has one or more dear old people to remember, should tactfully try to bridge the chasm between youth and old age with gifts not so practical that they are unattractive, nor so pretty and foolish as to be a mockery to the recipient. From the following suggestions one may select, for either man or woman, something to use, and the good taste and judgment of the purchaser must be exercised in the quality and attractiveness of the article selected.

An extra pair of glasses (so handy when the other pair may be broken or mislaid).

Case of favorite mineral water, hot water pitcher, delft-ware milk cup, Pancake dish, night clock (transparent dial), comfortable house shoes, wicker easy chair, silk travelling coat, light-weight rain-coat.

One girl who lives in the country sends her elderly relatives delicacies from the

farm—maple syrup or dish of old-fashioned sausage are two of the things she sends.

An old couple who were, by reason of their infirmities, unable to go about much in the winter season were delightfully surprised by a co-operative gift of books—of all kinds. Their numerous relatives knowing their fondness of reading, consulted each other, and by judicious buying were able to select a fine lot of books. The idea worked beautifully, and now, in their own home, this fortunate couple have several standard sets and copies of the new books without an outlay from their own savings.

To those who have lost dear ones during the year, the holiday season is a very lonely time, consequently the more diverting and engaging the gift to the family in such cases, the better. A live pet is suggested as the best kind of remembrance (if such a one is sure to be welcome), as a pet of any kind is a foe to loneliness. Possibly a cute little dog or a sweet-singing canary, a mocking bird, a bowl of gold-fish—any of these might prove a happy gift.

A WORTHY PRODUCTION

The D. R. Dingwall Co. Ltd. have kindly forwarded us a copy of their 1921 catalogue, which is easily the most elaborate one that this enterprising firm has yet issued. Established in 1882, when the late Mr. D. R. Dingwall first started business in a small frame building on Main Street, this well-known company has now one of the finest jewellery stores on the continent, and not the least important feature is its mail-order department. Equipped with this catalogue, the problem of Christmas buying is certainly much simplified. There are presents suitable for every member of the family at prices which will not make unreasonable inroads on the pocket-book, and as illustrations and prices are given, every possible facility is offered the out-of-town shopper. By all means write for a copy of this catalogue. It will interest you and be very helpful when the question arises, "What shall we give?"

Of Course Not

Boy—"Can a person be punished for something he hasn't done?"

Teacher—"Of course not."

Boy—"Well, I haven't done my geometry."



An exclusive and most recent photograph of King George and Queen Mary, with the Royal Family, made at Buckingham Palace shortly after the return of the Prince of Wales from his tour. From left to right, sitting: H.M. The Queen, H.M. The King, H.R.H. Princess Mary. Standing, left to right: H.R.H. The Duke of York, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, H.R.H. Prince Henry.

BILL ATHOLL'S WIFE

BY H. MORTIMER BATTEN

HE was a lank, lean, white-haired, keen-eyed man, known throughout the mining camps as the most lovable old liar that ever peddled firewater into a two per cent camp. If he had money to give, he gave it; if he had a roof over his head, others were free to share it. He possessed but one salvation, a partner who was entirely his opposite, lean-fisted as Bill was lean in body—a partner who owned Bill, body and soul, and who, Heaven being gracious, Bill loved and respected.

Young Hicks of the Golden Dome had been up with his wife, showing her the property, and Bill, assuming an importance hitherto unknown to him, had acted in an atmosphere of sunshine as guide and body-guard, with half the gasoline launches in the country at his service, and the boys doffing their caps as Bill led the procession. She was a pretty, pink, gracious little woman, who loved God and laughed at the mud and the flies and the hundred other elements of discomfort which in those days made Castaway City impossible for a woman of her breeding.

Now she was gone, leaving behind her a cobweb of romance, which entwined at least the soul of Bill, and he—Bill, returning to the normal order of things, leant in his old familiar attitude against the bar at the Smithsonian house, wondering vaguely at the rift between heaven and earth, and consuming the proceeds of heaven by the assistance of a party of well able swallows of nectar.

Bill Atholl, when he had money, was never without his stray dogs, whose part it was to listen and agree while Bill wove his priceless fabrics and paid for their drinks. Now he was maudling a little, as Bill did towards the late afternoon, but suddenly he startled the assembly by standing rigidly alert and saying: "But wait—just wait, boys, till you see my wife! I'll be bringing her along one of these days when the camp is more settled. I'll be—well!—you see!"

A year ago Bill would have said: "When I've made my pile," but he had stopped talking that way now. The springtime flowers of the North fade quickly. They are hatched under the snow, and under the sun they wither.

Everyone stared, then, simultaneously, they emptied their glasses by way of revival. This marked a fresh epoch, and, simultaneously, a fresh round. Someone murmured: "You ain't told us about her, Bill," and Bill chuckled down his liquor. The bartender got busy again. Bill paid.

He was staring dreamily out of the window at the long rutty trail, where Indians and Ishmaelites sat on the sidewalks and spat voluminously over a chaos of tomato cans and stray dogs. "A heap younger than I am, she is," said Bill still dreaming. "Looks more like my daughter than my wife they all tell me. When I bring her along you boys will have to mind your tongues because—" he looked around at them defiantly—"because she's a lady!" he added, again draining his glass.

No one smiled, though everyone knew Bill hadn't got a wife. Bill was putting up the drinks. They drew him out on the subject, and each fresh round revealed some fresh surprise, till, as dusk began to gather, the details became a little confused. Once she was living in New York, and twice in Arizona. She had private means of her own, and again she was entirely dependent on Bill. Anyway, whatever the details, she wore a halo of beauty and goodness which fairly eclipsed the northern lights which hovered around the wife of the young millionaire.

The news spread over the city about Bill's wife, and one by one the boys happened along to hear the latest. They were all kindly credulous, and when they took Bill home with a glimmering in the east he was muttering incoherently about "his Effie—God bless her!"—as he kissed the back of his hand.

Naturally, Bill's partner, Redman Rill, had come to hear the news. Redman Rill was a little bullet-headed, red-haired man, who never drank and who wore special clothes on Sunday. Castaway City knew when it was Sunday only by Red's clothes, and it was rumoured that Red was the only man on earth to whom Bill had never told a lie.

Bill's partner was sitting up in a cabin across the river, waiting for them to bring Bill home, and as he was putting Bill to bed, and Bill was still murmuring about "his Effie!" Red sobered him with a word. "Ananias!" said Red. He repeated it with the removal of each fresh garment—for Red never allowed Bill to go to bed with his clothes on—knocking it off like a funeral dirge; and when Bill was firmly planted in his bunk, Red said solemnly: "You ain't got no wife, so what's the good of lying?"

But in the Smithsonian House the story still held good. The bartender kept Bill up to it every time he came in, because it was good for the bar. Then one day a stranger happened along just after Bill had left, a man of advanced years who had made his pile along in the "real state" line, and had known Bill in the Colorado days. "It may be true that he hasn't got a wife," said the stranger, "but it ain't true that he never had one. He married a black woman away back in the nineties. She's dead."



Indians tapping sugar beets, Raymond, Alta.

A little while later Red went south to see his mother, leaving Bill free run of the universe. I say men change quickly in the north country. Bill was changing quickly. He changed more in the first two weeks of Red's absence than he had changed in the preceding two years. True, that the boys saw him safely across the river each evening but there was no one to cook the grub. Bill went without grub, and this wife business was at the bottom of it all. It made Bill drunk every night—even when he had no money; it became an obsession, and Bill, tired of treading the same soil, sought round for new inspiration. It came to him when someone in the Smithsonian House one evening handed round a society paper, on the front page of which was a picture of Mrs. Hicks. The boys regarded it reverently; that was her!—that was the young mine owner's wife—and Bill, with his ideals, was not to be outdone.

"I'll send along for a photograph of my wife," he said stoutly. "Queer that I never thought of it before! I'll write for it by to-night's mail."

Bill was becoming a little confused these days, since Red had left, and somehow he overlooked the significant detail that it was at least a ten day's post either with New York or Arizona. Anyway, he turned up next evening with the photograph, and handed it round—the likeness of a sweet-faced young woman, though in an obviously theatri-

cal pose. There was something about the photograph which seemed to suggest that the subject of it was no tyro in the art of being photographed. Also the question arose, conducted in whispers, as to whether the photograph was a photograph or a print from an original, of the type reproduced by the thousand to accompany certain brands of cigarettes. Anyway, "you bring her along, Bill" was the general response, now somewhat hackneyed, and Bill, stowing away the photograph in the shrine of his innermost vest, proudly promised to do so when funds permitted it.

After that, Castaway City became a little tired of Bill's alleged wife, for other things of greater moment were claiming the boards. Castaway City was booming, and ere the freeze-up came, a new landing-stage was built, and fresh avenues were creeping out towards the north-west. One of these avenues, incidentally, was named in honor of Bill, "Effie Street".

But Bill's city lots were on the south-east, and civilization was slowly but surely leaving them high and dry. Everything seemed to be leaving Bill high and dry, save the things that slaked his thirst. In the early days the Bank and the Recorder's Office occupied the south-east corner, but that fall the Bank buildings became a Chink laundry, and the Recorder's Office a blindpig joint. Bill's end of the town was becoming the rotten quarter, the quarter

he began, "I've been away south and who d'you think I've seen? Why, old Bill's wife! She's dancing at the Alhambra down Mattora River, and she's billed to appear here at the Palace some time about Christmas! But, oh, her character! Her character! You could cut it with a knife!"

The news was accepted with befitting comments, and Joe Lincoln, to supplement his story, drew a folded poster from his pocket. In one corner of it was a photographic reproduction of Miss Nara Z—, all too scantily attired, who, according to the printed matter below, was that year taking the northern camps by storm. There was no mistaking the white teeth and the laughing eyes, the pearl ear-rings and the shock of fair hair. Nara Z—and the girl of the previous photograph were one and the same!

Young Lincoln was all in for tacking the poster over the mirror to await old Bill's appearance, but one of the elder men objected. "No," said he. They all loved Bill. "Let him live up to his story. He ain't much longer to live—God knows!—and boys," said their elder, "I don't reckon he'll be along to-night. It will be time enough to have our double tots when the gal comes along."

Old Bill did not turn up that night, nor the night after. The poster was duly posted on the mirror, and there it remained in pathetic isolation. Some of the boys formed the habit of dropping in now and then at the cabin across the river. They spoke of Bill's wife almost reverently. At first it was just a social affair, this calling in to see him, but later it became a necessity. Someone had to go to cook Bill's grub and chop his firewood. That cough, of his was getting him down, you see, so they drew lots for it, and Bill became dependent on their help.

One evening, when Johnson the bartender was along with him—this being Johnson's off night—old Bill suddenly sat up, his eyes uncommonly bright. "Say," he cried, "Red's married now ain't he?"

"He sure is, old son," replied Johnson, with his usual nonchalance.

Bill pondered it a while. "And he ain't coming back?" he asked almost wistfully.

The bar-tender shook his head.

A look of puzzled bewilderment came into Bill's grey eyes. "Why ain't he coming back?" he demanded uncomprehendingly. "He and I was always good partners. Why ain't Red coming back?"

The bar-tender flung out his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "Cause he's married I suppose, Bill," said he. "This isn't much of a country for a white woman."

Bill nodded gravely, then after a while he said: "Don't you reckon it's time my wife came along, Johnson? Don't you reckon it's time we was sending for her? It's no use waiting for Red now. He's gone and got married, blame idiot! But my wife—my wife—" he drew from under his pillow a crumpled photograph, and kissed it reverently.

The bar-tender turned away. He knew now that Bill had grown to believe his own lies, and that night they sent a lettergram to Redman Rill, telling him that if he wanted to see Bill he'd best hit the trail without delay.

A few nights later Red arrived. He stepped off the night train, and with greetings to the idlers hurried away into the gloom. His stampede pack, crammed with grub, was on his back, together with his snowshoes, which he now hastily donned. Overhead the aurora flickered faintly as Red sorted his way through the rampikes by the old familiar trail, and so out on to the river where the light of the cabin twinkled across the snow. The sweet tang of the wood fires was in the air, and the deadly stillness of the place brought back a thousand fragrant memories to Red's mind. It was here that he had made his pile—here, where so many fail, broken at the wheel of

(Cont'd on page 69)

THE LURE OF TOWN

BY MRS. NESTOR NOEL

PHILIP HOPE was getting downright sick of the land. There was no mistaking it. He was too old to farm any more. So, at least, he thought, and his wife agreed with him. If they had had a boy it would have been different; but for a man past fifty to continue sowing seed year after year, and plowing and harrowing and reaping, oh, it was perfectly sickening! It was very early in the spring and seeding time would soon be here again. If only he could sell out and go to town this month!

While his wife was washing the dishes, he looked out of the window thinking strange, unusual thoughts. For years he had existed here and got through the routine of farming. He did things from habit now and scarcely took any interest in them. Always there was the deadly sameness which he had come to know so well.

"Maria," he said, suddenly turning to his wife. "Shall we try to sell out and go to town this spring?"

His wife paused in her dish washing, a slight gleam in her eyes; but she was not going to get excited. She had hoped before.

"It's hard to transplant an old tree," she said.

"Old!" cried Philip. "Why, Maria, what age do you think I am, a hundred?"

"Oh, no, Phil," she answered, "I know you're only fifty, and, to me you never will be old." She said the words with a touch of infinite tenderness. "Your hair isn't even grey; but still it will be hard to take up life somewhere else and begin all over again."

"If you don't think it hard to feed a litter of pigs every day, to milk six cows, clean stables and do all the seeding and harvesting alone at fifty, I don't know what you'd call it. In town, we'd just live on our income from this farm. I feel as if I don't want to see another animal as long as I live! Why, I literally smell of the stables!"

"If I thought you wanted to go for your own sake, I'd go willingly. I'm afraid you've worked yourself up to this state for me."

Philip Hope looked thoughtfully at his wife. She was not fat—oh no! Hard work, poverty and worry had kept her from that; but she showed her age, a little. Her hair still held its lustre and was rich and brown as when he had first married her. Her blue eyes still shone with the bloom of health, though she was middle-aged. She was nobly handsome. Still, there were wrinkles which had no business on her brow; for she was six years younger than he.

"What are you thinking, Phil? You stare at me so."

"I was thinking that I had a handsome wife and that it was a shame to keep her here, shut up in the wilderness now that we have enough money to leave."

"You're not too old to be complimenting me, I see," she observed. "But it is for me you want to go?"

"You never liked coming here; did you?" he asked.

"I was born in a town," she answered. "And I never felt built to live cooped up in the country. But I haven't done so badly; have I?"

"No," said Philip Hope. "I'm not complaining." Again he looked out over the endless prairie stretching to meet the sky.

"The country's all right for a man," he observed, "but it's rough on a woman."

His wife laughed.

"If we can't sell, we might at least rent," he went on, pursuing the same train of thought. "I suppose I ought to go and clean the stables now. We'll take up the subject when we ride into town for the groceries this afternoon." He went out slowly and Maria watched him till he turned the corner. Then she did a strange thing for her. In the very middle of dish-washing, she sat down to think.

There was a mist of tears in her blue eyes as she recalled the time she had first come to this house.

"You'll bury yourself in a living cemetery in the country," her relations had told her. And she, with the love and hopefulness of youth, had said, "I don't care."

But now, looking backward on those years, she realized how she had lost all that made life worth living. Because she lived miles out in the country, far from medical help, she had not dared to have any children. True, she had tried once and she had gone down to the very Valley of Death; but it had all been to no purpose. Then she had felt that life must go on in its narrow groove to the end, drab and monotonous in its changeless routine. After a time she had accepted her fate, and now Philip suddenly spoke of leaving. He had done so before, but never with such purpose.

"If I had had only one child that lived," she said to herself. But this thought always brought tears, so she got up quickly and returned to her housework.

Philip Hope did not succeed in selling his farm. He rented it instead, and then, he and his wife took two small rooms in town.

"We'll have attendance," he said to her. "You must be as tired of work as I am."

So they were waited on by Irene, the landlady's maid. Irene was a wonderfully pretty girl of about eighteen, with brown eyes and hair, and a dainty complexion. Mrs. Hope called her the "hired girl," but it did not make Irene angry. It only made her smile. She took a great deal of trouble over the "Old Lady's" room, and loved to hear her talk of the farm.

"I wonder you ever left it," she said, her face aglow with enthusiasm.

Mrs. Hope was beginning to wonder too. She grew tired of sitting with folded hands while this pretty girl anticipated her every need.

One morning, after a glance here and there to make sure that everything was in order, Irene turned to leave the room when Mrs. Hope called her back.

"Irene," she said. "Would you work on a farm if I found you a good home amongst my friends?"

Irene paused. "I'd like it awfully," she said, "but—"

"But what?"

"I've got used to this kind of life now," answered Irene. "I do not think another girl would understand you as I do."

"Really, child," expostulated Mrs. Hope. "You mustn't think of me. You have all your life before you. Oh, here's Philip. We'll talk about that another time."

Mr. Hope walked in and threw himself in a chair. "What shall we do this morning?" he asked.

"There's always the shopping," she observed.

So they went shopping and came back with various small parcels.

"Doesn't it seem stupid," said Mr. Hope, "to buy things in small quantities, and to go shopping every morning. On the farm we got enough for a month at a time."

"I suppose people do it here," answered his wife, "because they've nothing else to do. So they go shopping." "A rotten waste of time," grumbled Mr. Hope.

"Time!" echoed Maria. "That's all we've got now. What else can we do?"

"City life is very well for old people like ourselves," observed Mr. Hope.

Maria Hope laughed to herself.

"What can we do this afternoon?" asked her husband.

"There are the moving pictures," put in Mrs. Hope.

"I'm rather sick of them, Maria. Aren't you?"

"There is the park," suggested Mrs. Hope.

"I know every inch of it already, and the flowers are arranged so stiffly. Why can't they let Nature alone?"

"There is the library," added Mrs. Hope.

"It's stuffy! Besides, I've been there half the morning," said Mr. Hope.

"We might go for a tram ride, or—" "Or what?" asked Mr. Hope.

"We might hire a buggy and drive around."

"Yes," answered Philip. "That would be a good idea."

"But, Phil," put in Mrs. Hope. "Not alone."

"What do you mean?" he asked, a trifle crossly. Really, these town meals were beginning to upset his digestion.

"It is Irene's day out," explained Mrs. Hope. "I thought we might give her a treat and take her for a drive in the country."

"That would be just right," assented her husband. "But are you sure she wouldn't rather go to some show? Town girls don't generally like the country."

"Irene is crazy about it. She'd like to live there if she could."

"Then ask her, and let's go quickly, as soon as dinner is over. We must see it at its best."

He got quite excited and dressed as well as if he were going to see the president.

"Any old thing does for the country," said his wife with a twinkle in her eye. But Mr. Hope noted that she put on her "best bib and tucker," all the same.

Irene looked radiant in a fine muslin dress, the simplicity of which suited her youth.

"I suppose it doesn't matter exactly where we drive," observed Mr. Hope, as he took the lines.

"Just let the horses lead the way," agreed Mrs. Hope. "As long as they get to the country."

"Get up, Bob!" cried Mr. Hope.

Mrs. Hope leant forward eagerly.

"Sit back, ma'am," laughed Philip, "or you'll upset the buggy."

"These horses look like —" began Mrs. Hope.

"All horses are alike," interrupted Mr. Hope. It was a strange thing for an ex-farmer to say. Mrs. Hope had her suspicions. But what was the use of talking?

They drove right out of town and on for ten miles. Then Mrs. Hope began to see landmarks.

Still she said nothing, at least, not to Philip. She turned to Irene. "Do you feel cold driving?" she asked, putting the rug in a motherly way around the girl.

"Oh, no," she answered. "It is glorious!"

They passed several farms until they came to one which was more hilly than the rest. The white painted house shone out in the sun. The golden grain around stood up tall and thick. It was ripe for the harvest.

Irene looked at it in an ecstasy.

"Was your place anything like this?" she asked.

"It was exactly like it," answered Mrs. Hope, as she felt a strange choking feeling in her throat.

"Oh, how could you ever have left it!" exclaimed Irene. "I could have lived here all my life."

They drove along the wire fence till they came to a gate.

"Shall we go there?" questioned Mr. Hope, as the horses turned towards it of their own accord.

"Sure," assented his wife.

So they drove through the gate, down a long lane, then stopped at the house. Here they were well received, and while Mrs. Hope rested, Mr. Hope and Irene went out with the owner to "look round the farm."

But did Mrs. Hope really rest? Ah! Did she? A few words—mysterious words—passed between her and the other woman, Mrs. Brown. Then Mrs. Hope bustled about 'because, as she said, "she was just aching to do things."

When the others came back they found the tea ready. It was such a tea! Home-made hot biscuits, cake, sandwiches, jam, honey, new-laid eggs and fresh milk and butter was laid on the table in dainty profusion. Irene sat down to, what was to her, a perfect feast!

"You have a lovely place here," she said to Mrs. Brown.

"I only rent it," put in Mr. Brown. But his wife tried to silence him with a look. What was the mystery?

"I'd love to live on a farm," observed Irene, wistfully.

"Maybe you shall some day," Mrs. Hope assured her.

"The country is so beautiful, and your cows are so quiet," added Irene to Mrs. Brown.

"So you like the cows?" asked Mr. Hope. "I thought town girls were afraid of them."

"I'm not," assented Irene, with a pretty toss of her head.

"Ah well, who knows?" laughed Mrs. Hope.

"But I think we ought to be going now. Thank you so much for your hospitality, Mrs. Brown. I'll help you wash the dishes while Mr. Hope gets the horses ready."

"I'll help too," said Irene. So dish-washing was soon finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Hope were strangely silent as they drove back to town. Irene thanked them very prettily for her treat. Then she went back to her work, singing like a bird.

"Those biscuits tasted like yours did in the olden days," observed Mr. Hope to his wife as he sat smoking his pipe that evening. Mrs. Hope smiled and went on with her knitting. At least they allowed her to knit in a town!

One day it rained all the time, and Mr. Hope sat near his warm stove, reading his paper.

"It feels good to be near a fire now," said his wife. She was knitting again.

"And not to have to go out to clean stables: doesn't it?" she added.

Philip grunted. Then he went on reading. Later on, he looked up and said: "Molly, Sandy and Maggie were doing fine and they give plenty of milk."

"Irene enjoyed herself," observed Mrs. Hope. "I think she'd be a real help on a farm. I wonder if the Browns would engage her if I asked them?"

"I don't think so," said Mr. Hope. "Mr. Brown likes the farm all right; but Mrs. Brown is dying to come back to town. He said he'd have to give in to her. She won't stay there after threshing."

"What, Phil?" Mrs. Hope nearly dropped her knitting. As it was, she controlled herself so that she merely dropped a stitch.

"Things weren't as they used to be," said her husband a few minutes later.

"The table looked cosier in the window in olden times. I wonder why they put it in the middle of the room."

"Mrs. Brown said she could not bear the dreary outlook," answered Mrs. Hope.

Mr. Hope coughed.

Then for a few minutes there was silence, broken by Mrs. Hope, who remarked casually: "If baby had lived, she'd be about the same age as Irene here." Her voice trembled a little at the end.

At this moment, Philip rose and put his arm around his wife.

"The town's real lonesome at times," he said. "It's awful to think there are no animals to tend—nothing but a black cat. I'm lonesome myself here. Only yesterday I went to the livery stable—"

"When, Phil?"

"Oh, that time I said I was going to the library," answered Philip, sheepishly.

"Of course, I went to the library first, but I didn't stay there long. Well, as I was saying, I went to the stable and talked to Mr. Jones. He's quite willing to sell Bob back again—"

Maria Hope was strangely silent for a woman.

"Don't you want him?" asked Philip.

"A horse won't be much use to us in a town, Phil; will it?" she asked mischievously.

"A town! Who's talking of a town?" questioned her husband, irritably.

"But that's where we are, Phil. Have you forgotten you're a retired farmer? And we abandoned the land."

"The land's still ours," growled Mr. Hope.

"But you're too old to work it," added Mrs. Hope.

(Continued on page 69)

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(NEXT TO EATON'S)

Bill Atholl's Wife

By H. M. Batten

Cont'd from page 67

empty. Red hung his snowshoes upon it, and dusting the snow from his moccasins he went quietly in.

The Chink whom the boys had hired to look after Bill was seated by the stove, reading a month old paper, and Red, as he took off his furs, indicated by a wave of the hand, that the Chink could go.

A moment later Red stood looking down into the face of his old friend, who returned his gaze heavy-eyed. A lump rose in Red's throat. They had been partners eight years, and—they had loved each other.

"Bill, don't you know me, Bill?"

Red was seated on the bunk now, holding Bill's hand.

"Yes," came the quiet answer. "I know you, Red. You come every night, but why don't you stay? You're always gone in the morning, when the cabin's cold and empty, and a man can't sleep. Why don't you stay, Red?"

Red strove for understanding, and understanding came to him. "But I ain't going this time, Bill," he said. "You'll find me right here to-morrow and the day after till you're O.K. again."

When an hour later someone softly opened the door and peeped in, the two partners were still quietly conversing. Red was holding a scrap of crumpled paper in his hand, and Bill was saying: "I never told you before, Red, because I knew you would think it was whisky; but that's her—that's her, Red! And Red, she's coming along to see me now you've got back—coming into this cabin, I tell you, and when you see her, Red, you'll think I'm the luckiest man—" but Bill's voice tailed off a little, and again the door softly opened.

"It's his partner—his old partner!" said a husky voice. "It's only Red, and he'll understand."

the North, and quietly go under, that Red had made good.

A pair of snowshoes hung outside the door; the other peg, Red's peg, was

There was a rustle of silken skirts, and Red turned to behold a woman standing alone in the doorway. She was robed in priceless furs, cast carelessly about her shoulders, and one caught an impression of glistening jewels, which were veritably shadowed by the brightest of hazel eyes. Red gave her one glance, returned his eyes to the crumpled scrap of paper, and caught his partner by the shoulders. "Bill! Bill!" he cried. "She's here, Bill—here, looking at you! Bill, for God's sake, Bill!"

In Red's voice was that frenzied note of a man who strives to call someone he loves across a great distance, and Bill heard. He opened his eyes and looked at the gaudy worldling standing by him, softened by the merciful rays of the guttering oil lamp. And into Bill's eyes came a wonderful light of triumph. He stretched out his hands towards her, and she took them. But Bill's last words were for his partner. "That's her, Red!" he said. "That's my little Effie! I told you she was coming!" And Bill was gone.

"I have never seen him before," she said. "The boys told me his strange story, and that he was dying and wanted me. I cancelled my appointment to dance to-night, and here I am!"

"But why—why did you do that for a man you have never seen?"

She laughed a little whimsically. "Because I know this north country of yours," she said. "And because—" She held up a white, ringed hand, and across the winter stillness, penetrating the silence of the cabin, pealed the purity of Christmas Bells.

His Affliction

A teacher had told a class of juvenile pupils that Milton the poet was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied one little fellow, "he was a poet."

The Lure of Town

By Mrs. N. Noel

Cont'd from page 68

"And what's to prevent you having Irene as a hired girl?" asked Mr. Hope.

"I'll have no hired girl as long as I can move a finger, thank you, sir!"

"Stuff!" ejaculated Mr. Hope. "I thought you liked Irene?"

"So I do, Phil. But I like her too much to want to make a hired girl out of her."

"Then what do you want?" cried Mr. Hope, pettishly. "There's no understanding women!"

"You ask me what I want, Phil? Don't you realize that I want a daughter of my very own? Since the Lord hasn't seen fit to leave me one, perhaps He meant me to adopt one. What's to prevent us from adopting Irene?"

She paused for this to sink in, and a few minutes later, Mr. Hope observed: "There's nothing to prevent it, old lady."

"Now, don't old lady me when I've just acquired a new daughter, Phil."

"All right—mother," apologized Mr. Hope.

And, though the tears sprang unbidden to Maria's eyes, she looked strangely happy. She went on with her knitting, and Philip continued to smoke his unlit pipe. Presently he looked up to remark: "Mr. Brown will probably thresh early and move back to town at the beginning of October."

"Oh, Phil, won't the land seem good to us again? Won't the Indian summer be grand in the country, and won't our—our Irene just love the smell of the upturned earth when plowing begins in the spring?"

Many are the vicissitudes through which Englishmen pass on their pilgrimage to the House of Commons, and in the opinion of a contributor to the "English Illustrated Magazine," none is so annoying as the "voice" from the

"Who says I'm old? I've plenty of strength left, I can tell you, Maria."

"I thought I was old too," pursued his wife.

back of the hall. It is dreaded by even the most experienced campaigner.

Not so long ago, following the present fashion of boasting of your humble origin and early struggles, a prospective M.P. referred to the hardships of his youth.

"How did I make my way in the world?" he asked the audience. "I got my start in life by serving in a grocery shop at twelve shillings a week, and yet I managed to save."

"Was that before cash registers were invented?" asked the inexorable "voice."

The orator wisely decided to join in the general laugh.

What Giles Thought

Old Giles, who goes out as attendant to gentlemen during the fishing season, if full of local gossip and small scandal, and when the natural supply fails him he is able to manufacture enough to go on with.

"I were out with the Bishop yesterday," said the old man, referring to a popular church dignitary, who is also a good fisherman.

"Ah," replied his employer. "He's a good man."

"Well," replied the old fellow; "e may be, but 'e do swear a bit when 'e's fishin'."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied the visitor. "I don't believe that."

The old man insisted that he was right, however.

"I'll give you an instance," he said. "I was standing alongside the Bishop, same as I might be aside o' you, an' 'e'd got a big fellow at the end of 'is line that was pretty nigh pullin' 'im off 'is feet, and I turns to 'is Lordship and I says, 'E pulls — 'ard, don't 'e?' and the Bishop says, 'Yes, 'e do.' Well, now, ain't that swearin'?"

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for \$1,000."

"Well, you won't."

THE WAY OF A WOMAN'S HEART

BY S. JEAN WALKER

SOMETHING in Jack Ward's manner gave Madge Cameron an intuitive feeling that he was troubled about something.

A distraught, preoccupied Jack was an entirely new person to her. They were strolling through the park to their favorite seat under an old maple tree.

She could not understand his silence. She watched him covertly and noted a new expression on his face. At length she asked with a quick catch in her voice "Is—is anything wrong, Jack?"

"Let us turn here and get away from the crowd," he said, ignoring her question.

She turned and walked beside him but waited for him to explain his unusual manner.

"Perhaps there is something of the coward in my make-up, Madge," he began, as they walked down the quiet path, "but I have been dreading this inevitable conversation and—"

"Why, what is the matter, Jack?" she interrupted, her eyes darkening with fear.

She often acknowledged with careless, winsome grace that, she hated to have snags in her path. Obstacles might develop some characters but hers thrived best in smooth ways, level ground, and bright sunshine. Her life had hitherto been singularly free from sorrow and a happy, sunny-hearted gladness was the result, but her character lacked the development that could rise above a thwarted desire.

Jack looked away through the trees as he answered, "I had a letter from my cousin, Dick Linton, yesterday, and—"

"The one who lives out west with cowboys on a ranch," she broke in quickly.

"Yes," he replied, wincing at the covert sarcasm in her voice, "he lives in Alberta, but not with cowboys. He is a very successful farmer near Edmonton."

"I am glad he is successful," she said quietly, "I remember how foolish it seemed for him to give up his university course and go west. But what has he to do with your moodiness to-day? Are you envious of his good luck?" She spoke lightly trying to dispel this troubled atmosphere.

"Not envious, Madge, but rather worried concerning a proposition he made in his letter and which I would like to accept, but—"

"Not to go west," the laughter all faded from her voice.

"Just that, dear," he breathed with a sigh of relief. "Listen and I will tell you what he wrote. There is a fine farm for sale quite close to his. There is a good crop in, too. The owner has recently died and the widow wishes to sell out and return to England. Dick has an option on it for two weeks. I am to wire him if I accept. I have some money, and he will advance me the rest. Oh, Madge, I do want to go. I hate the bank and its machine-like monotony. I went into it against my will to please my parents for they thought it a fitting position for a minister's son. I wanted to go when Dick went and take up a homestead, but father was opposed to it so I gave in. He forgot that he was the son of a farmer and that dear old granddad's blood was showing itself in me. It is pounding through my veins and will never be calm until I go west. Father realizes this now and is willing that I go. Will you consent, too? I feel that I will do well out there. I expect to have to work hard, but I know I shall love it, and that will make it seem easier. Our future home will be in Alberta instead of in Ontario. What do you think of my plan, dear?"

He looked anxiously at her white face, cold and unsympathetic in its impatient anger as she answered in a low, tense voice, "I thought you had some common sense. I wish that Dick Linton would attend to his own affairs and not imbue you with his western ideas. You ask for my decision, but that is only courtesy on your part," she continued relentlessly, "for your parents are willing and you are anxious to go. However, I will give you

my answer. "I will never go west. I love the life here, its pleasures, its associations, its conventionalities, and—"

"Conventionalities," he interrupted bitterly, "I detest that word. Some women would have conventionality if Gabriel's trumpet was sounding, but I thought you were above such nonsense."

She ignored this impetuous outburst and continued with cold incisiveness, "go west by all means, since you have so decided, but you go at the cost of renouncing me."

"Madge, dear, listen," he expostulated earnestly.

"I have listened, and I detest scenes," she replied obstinately.

"We could have a happy home out there," he pleaded. "Will you promise that I may come for you if I'm successful. If I am not I will come back with all this western fever burnt out of my veins."

"It's a fever that won't burn out," she returned bitterly. "I will not go out west and slave on a farm. You are selfish to desire it, but you will never be satisfied till you go," she finished brokenly while two big tears ran slowly from the corners of her eyes.

"Madge, I cannot bear these tears," he whispered with all a lover's tenderness. "We must not forget that we love each other. It is for your sake that I want to be successful. Promise to keep faith with me, dear, and let me have your approval. A wife leaves all for her husband and—"

"That is very plausible in theory," she returned coldly, "but the practise of it in this case is entirely too much of a sacrifice. I am glad you have told me of your wild scheme before I was your—"

The words faltered on her lips when she thought of the loneliness without him.

"My wife," he finished her sentence! "you will be that some day," he said pleadingly.

"Not and go west, Jack. You are very unreasonable to expect it."

The determination in her voice seemed to destroy his hope yet he pleaded again, earnestly and tenderly, "I thought that you would be glad for me to have an opportunity to make a home for you sooner than I can if I remain here. I am confident that I shall succeed, but I want your sanction and encouragement to help me on. Retract your words, darling. I never saw you so angry." He tried to take her hand but she withdrew it from him and coldly replied "I never had such occasion. It is so absurd of you to expect me to work on a farm that if you were not so terribly in earnest I would laugh at you for being so ridiculous, but your scheme possesses you entirely. I can only repeat that I will not sacrifice my life for any man, even though I love him. It seems to me that love should have a judicious amount of reason in it."

And is my life of such little value that it should be entirely sacrificed?" he questioned bitterly. "We are gaining nothing by this controversy, Margaret. Let us consider the question very earnestly until to-morrow, and see what decision we can arrive at then."

At the word "Margaret" said in such a matter-of-fact tone she almost relented, but the picture that her imagination conjured of western life, rose before her and she shrank from it. It blotted out even love.

When Jack was leaving her at the door of her home he said "this is our first quarrel, my darling, and it is hard to bear. Think things over calmly. It means our lives. We must do nothing rashly. I'll come over to-morrow evening and we will decide on our future. Good-bye until then."

"Good-bye," she returned tremulously.

She ran up to her room and throwing herself across the bed she sobbed unrestrainedly until her sorrow, anger, and disappointment had spent themselves. Then she lay thinking more seriously than she had ever thought before. "I know that he will go," she breathed. "I never saw him so determined. If I could

prevail on him to stay here he will always be dis-satisfied. If I consent for him to go, then he will expect me to live there sometime. I promised to marry a banker but not a western farmer. But whatever he is I love him, yet I will not go out to that frozen country and drudge my life out even for him. What shall I do? It's all dreadful whichever way I look at it."

The next evening when Jack called he was told that she had gone to visit an aunt in Toronto. A letter was given him. It read:

"Dear Jack:—My decision remains unchanged. For you to remain here would be as bad as for you to go. You would always regret a lost opportunity and I would feel that I was to blame. I will not go west, so happiness together seems to be denied us. I cannot see you again. I hate scenes. I never dreamed that anything earthly would separate us, but good-bye, Jack,

Madge."

It was drawing close to the second Christmas since Jack Ward went west. Madge was sitting by the window reading. She heard someone coming up the walk, and, looking out, she saw that it was Jack's mother. She started with surprise and rose hastily when the door bell rang. She went quickly forward for she would admit this caller herself. She wondered why she had come from the little town some miles away to see her.

"You are surprised to see me, Margaret," Mrs. Ward said, after their greeting, "but I felt that I just had to come and have a quiet talk with you."

"We will be quite alone here," Madge answered, leading the way to the library. Relieving Mrs. Ward of her wraps and giving her the cosiest chair she sat down and waited for the conversation to begin.

Mrs. Ward drew a letter from her hand bag saying, "I had this long letter from Jack the other day and I am going to read a part of it to you. I know that my boy will forgive me for doing so."

She opened the letter and read: "You have told me often that my letters were too short and that I did not give you particulars enough. So to-night my dishes are washed, the floor swept, the chores are all done, the fire burning brightly, the lamp glass cleaned—I actually washed it for the occasion—and here goes a letter to you, dear little mother, in which I shall turn my heart inside out and let you see every corner of it."

"I have a plan to which I know you will agree for you never denied your boy anything you could possibly grant him. Let me explain by going back a year. Last Christmas was so lonely that I cannot face a repetition of it. Dick's wife and several other women, wives of the neighboring farmers, invited me to spend the day with them. I refused them all, knowing that with such a lonely ache in my heart I would be sorry company."

Perhaps I should have been more sociable and tried to forget, but forgetting isn't easy work. I had a hard encounter with myself that day. You will understand and think it weakness in your boy when at last the heartache and homesickness overmastered me. I threw myself on the bed and sobbed until my dog was sorry for me, for with a playful bark he put his paws on the bed and tried to lick my face. I got up and, with the dog for company, I tramped miles and miles over the prairie. It was dark, night comes down early here in the winter, when I returned. I had supper with the ghost of what might have been for company. I went to bed and dreamed of you, and father, and Madge."

"I have made money since coming here. The crops this year were phenomenally good. But to return to my plan. It is this. I cannot face another lonely Christmas. I cannot leave my stock and go east to spend it with you, and anyway it would not be wise, for my heart is still sore about Madge. So you and father must come to visit me for some

months. Neither of you have had a vacation for years, so now you deserve a good long one. I will pay all expenses. I know that you will enjoy being here. My home is large, judged by the other homes in the neighborhood, for the former owner had six children. I turned one of the bedrooms into a library, or perhaps a den would be a more appropriate name on account of the confusion of books, magazines, and papers, and the accumulation of dust in it. The pretty things that you sent make my home very comfortable, but the feminine touch is wanting, that sweet wonderful something that makes home the dearest castle in Spain."

"I have decided to remain in this country. I like its freedom, progressiveness, and vim. There's an indefinable something that gets into one's blood out here and makes the east seem like a beautiful picture treasured for remembrance, while the west is a great picture in the making. It has unlimited canvas, and the paints are colored from the wondrous sunrises and sunsets, unrivalled skies, golden wheat fields and myriad hues of flowers of the prairie. Yes, I love it, mother, but it has cost me Madge. Looking back, I can see where I was impatient with her when I should have been tender and considerate for I was asking her to give up so much for me. It hurt and angered me exceedingly when she left without seeing me again. I will not kneel on a door mat and sue for any woman's affection after the door has been slammed in my face. This same feeling will not allow me to write nor try in any way to effect a reconciliation. Perhaps I have been too proud but my pride is commensurate to the hurt she gave me. Yet this one truth I know, I love her still with all the strength of my manhood, and that no other woman will ever take her place in my life. I picture her among my flowers. I planted them in remembrance of her. I see her at the door to welcome me when I return from work. I read the books that I know we would enjoy together. O, little mother, my heart cries out for the one love of my life. I feel now that if I had reasoned more gently with my darling she would have listened to me, but I was impatient and self-engrossed and so I lost her, but—"

"Don't! don't! I cannot bear it. The fault was not his but mine," Madge sobbed aloud. "I am not worthy of him, I see it all now when it is too late." She rose impulsively, the tears falling from her cheeks, and with a hurried movement knelt and buried her face in Mrs. Ward's lap and sobbed brokenly: "I was the selfish one. Life had always been made too easy for me. I hated opposition. I am wiser now." She looked up to see Mrs. Ward's eyes brimming with tears.

"I have learned so much in all these lonely months," she continued. "I love Jack better than I ever did, I loved self better than and lost him." The sobbing broke forth afresh.

"Hush, dear, hush," the motherly voice whispered soothingly. "You have both been learning the lessons required to make your love perfect. His father and I are leaving in a week to visit him. I will tell him and he will come for you."

"Mother," Madge whispered while a smile shone through her tears. "Let me go with you to Jack. He will believe in me then. I can live no longer without him, and whether it is in the deserts of Africa or the prairies of Alberta, I am going to be with him."

"But what will your parents say to this sudden decision?" Mrs. Ward asked anxiously.

"Oh, they will agree," she answered brightly, "for they always sided with Jack, and father has a strong symptom of this western fever himself."

Jack had his team, and warm robes and wraps waiting at the station as the train came in. His father alighted first. He winced when Jack's strong, sinewy hand wrung his. Then the little mother had her turn and (Continued on page 74



A Short Monthly Talk on the Proper Care of the Skin, Teeth, Hair and Hands

By MARGARET MAXWELL

THE greatest aids to health and beauty are not cosmetics and skin lotions, but just the daily use of a good facial soap, plenty of sleep, out-of-door exercise and careful attention to the diet. One cannot expect to keep late hours, eat anything and everything whether or not it agrees with them, and hope to have good health and a flawless complexion.

Daily care should be given the teeth, skin, hair and hands. We are not all born beautiful, but so much can be done to improve one's self that there is no reason why any woman should be termed "unattractive." The well-groomed woman carries herself with assurance because she knows that she has made the most of her appearance. Yet everywhere women are seeking information on "how to be beautiful" without once trying to make the most of their good points with the aid of plenty of soap and water, fresh air and exercise.

Even the best attention to the rules of healthy living, however, will not always prevent common blemishes, such as blackheads, from appearing on young faces and being a source of worry and annoyance to those afflicted by them. The skin is not merely a covering for the body; it has other important functions to perform. It must eliminate through thousands of little pores many ounces of effete matter daily. Sometimes the pores become clogged, and blackheads or "comedones," which is the technical name for the disorder, appears.

The first and most necessary step in the course of home treatments for blackheads is to know how to wash the face properly. The best time to begin is at the end of the day, or before retiring. Good pure soap, hot water and friction are necessary to soften and dislodge the little plugs of effete matter, and to give tone and elasticity to the skin.

The best soap to use is one that agrees with your skin; the soap that leaves the skin soft, not drawn and tight or contracted. Use two washcloths, one for washing and the other for rinsing, and dry the face with a soft towel.

Then work a good cold cream in gently. Stand in front of a mirror, so as not to make lines, and pat the face with old linen or a soft towel to remove the superfluous cream. Repeat the washing, patting and creaming of the face each night and morning for one week. In the morning you can use less soap and have the last rinsing, water cold, but not icy cold. After drying the face, rub in a little cream, so as not to clog the pores with powder or with dust from the air.

In removing blackheads, first, wash the face with warm water and soap; second, after drying the face, anoint it with vaseline; third, wring out a soft towel or cloth in hot water, apply it to the face, and hold it there a few seconds, renewing it when it cools a little. Continue for five minutes.

After a few minutes, wipe off gently any cream left on the face.

With a clean cloth over the fingers, press out the blackheads gently. When this has been done, anoint the parts worked on with cold cream. Let this remain on for a few minutes, and wash the face thoroughly with warm water and a good soap. After washing the face in warm water, rinse in cold to which has been added fifteen to twenty drops of tincture of benzoic.

Before purchasing face cream one should know what kind of cream is best suited to their skin. There is the oily skin that is improved and benefitted by the frequent use of warm water and soap. Cold water will not remove the oil, but when the skin is thoroughly cleansed and rinsed with warm water, it can be bathed with w...

water to which has been added a few drops of tincture of benzoic.

If the skin is dry and inclined to be rough, use soap only once a day. At night before retiring is the best time for this. Dry the face gently and apply one of the milder oils, almond oil or olive oil, or use the almond oil cream. Massage the face gently.

For the very sensitive skin, use almond meal as a cleanser. Use very little soap, and only the best of talcum powder.

Care of the Hands

Every woman, young or old, likes to have pretty hands. This is possible, with daily care, no matter what your occupation may be.

Should the hands become roughened or chapped during cold weather, a nightly application of glycerine and rosewater will work wonders. Should they become stained from housework, try rubbing the stained parts with peroxide or lemon-juice. If very badly stained use pumice stone.

Then comes the care of the nails. The first thing to do is to have the hands and nails immaculately clean, as the basis for a satisfactory manicure. Scrub them well in warm soapy water. Rinse and dry.

Then with the pointed end of an orange stick clean underneath the nails any dirt which may have accumulated there. Never use a metal instrument for this purpose. The next thing to do is to file the nails to the proper length and shape. Do not use the scissors, as this tends to make the nail brittle and easily broken. The finger nails should conform to the shape of the finger tip, and should reach just to the tip of the finger. It is considered very poor taste to have the nails either long or pointed. File off irregularities and shape the corners with a flexible steel file, holding the file loosely and filing from the sides towards the centre. Finish shaping the nails with an emery board, to smooth away all roughness.

Now to take care of the cuticle. Never cut it. If your cuticle is inclined to push rapidly forward on to the nail surface, first soften it with hot water, then use a good cold cream, working it well into the skin, then push the cuticle gently back with the rounded end of your orange stick. If this treatment of the cuticle is done persistently it will work wonders with your nails. To finish, rub your nails lightly with chamois buffer, using a good nail polish.

Care of the Hair

Brushing not only smooths the hair but distributes through it the natural oil secreted by the glands situated at the roots, and stimulates the circulation of the scalp. The best brush is stiff, though not enough so to produce soreness and with the tufts of bristles widely separated to facilitate cleansing. For children and those with sensitive scalps, a softer brush is desirable. It is well once a week to shake the brush in hot water to which a little ammonia is added, and, after wiping the bristles, to place it in the sun with the back uppermost.

The proper type of comb to use is one with coarse but smooth teeth set widely apart, blunt at the end and curved where joined to the back. The fine-tooth comb injures the hair. The comb should also be cleansed weekly in ammonia and water and the spaces between the teeth carefully wiped.

Excessive dandruff may often be prevented by keeping the scalp clean and promoting its circulation. The benefit that sometimes follows the use of the various hair lotions is due in large measure to the massage of rubbing them in as well as to certain cleansing and stimulating properties in the lotion itself.

In our January issue we shall discuss the care of teeth, proper shampooing of the hair, etc.



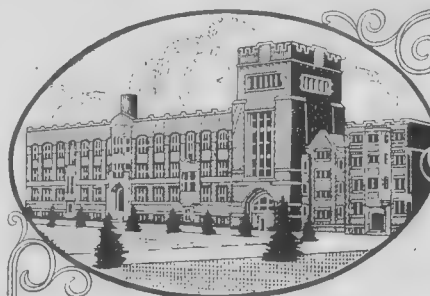
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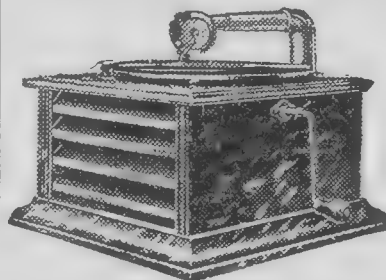
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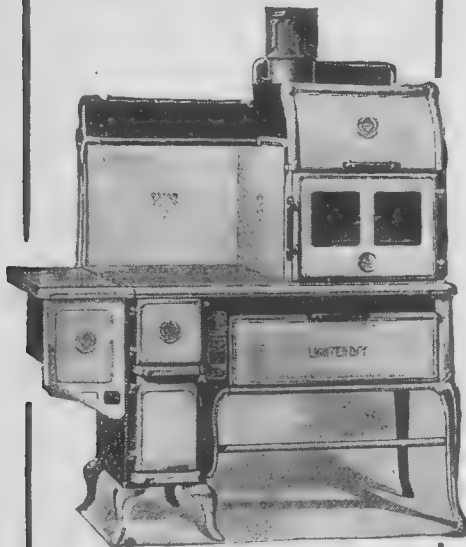
By M. Price Evans

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W.H.M., December

OLD Moat threw open the door, and looked out into the dark night. He could see nothing to account for the soft thudding and thumping he had heard without. He raised the lamp, as he thrust his body forward. Hark! Again a slight sound on the step,—a scrambling, scratching sound, as of some stoutish body trying to regain a perpendicular position. Then a low grunt.

"Who be there?" asked Moat, cautiously; "and what do you want?"

"A-gag'n—ag'n!" came the pleased reply, and in a moment old Moat's eye fell upon a fat, round face, and a pair of saucy eyes, shining and blue like a bit of the sky in the summer; he saw bright, gold hair, falling back, as the head was turned up to greet him. "Datta! Ag'n . . ." continued the visitor.

"What say?" asked Moat, puzzled and surprised.

A crawling mass of white clothes and fat arms and legs insinuated its way in and took up its position on the mat.

tired head upon his shoulder, filling him with paternal love at touch of the soft gold curls.

"There, now!" he heard himself saying a little huskily; "what was it, then?"

At the tremulous, unfamiliar words, the baby burst into tears, putting him at a still greater loss than before.

"Oh, don't!" he cried in a frenzy; "don't ee, my little Kitty! What does she want, then?"

Trying to comfort the mother-sick little soul, Moat walked about the room, huskily singing, till at length the weeping ceased. Then he carried her upstairs, and with the utmost gentleness, put her down on his own bed.

"Pore little lamb! Lost, I suppose," he thought, as he carefully spread his coat over her. "I 'ardly like to be leavin' her, or I'd go out and buy a sponge-cake, or a little milk. And there's nobody as I could call to do it for me."

Again he looked at the small, cherubic face, and found it even more fair because of the flush of sleep. "Darlin'" he

bunchy garments. Evidently she did, for she held out her arms imploringly.

Then, as he gingerly untied the wee clothes, old Moat made a discovery. Pinned to her muslin petticoat was a folded paper.

"Lord, now! What in wonder's name be this?"

Unfolding it, he read a hurriedly scrawled page:—

"Dear father-in-law—Just a line to tell you as how my Kitty is ill, and I'm venturing to send the little un to you to mind for a bit. If Kitty should be took worse, praps you'll let the old quarrel stand over for a bit, and come and see her? If Kitty is took worse, I'll send you our address. You'll find some cakes along with the little 'un. Yours truly and oblige,

George Simson."

Slowly did the old man peruse the lines, and more slowly still did his brain absorb their meaning. A letter from George Simson—the miserable drunkard he had forbidden his girl to marry years ago! But—but Kitty was ill—Kitty, his own little girl, who'd been just such a baby as this one on the bed. Kitty; she was ill, and he'd been harsh to her, and turned her adrift, when she was so set on sticking to Simson! What was it he had said? As in a dream of the past he heard his own voice, harsh, almost brutal, speaking to his daughter:

"Never show your face inside my door again! Throw yourself away on a drunken bully if you like; but don't come here expecting me to own you as my kith and kin, and don't let him! These are my last words!"

And now she was ill, his poor little Kitty; no doubt worried into an early grave by a bullying brute of a husband,—for all he knew, she might be worse even now. And he felt he must see her before she went on the "journey of all days." He glanced again at the note. "If Kitty is took worse, I'll send our address—"

"And praps I'll let the old quarrel stand over for a bit, will I? I like his impertinence. 'I'm sendin' the little 'un to you to mind!' 'Ow dare 'e send 'is wretched brat—"

A mighty yawn disturbed his reflections, and a wee, soft hand stole into his big horny one.

"Tiz-z-z-z'n!" murmured his grandchild.

"Oh—ah, yes. You're hungry, ain't you? Wait just a little minute!"

Bustling down stairs, he found a squashed-looking paper bag containing sponge-cakes.

"Dear little soul! Did it leave its grub on the doorstep, then? My poor little Kitty;—why couldn't the brute 'ave sent me her address?" he wondered, as he hurried back with the precious food. "I'se a-comin'!" he added, in an encouraging shout, "I'se just a-comin'!"

Two or three days passed by—days of joy, tempered by the keenest anxiety. His Kitty was ill, maybe dying, and he did not know her address. In the moments when he was not occupied with the strenuous duties of looking after Kitty's baby, he would sit by the window, his head supported on his hand, and crave for news of the child he had disowned.

"My little gel!" his heart cried out in remorse, "I wants to come to you now, and ask you to forgive a cruel old man as is full of repentance . . ."

When the baby had made a complete conquest of his heart, so that he was no longer his own master, the message he longed for, yet dreaded, arrived. A telegram. He had never received such a thing before in all his life. His knees trembled beneath the shock, and fear clutched at his heartstrings as he tore open the envelope.

"Please come.—George Simson."

Old Moat sat down, covering his face with his hands. It had come, then, the long awaited message . . . She was dying.

How he ever managed to get on his hat, fetch the baby, keep hold of the flimsy telegram in order to find the right address, and stumble through street after street to get to it, he could never afterwards tell. Like one in a dream he found the right street, the right number, the right knocker. Then, still clutching the frightened child tightly, and holding the telegram as if his life depended on it, he was ushered into a sitting-room by a neat little maid.

In another moment a smiling woman rose to greet him . . . Kitty, grown from girlhood to . . . (Cont'd on page 73)



SOLAN GEESE IN THEIR ROCKY HOMES

The Bass Rock, in the Firth of Forth, Scotland, is one of the most celebrated breeding places of the Solan goose. The number of these geese that visit the Rock every year is somewhere about 20,000. On and around the rock the deafening noise of their harsh, cries fills the air, and on the rock itself the cliff face is whitened by their numbers as they sit on their nests. The birds are valuable for their down and flesh and oil, and young birds are killed in great numbers during the season by cliff-men, who are lowered by ropes down the precipitous cliffs to the ledges where the young sit. The young bird, soon after birth, becomes covered with a thick white down, resembling a powder puff. The Solan goose is a long-lived bird and takes about four years to come to maturity. When it has reached maturity the goose is about three feet long, and its general color is milk white, with the crown and back of the head pale yellow. The Solan goose arrives in the North of Europe in March and migrates southward at about the end of October. This interesting photograph shows the geese in their rocky homes.

"Now what in all that's wunnerful can you want?" he asked, "and who are you, when you're at 'ome?"

The baby made no direct response, and Moat drew back; this was very embarrassing.

"She don't seem to talk much," he reflected, "and she can't walk far . . ."

For awhile he watched her in silence, till with a restless sigh and a string of inarticulate words, she rubbed fat fists into her eyes. She stood up, toddled towards him, and held out her arms. Moat caught her to him, his old heart suddenly aglow. It didn't seem so many years ago since just such another "little gel" as this had clung to him, laying a

spoke the word loudly, and his charge restlessly stirred in her sleep. "So like my little Kitty . . ."

His rush of feeling was ill-timed, however, for the child awoke, scrambled to a sitting position, and gazed up at him,—her eyes deep and dark with sleep,—contemptuously sucking her thumb the while.

"Goozatiz-a-dig'n" she chuckled, mirthfully; and turned her attention to pulling off her shoes and socks, that the fat pink toes might be investigated. Then, throwing back her head and laughing, she tugged at her other clothes.

"Did she want to be undressed, then?" queried Moat, nervously eyeing the little

What Some Progressive Girls are Doing

By Edith G. Bayne

THE Chicagoans show you about and introduce you to startling innovations with a charming matter-of-factness. Take, for example, the great office-building where mere slips of girls are studying the Bertillon finger-print system. It is a wonderful place and yet it is but one of the many interesting things in the heart of the big city, you gather. They hurry you a bit when you would prefer to linger. Some of the graduates of this school are experts and are building up nationwide reputations, one woman in particular being in receipt of "big money" for both civil and criminal work. Many young women enrol yearly now, though not so long ago a girl student of this science was a rarity. The study itself is attractive to the feminine mind and then graduation opens up a wide field in various other kindred lines. A sharp, observant girl may become a real detective. A woman graduate may teach classes and train others if she doesn't care to do active detecting.

"We take them from the age of eighteen up," said one of the professors. "We prefer that they have a high-school education—in fact, we insist on this though we've accepted pupils from girls' schools who have not matriculated. The strictly necessary qualities are keenness of observation, mental alertness, a knowledge of human nature and sound judgment. Given these, all other things will be added unto them if the student has real talent."

We were taken to a large public garage where a class of girls from one of the private schools was learning all about cars. They made an interesting picture as they sat grouped about the demonstrator taking notes and asking questions. They wore blue overalls and in some cases sweaters where any particular dirty work was being done. As we arrived two of the pupils were engaged in taking a car apart and putting it together again. This implies a knowledge of parts that many a man would be hard put to to equal, but these girls were deft and sure-handed about it and in addition were getting some wholesome fun out of the experience. By a pulley system the chassis was raised or low-

ered and one girl jacked up the wheels while you counted sixty. A tire-changing lesson followed and after this one very clever little girl of about sixteen did a repairing job on a tire that called forth a great hand-clapping. We were told that next day the lesson was to be given over to spark-plugs and carburetors. Tire-changing and repairing was now child's play. Two of the girls were then out on a driving lesson with one of the chauffeurs and next day it would be the turn of two others. Motor mechanics, tire vulcanizing, putting on skid-chains, learning the street signals and the mitt-waving of the "traffic cop," avoiding bad corners and level-crossings, learning how to pull the car out of a mud-hole, the courtesies of the road, the fine art of steering properly—these comprised just a few of the branches studied. On graduating a girl received an accredited certificate permitting her to drive a car anywhere in the state.

Among the other "new" occupations of women of which we were told were a hotel and a magazine run entirely by the so-called weaker sex. At the hotel, which was a sort of glorified boarding-house, even the "bell-hops" were girls. No man was employed on the premises, the janitress being as good as any man, apparently, for she was a huge negress with arms like a blacksmith's. The magazine was not the usual type of woman's publication filled with cooking hints and home-dressmaking stunts and advice on how to keep your husband's love. It was—or rather is—an entirely up-to-date magazine presenting features which demonstrate woman's progress in business and the arts. All people employed were women.

We saw also a woman's employment agency, but this deserves an article all to itself. The business acumen of the American woman is amazing. To know it one must see her on her own stamping-ground. If one should venture an opinion as to her most outstanding quality it would seem to be this—that she has individual inventiveness of a high order; in short, that she has ideas and is not afraid of trying them out.

"Grand-dad"

By M. Price Evans

Cont'd from page 72

then?"

"Kitty!—you're—you're not ill?"

There were tears in her eyes as she bent her head, and answered:

"No, Dad, I'm not ill,—I'm—oh!" She flung her arms about them both, the white-haired old man, and the blue-eyed baby. "Kiss me, Father, and say you're pleased! Oh, say you're pleased . . ."

In a state of stupefaction he took the chair she motioned to. He relinquished the child to its mother, and mopped his forehead.

"I don't understand," he said, gazing around the little room with its spic-and-span furniture and spotless curtains; "I'm blest if I do!"

"Let me explain, Dad," said Kitty, putting her baby on his knee, and sinking down beside him. "Will you believe it when I tell you that George carried out the promise he made before we was married, that for my sake he would give up the drink. Do you remember? Well, he did, entirely. We went away for a year or two, and now he's got a good post, with good money, and he's just the best husband in this world—as I knew he would be!"

"Yes, but—why did 'e say as you were ill, Kitty?"

She laughed, and the rosy color deepened in her cheeks.

"Well, I wasn't first-rate the day George took Baby up. But really it was all a 'put-up' business. Oh, forgive me for deceiving you. You'd forbidden me to come to you, or to let George come;—but you never said our baby mustn't," she said triumphantly, "and I couldn't stand the separation any longer, Dad, and

womanhood, the very picture of rosy health. "Daddy!" she cried, breathlessly, "so she's brought you back to us, then?"

"Kitty!—you're—you're not ill?"

There were tears in her eyes as she bent her head, and answered:

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I did want you to see your grand-daughter . . . You—you do love her, don't you?"

He glanced at the gold curls pressed against his shoulder, at the glorious blue eyes, and the rosebud mouth.

"Love 'er!" he cried huskily. "I loves every blessed 'air on her darlin' 'ead!"

"I quite thought you would" murmured Kitty, happily.

Then a step sounded without, and the door was opened. George Simson, so vastly improved that the old man scarcely knew him, entered with hand outstretched.

"Father! So the kiddie has brought you back to us!"

"Yes," said Moat, "but why did you go and send me a telegraph sayin' as my Kitty was dyin'?"

"I didn't," laughed George; "I only said 'Please come,'—and you came! Forgive me for giving you such a shock, but it seemed the only way. Kit was so anxious, you see, and we knew you wouldn't be able to resist our little gel!"

As he spoke, the little girl stretched out her arms, with a casual word of greeting.

"Daddy's pet!" whispered the father, as he bent his rugged head to kiss her. "So you found your Grand-dad for mother, quite safely, didn't you?"

"Aenig-n!" she answered, turning promptly to go back to old Moat.

"Tiz-uh-uh-uh-uh!"

"That settles it," said Simson with a laugh, "she'll never let you go again now, Daddy!"

When a waist seems too dry to iron, go over it with a damp sponge, roll and leave for a few minutes, and then it may be ironed without trouble. Dampening with hot water hastens the process, as it penetrates more quickly than cold.

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HIS ANGEL OF INSPIRATION

BY S. JEAN WALKER

KEITH McFarlane was impatiently trying to arrange his extra supply of clothing in the very limited space in his room at the university. There was reason for his impatience. The long train ride had wearied him, and the day was exceptionally warm for October. It was one of those oppressively, unexpected days that remind us that summer is loath to depart. Just a remnant of mid August that makes one fidgety and nervous.

The little room seemed stifling to Keith, and closed in on his six feet of proportionate young manhood. The bed was littered with promiscuous articles of clothing, the floor likewise. He looked rather ruefully at the disordered array, then turned to the dresser with the evident intention of opening the top drawer. He gave it a quick pull, but it stuck. He jerked it impatiently and it came out entirely, and something from behind it fell to the floor.

"Nothing goes right to-day," he muttered crossly as he fitted the drawer back into its place. Then he stooped to see what had fallen and exclaimed in astonishment, "whew, what a beauty." It was a photograph that had evidently been stuck at the back of the drawer, for one corner was broken off, possibly by Keith's impatient jerk.

On the back of it he read, "With love from sister Helen." "Helen," he soliloquized, looking intently at the pictured face, "the name suits her. It is a beautiful face, but it is the index of a more beautiful soul, or I'm no judge of human nature. The eyes, I'm sure, are brown. There's a spirit of mischief in them, too. The dress is suitable, and not a theatrical display that some light weight girls adopt when having their photo taken, and then their best friends cannot reconcile such a caricature with the everyday person. She's no cheap girl, this, but the best of her kind. Well, sister Helen, I'll adopt you for the present and have you for my mascot. No, no—not that. I'll have you for my guardian angel. No, that sounds too much like a hymn book. You'll be my—my—angel of inspiration. That's original and suitable. I'll try hard to back you up. I'll put you on the dresser where I can look at you and maybe, sometimes, confess and—there's the dinner bell."

His last drowsy whisper as he went to sleep at a late hour was, "Good night, Helen."

The following evening some of the other students were in his room. "You are not afraid to let the public see your divinity," Jack Henderson chaffed, looking at the photo which was the only one on the dresser. "She's worth looking at, too," he continued, "you might introduce us."

"Read what is on the back, and it will be introduction enough," Keith said quietly, for he had concluded to make no explanation.

"Sister, eh? Invite us to visit you and introduce us to the reality."

"I wish I could," Keith replied, then added "but that is impossible." There was an element in his voice that precluded further remarks.

As the days passed in the rush of life at a Western university, the pictured face became a vital reality to Keith. His aspirations, his ideals, his faults and his struggles were all confided to this silent monitor. "It has been a good day, Helen. I have succeeded in my work," he would often tell her, or again, "I was in a horrid temper with that little cad, Morrison," or, "I talked silly stuff last night to that bit of a butterfly, Miss Lennox. She was dressed in the fashion of the day after tomorrow, with everything extremely, coquettishly, abominably sheer. I detest this style of dress on a woman. You have more sense than to dress like that, Helen," or again it would be, "Our side won the football game, to-day, aren't you glad?"

At times when worried over some duty neglected, he would contritely confess it all and ask, "What can a fellow do in such circumstances, anyway?" At this shrine he unloosed all the stops of his virile, young manhood, and in this holy unveiled sanctuary he was morally and spiritually at his best.

About a month after the term had opened Jack Henderson asked him if he

had met John Maxwell, one of the theological students. On being told that he had not Jack asked permission to bring him to Keith's room the following evening.

The photo was now in a silver frame that was exquisite in its beautiful simplicity. It was a suitable setting for the face within.

After Maxwell had been introduced to Keith he looked casually around the room. When his glance fell on the photo he gave a perceptible start, but made no comment and quietly continued the conversation.

When they rose to leave Maxwell's eyes sought the photo with such an intent look that Henderson laughingly said: "Maxwell, you seemed lost in admiration of MacFarlane's sister."

"Sister?" Maxwell echoed. "May I look at it, MacFarlane?"

"Certainly," Keith replied courteously, but he was already jealous of Maxwell's admiration.

"What is her first name?" Maxwell asked, looking at the photo that he had taken in his hand.

"Helen," Keith answered rather stiffly. "Helen MacFarlane," Henderson volunteered, "a lovely combination."

The words "Helen MacFarlane" echoed through Keith's heart and vibrated to the farthest recesses of his soul.

Maxwell placed the picture back in its place and abruptly left the room. A few days later, however, he invited Keith to his room to meet some of the other theological students, and afterwards he made many opportunities of being in Keith's company, so much so that Henderson jealously teased Keith, calling Maxwell his ministerial mentor, and that no doubt he was winning his favor for the sake of sister Helen with whose picture he had openly fallen in love with at first sight.

"Maxwell is a fine fellow," Keith confided to the photo, "but somehow I am not sure of him. I feel as though he holds the trump card and in some unknown game will beat me. I don't like the way he looks at you. He does not love you, surely, for he showed me the picture of the woman he intends to marry as soon as he is ordained. If he had ever met you I think he would tell me. Bother suspicions, Helen, I'm losing too much sleep these nights to see things in their proper perspective, but I'll put you in the drawer just the same."

At a closely contested game of football a few days later, Maxwell and Keith were strong opponents. Maxwell was on the winning side and as Keith and he walked back to their rooms together the former said, "that was a clean game. By the way, MacFarlane, I have never heard you say an unclean word even when your temper gets hot sometimes over defeat. I like it in you."

"Unclean," Keith repeated in surprise, "well, I rather think not, Helen wouldn't—" He stopped short and his face flushed with confusion. He almost opened the door of his manhood's sanctuary and allowed a glimpse of his inspiring angel to be seen.

"Oh, your sister," Maxwell finished, "She must have a wonderful and helpful influence over you."

"She has," was the laconic answer, but his voice was infinitely tender. Then he immediately changed the conversation to the points of merit and demerit of the game.

A couple of weeks before Christmas, they met unexpectedly in a bookstore. "Hunting for gifts?" Maxwell asked.

"I'm hunting a book for Dad," Keith told him. "I've got mother's present."

"And your sister's?" came the query. "Sister's?" Keith questioned absently. Then as remembrance woke him he said confusedly, "Oh, Helen will get her share of good gifts."

As they walked down the street together Maxwell said, "Come with me to the jeweller's. I have been extravagant and ordered three pieces of jewellery. Two are for my sisters."

"I can easily guess the destination of the other piece," Keith said with a laugh, "you will be quite a connoisseur in jewellery while I have never given any woman, except mother, a gift of this kind."

"Then there is no particular woman in your life?" Maxwell hazarded.

"No," Keith answered emphatically,

"none but mother and—and—sister Helen. 'Have you never given your sister ornaments, then? Most girls like jewellery.'"

"Helen doesn't need them. She's beautiful enough without them and no jewel is as pure as her soul," Keith answered, for somehow she was becoming very real to him.

"Rather extravagant praise for a brother," Maxwell remarked drily. Then he asked, "are you going home for Christmas?"

"No," Keith replied rather moodily, "father and mother have gone to California for the winter, so our home is closed up."

"And your sister?" Maxwell questioned.

"She is not with them," was the crisp answer, in a tone so terse that Maxwell's curiosity answered itself with a smile as he looked away from his companion. After a few moments of silence he continued.

"Mother has given me permission to bring a friend home for Christmas, so now I invite you. We live about fifty miles from here."

"I'll be delighted to go," Keith answered quickly with all the moodiness vanished.

"We always have a jolly time when we are all at home," Maxwell told him.

"Father and mother are pretty fine specimens of parents, I'm proud of them. We are all very fond of one another as a family. Donald who is older than I am, will not be home. He is taking a post-graduate course at Columbia University. My two sisters will be home from College. I want you to meet them."

"Yes," Keith replied in such an absent tone that Maxwell looked at him furtively.

Keith was really regretting that Maxwell's sisters would be at home, for young girls often claimed so much of a fellow's attention he thought.

They arrived at the Maxwell home late on the afternoon before Christmas. The father, who was a minister, was a tall, fine-looking man. The impress of his spirituality and grand personality seemed to show in his splendid dark eyes and, somehow, looking at him, Keith had the intangible feeling of having met him before, and yet he knew that he had not. The mother was like a beautiful Madonna, with motherhood vibrating in her voice, and glowing in her dark-blue eyes. There was welcome everywhere. The home atmosphere surrounded one, and Keith felt it so. The mother explained that the girls were at church assisting in the Christmas decorations.

"Your friend is a fine looking man," Mrs. Maxwell confided to her son after Keith had been shown to his room and the mother had a talk with her big son.

"I have found him a clean souled, generous, upright fellow," he told her, but there is one test I have to put to him, and if he passes it successfully, I feel that we will be life-long friends."

"Don't be too hard, John," she chided gently. "In following justice it is well to take love along."

Soon Keith, in his cosy room, heard girlish voices welcoming Maxwell, so he knew the sisters had returned from church.

When dinner was ready, Maxwell came to conduct him to the dining-room, but he left the introductions to his mother. The room seemed to whirl around Keith as he turned to acknowledge the introductions, for he looked straight into the dark eyes of "sister Helen." A wave of scarlet surged over his face as he looked at Maxwell and saw his gaze fixed intently upon him. He pulled himself together with a strong effort, for this was not the place for explanations. Although his mind was in a most chaotic state he forced himself to be agreeable.

When he dared he looked at Helen. He saw that she was a finer looking woman than even his imagination had painted her.

The evening was spent in bright conversation, mirth and music. Helen and Keith sang several songs together. She showed him some of her water color sketches, and other things of interest, and tried to be agreeable to her brother's friend. She was calmly unconscious that the friend's heart was beating riotously, and that her brother was watching them suspiciously.

When bed-time came Keith and Maxwell

went upstairs together. At the top Keith said shortly, "Come to my room for a few minutes."

When they went in Keith closed the door and in a reproachful voice that explained the angry glint in his eyes he asked, "Why did you invite me here?"

"Because," Maxwell answered without any circumlocution, "I liked you, and because I wanted to find out how your sister Helen and my sister Helen were duplicates. I did not like it that Helen knew you well enough to give you her photo and keep the knowledge of your acquaintance from her people. It was totally unlike her. Then if you were lovers why did you disguise the fact under the term sister? I wrote to her about knowing you and she answered in quite an indifferent way about my 'new friend'. I couldn't understand it. I didn't want to force the secret from either of you. You accepted my invitation so gladly that I felt it was because you were going to meet her. I knew that an explanation would have to be made, and in her own home was the most suitable place for it. Now what does it all mean?"

"I never saw your sister until to-night," Keith said in a low voice, "but her photo has been my inspiration. It has given me higher ideals, holier desires, and new meanings and possibilities of life. I cannot tell you all your sister's picture meant to me as man to woman. I have no sister, but I love your sister. Of course you are still wondering where I got her photograph. It was stuck behind the drawer of my dresser. I jerked the drawer out and the picture came with it. That's all I know. Perhaps you can supply the connection."

They had been standing facing each other. Maxwell said in a relieved way, "let us sit down, MacFarlane. I have been terribly bothered about this thing. I never thought of any explanation so simple. My brother, Donald, must have had your room last year. He had the same photo of her I know. He is very absent-minded and would never miss it. I am glad it is all ended and left me my faith in my sister and my friend."

"Ended?" Keith questioned with an unsteady laugh. "It's only beginning for me. Will you keep this all a secret until I give you permission to reveal it?"

"Being in love myself makes me sympathetic," Maxwell returned heartily. "I'll disclose nothing. You have my blessing if you can win the best sister that it is possible for a fellow to have. Let's go to bed."

The next morning Maxwell whispered to his mother, "He stood the test. Sometime I may tell you about it. He's as good as you think him, mother."

It was not until the following Easter when Keith was visiting the Maxwell home for the fourth time that he told Helen the story of her photograph, ending with, "I called you my 'Angel of Inspiration'. Will you be that in reality, Helen?"

"It is a beautiful name," she whispered. "I hope I may be always worthy of it to you, Keith."

The Way of a Woman's Heart

By S. Jean Walker

Cont'd from page 70

was fairly lifted off her feet by Jack's vigorous hugs. Her eyes filled with glad tears as she heard his low-breathed "my own darling little mother."

"Will you welcome me, Jack?" a timid voice asked behind him.

He turned quickly and gasped in consternation at this unexpected joy. "Madge—you here too! This is heaven!" Then, regardless of father, mother, and all other onlookers, she had her welcome. On Christmas morning, Jack's father married them in the presence of a few of his friends.

Sitting alone that evening in Jack's den he asked, "What made you decide to come to me, Madge. I have not had time to ask you before, but I have wondered why."

"Just the way of a woman's heart, my husband," she whispered.

There was neither reason nor logic in her answer, but it satisfied him.

Sunday Reading

At Dawn on Galilee

The seven went into the night
Upon the quiet sea;
But empty was the sagging net,
And thoughts were there they'd fain forget
At dawn on Galilee.

Alone he came across the hills
Unto the quiet sea,
And, pitying, watched them from the shore
Then called to them the waters o'er.
At dawn on Galilee.

But they who toiled, they knew Him not
Beside the quiet sea,
As on the right the net they threw
And in the draught of fishes drew,
At dawn on Galilee.

Ah, then it was they knew their Lord
Beside the quiet sea,
'Twas John, the loved, the Master spied;
And night, despair and sorrow died
At dawn on Galilee. ■

—William O. Rencher.

THE NAME JESUS

A day shall come when Christ's name shall stand in the universe as the suggestion of all that is most beautiful, most lovely, most admirable, strong, intelligent, and effective in executive-ness, of whatever thought, and whatever quality, and whatever sentiment we have kindled in us which is connected with any special name in its lower forms. We shall come to a day when we shall find that in that one Name we rise above all others, and that it comprehends in itself that which on earth has been distributed through ten thousand minor names, each carrying some separate quality, some single affection or disposition, or some department of qualities of affections. There shall be a name so large, so full, that it shall include in it the sum of all development during the whole period of time. It is indeed a name above every name. In the evolution of time the experiences of mankind are growing more and more into association with that name. The best things which for the last two thousand years have taken place, have gathered themselves around about that name. Bad as has been the handling of religion; base as has been much of the history of the church that undertook to minister religion; corrupt as have been many of the hierarchs; recreant as have been many of the men who have enlisted under the banner of Christ; dark, cruel, bloody, hideous, infernal, as have been many of the suggestions, and the associations, and the experiences of the Christian church, such was the power of Christ, the beauty of Christ, that His name has risen above them all. And the best, the sweetest, the purest, the noblest things, the things best worth living for or dying for, are still associated with the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. In spite of His mistresses, in spite of His churches, in spite of all the malignity that has been manifested under the cloak of that name, its innate quality and power and its fruit have been such that it has come down to us, after all, full of the sweetest suggestions of the most transcendently beautiful things.

In the last great vision—the final and enduring one—of Christ, the intellectual treasures with which the universe will then be acquainted with centre toward Him, so that His name will stand in connection with all that we on earth call philosophy; with all the treasures of knowing, among men; with all the bounties of combination in the human intellect. As Raphael's history connects him with the most exquisite things in art; as Caesar's name connects him with the most efficient things in military life; as Michael Angelo's skill with the chisel connects him with the noblest conceptions which man has formed of statuary; as many a thinker is connected, by reason of his relations and investigations in the sphere of philosophy and thought, with the brightest achievements of human genius; so, when we behold at last the full personalities of the Lord Jesus Christ, He will be one of such moral relations, and His history will be found to have so associated itself with everything that is most resplendent in intellectual thought, and research,

and execution, and combination, and creative force, that that which is the noblest and the most transcendent in truth, honor, in sublime faith, in self-denial, in meekness, in humility, will be embraced therein, and that His name will be verily a name above every name.

If we say meekness, we think of that person who is the meekest; if we say moral courage, it suggests to our minds one who is characterized by that quality; if we say disinterested love, we are reminded of another who has boundless philanthropy; and if we say philosophy, it is still another that we think of. There is no one person on earth who is big enough to carry all these guns. Most men are like gunboats, carrying one heavy gun which swings round and round, and with which they do most of their fighting, the rest being done with small arms. Often great men are great in single or but few directions. None are completely rounded out in their manhood. But when we come to see the one man who is above every other man—the great typical man, who represents the race—He will be shown to have so touched human life and human experience on every conceivable side, that His name will suggest that which we look for now distributively among all men.

So all the qualities which are suggested to us here by the affections—as tenderness, and gentleness, and patience, and sweetness, and the beauty and rapture of love—will be found so centered in Jesus, that in the last revelation of Himself, when we go where He is, and see Him as He is, they will stand in His name. His name will shake down associations of these things upon our heads with the sweetest perfume. When we shall see Him as He is then, whatever we have thought of distributively on earth as noble, as pure, as true, as sweet, as grand, as inconceivable in perfection, but dimly foreshadowed; whatever we have thought of as courage, as skill, as justice; whatever we have thought of as grand in poetry, in art, and in eloquence; whatever in sovereignty; whatever in taste or in beauty; whatever we have thought of as admirable in rulers or in subjects; whatever has called forth our admiration in men or in women, in grown persons or in children; whatever we have thought of as beautiful in picture or statue; whatever we have thought of as heroic on the field or on the road; whatever we have thought of as glorious in aspiration and achievement—when we shall see Him as He is, then these things, distributed through the race, and seen but as sprouting germs, we shall track back to Him, the fountain and sum of them all.

Better Begin Now

By the Rev. Alexander MacLaren, D.D.

Have you ever estimated, are you now estimating rightly what it is that you have to fight for? To make yourselves pure, wise, strong, self-governing, Christ-like men, such as God would have you to be? That is not a small thing for a man to set himself to do. You may go into the struggle for lower purposes, for bread and cheese, or wealth, or fame, or love, or the like, with a comparatively light heart; but if there once has dawned upon a young soul the whole majestic sweep of possibilities in each human life, then the battle assumes an aspect of solemnity and greatness that silences all boasting. Have you considered what it is that you have to fight for? Have you considered the forces that are arrayed against you?

"What act is, all its thought had been?" Hand and brain are never paired. There is always a gap between the conception and its realization. The painter stands before his canvas; and, while others may see beauty in it, he only sees what a fragment of the radiant vision that floated before his eye his hand has been able to preserve. The author looks on his book, and thinks what a poor, wretched transcript of the thoughts that inspired his pen it is. There is ever this same disproportion between the conception and the accomplishment. Therefore, all we old people feel, more or less, that our lives have been failures. We set out as you do, thinking that we were going to build a tower whose top should reach to heaven, and we are contented if at the last we have scrambled together some little

wooden shanty in which we can live. So you had better begin now, and not go into the fight boasting, or you will come out of it conscious of being beaten.

The Paradise of Artists

The death of William M. Chase brings to mind a story that that artist used to tell in the course of a lecture on Japan:

"I was standing on a railway platform in Japan, waiting for a train, and while away my time by watching a particularly beautiful sunset.

"Suddenly a freight train pulled in and, stopping in front of me, cut off my view. Being a good American, and trained in a very proper respect for 'business,' I merely turned philosophically away and proceeded to look at something else. In a moment, however, the station master appeared at my side and inquired with the politest of bows if I had been enjoying the sunset.

"I admitted that I had, and smilingly accepted his apology for the intrusion of the train. Of course, I recognized that trains were the first consideration in stations, I said.

"Imagine my surprise, then, when the little Japanese shook his head firmly. 'But no,' he said, bowing even more deeply than before, 'the train must not be allowed to obstruct the honorable artistic traveler's honorable aesthetic enjoyment'—or words to that effect. 'I will cause it to withdraw.'

"And he actually did precisely that!"

Improving the Sermon

In the puritanic phrase of olden times, the application of the text was called the improvement of the sermon. We are reminded of this early usage by reading a curious incident in the life of John Horden, the first Bishop of the Canadian Northwest. The good bishop's diocese was of imperial extent, and his parish stations were hundreds of miles apart. He was on one of his parochial visitations when the following occurred.

It was soon after his return as bishop that a curious interruption stopped for a moment one of his services. He had been up the bay, when, during the journey, he saw a body of Indians in the distance. As usual, he at once arranged a service for them. A good many young people were present, to whom the bishop spoke.

Suddenly there was a stir among the hearers, and cries were raised.

The bishop stopped for a moment in astonishment; but then their voices told him the cause of the tumult. The mothers were making the most of his advice.

"Do you hear?" they cried to their daughters. "Isn't this what we are always telling you?"

Then the daughters were hauled to the front, while the mothers shouted, "Come here, that he may see you! Let him see how ashamed you look, you disobedient children!"

The interlude over, the sermon went on to a happy end.



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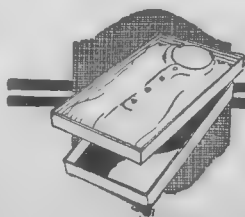
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Rummaging through my files for some inspiration for a Christmas page I came across a little Christmas story published some years ago in a paper which I fancy was read by few of my 50 Years Home Monthly, and a paper now long out of print. I am asking the "editor man" to give this story to readers of the "Quiet Hour," as I feel that it is more truly Christmas in spirit than anything which could be written at the moment:

The Story

It was a big farm-house built of logs with a more pretentious dwelling of lumber erected in front of it. The location was at the top of a very high hill in northern Ontario—in fact, the highest gradual rise in the whole of that great province. The new section of the house was admirable to sleep in, and the sitting-room was an excellent place in which to entertain company; but, to the children, home meant the great living-room, which had originally been kitchen and bedrooms to the farm house, but when the new section was built had all been thrown into one, giving a room thirty feet long by twenty wide. In one end of this room was a huge stone fireplace with a big flagged hearth. On the left was a closed-in staircase going to the chamber above, with a wood closet below; on the right an immense built-in cupboard, the top shelves devoted to the best china, and the bottom shelves to the choicest of preserves the cake boxes and cookie jar.

A high oak mantel adorned the fireplace, and at the far end of the room, opposite the fireplace, was a window, shaded in summer by a fragrant currant. Near this window, to supplement the heat from the fire on the hearth, was a large box-stove. Both the box-stove and the fireplace could accommodate cordwood sticks uncut.

Along one wall was a home-made lounge, covered in part by the tanned skin of a Newfoundland dog, a household pet who had come to an untimely end. The walls of the room were whitewashed, and the beams which ran across were whitewashed also; while the board ceiling, for some reason or other, had been left untouched, and the oak, through years, had turned a rich dark brown.

It was very early, Christmas morning, 1870, and from the high mantel shelf hung suspended three stockings, bulging in many grotesque shapes, while on the hearth, safely out of range from possible sparks from the banked fire, were sundry square packages. From the doorway leading to the new part of the house came three little figures, all in nighties of scarlet flannel. The oldest boy climbs on a chair and cautiously lowers the stockings. It is a point of honor to take them back to bed to be opened. There is a grand rush, for the air is cold, in spite of banked fires, which do not shed a generous warmth like the modern furnace. Once safely back under the covers, there are suppressed shrieks, not to awaken the "grown-ups." The grown-ups, by the way, have been awake for an hour, but wisely refrain from interference.

The modern child would look with contempt on the gifts in those stockings. Not so the three in the scarlet nighties. The girl, the youngest of the trio, had a wonderful doll with a pink crochet saque. There was an orange in the toe of every stocking. One boy had a knife and the other a drawing slate. There were gingerbread men and horses and dogs, hazelnuts and buttermilk gathered from the woods, and "pig toes" from the "store." Squares of delicious maple candy, home-made, and, crowning glory of all, red and white striped peppermint walking canes.

As daylight grew the glories of the stockings had been exhausted, and as

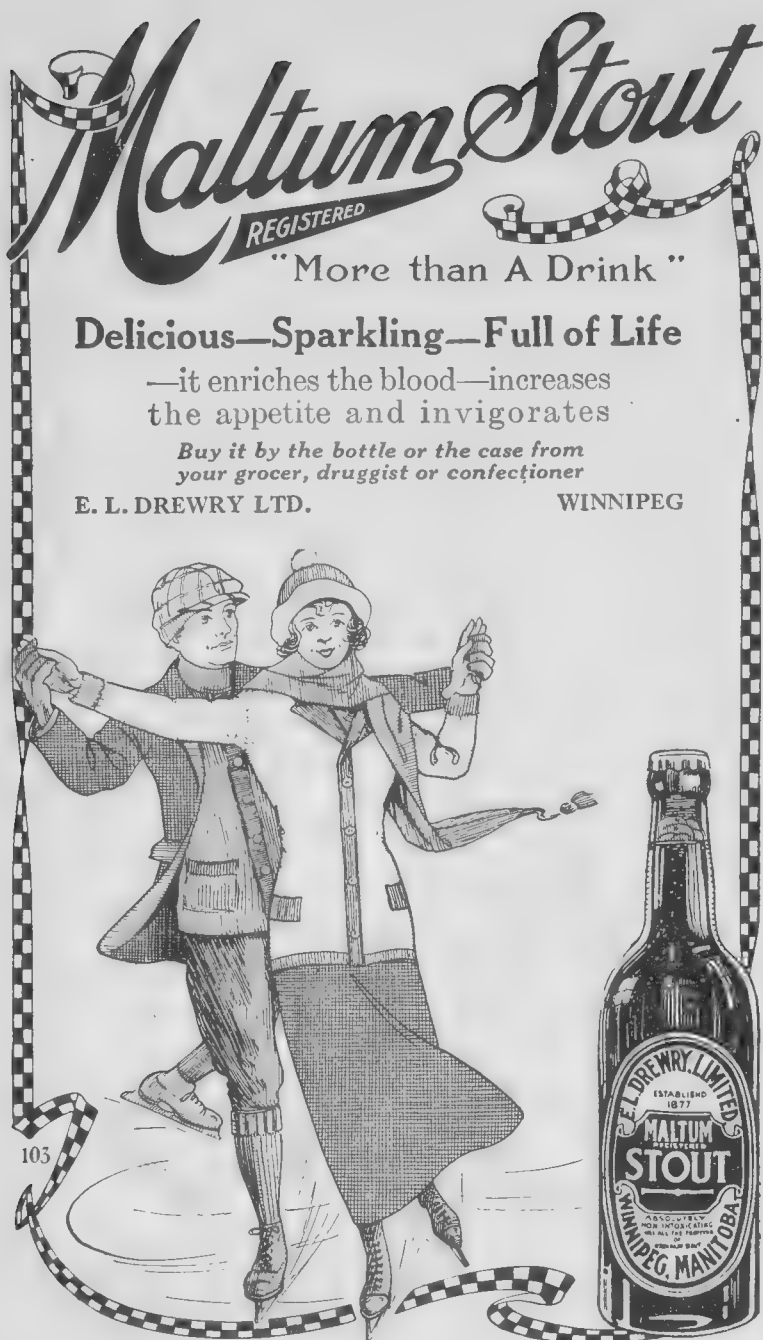
a special treat the children were allowed to carry their garments down and dress in front of the big fire which now roared and blazed many feet up the chimney. Christmas breakfast had one distinguishing feature, there was no mush; this was to mark it off from other days, not but what mush and molasses were good, but Christmas ought to be different; so there was home-made sausage and Johnny cake, and other indigestible things not allowed upon ordinary days. Breakfast over, there were certain small duties which each child had to perform; the boys did chores in the stables, as all the stock must have an extra ration Christmas morning; then they started with grandfather for a walk in the Christmas woods. The sparkle of the sun on the snow, the winding wood trails with deep snow on each side, patterned with the tracks of foxes, partridge and squirrels, the wonderful stories which grandfather told about bears and wolves in the early days, the learning of the north side of the trees by looking at the moss, and a score of other things passed the morning quickly.

Dinner was at half-past twelve. The meal was set in the big living room between the open fireplace and the box stove. The spaces between the beam across the ceiling had been filled with fragrant spruce and cedar boughs. The chimney and mantel-piece were wreathed with the same, and from among the green glimmered the brass of candlesticks and snuffer trays, and on one wall a warming pan, brought from England, its face shining like a sun and its long handle wreathed from bottom to top with ground cedar, loveliest of all Christmas decorations. The centre-piece of the table was a big glass dish, standing high, and filled with oranges and nuts, around its base was a wreath of cedar, sprinkled with scarlet pigeon berries.

What a Christmas dinner! The menu started with oyster soup, considered a great luxury by the "grown-ups" in that remote district, and, therefore, to be eaten with a great show of relish by the children, whether they liked it or not, because it was the proper thing. There was no question about the home raised turkey, with its string of sausages, the potatoes, turnips, celery or the dozen other things that went with a real old-time Christmas dinner. Last of all came the splendid plum pudding, in a dish of famous willow pattern, brought out to Philadelphia in 1832, and then across the Alleghany Mountains in wagons to "muddy York"—a travelled dish, and one that could a tale unfold, a noble dish, upholding a noble pudding, the English holly replaced by the Canadian cedar and scarlet pigeon berries, the whole in a blue blaze of spirit.

It was nearly two o'clock by the time the last item of dinner was disposed of. Grandfather suggests that a little coasting and a game of shinny would be an excellent means of shaking down the dinner and avoiding future evil consequences. This suggestion is hailed with great delight, especially as it will give an opportunity to exchange views with the neighbor's children, who, on holidays, are permitted to coast on "our hill." And what a glorious hill it was! A full mile! First, a steep descent, then a more gradual half-circle round a little valley, then another descent and across a road; down yet another hill and across a millpond. An hour of coasting on that hill would have disposed of the evil effects of any dinner that could have been eaten, while the rush and scramble of "shinny on your own side" left ample room for the evening meal.

As the wonderful day closed in, the three children, fully satisfied that their Christmas stockings and Christmas dinner had been equal to, if not better than, those of their little neighbors, tripped back to the house. The next order of business was to sit on the lounge in the living room and look



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BY ORDER OF THE CANADIAN WHEAT BOARD.

JAMES STEWART,
Chairman

H. TOOLEY,
Secretary

Winnipeg, Man.
November 29th, 1920

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Cont'd from page 76

at the books, the gift of that famous old Canadian publisher, Adam Miller. There was the British Workman, the British Workwoman, the Band of Hope, and, best of all, the Children's Friend. Then came tea, a lighter meal than dinner certainly, but with enough mince pie to have destroyed the digestion of any being's but children habitually fed plainly and living much in the open air. The Christmas tree came after tea, so the children willingly help to clear away. Then across the passage between the old and the new houses the procession went, first grandfather, leaning on his oak stick, then the aunties, who supply the place of father and mother to the three children, and, lastly, the three children and the dog, Ino, a fine collie, always a part of every festive occasion.

The tree in the corner of the sitting room is ablaze with wax candles and gaily decorated with strings of nuts, bright ribbons, tinsel, and all the glories that go to make a proper Christmas tree. There are a few simple gifts. Here are the gifts which the children

have made for the grown-ups—very amateur, very crude, but received as if they were masterpieces. There is still one item left on the Christmas programme. The charms of the Christmas tree have been exhausted; the candles have been put out; and the procession reforms and goes back once more to the glorious fire on the hearth. The big table has been rolled back and a little oaken stand placed in front of the fire, and on it is placed a big bronze lamp with a cut-glass shade. This, too, is a relic of old England. The oldest boy brings the reader's chair. Grandfather slips into his big oak arm-chair on the right of the fire. The older auntie sits on the left. The three children, full to repletion, lie upon a tanned deerskin on the hearth. The younger auntie sits besides the lamp and reads aloud Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol." It is late when it is finished—late, that is, for the children, but, as grandfather bids them each good-night, he repeats the phrase of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

A Sequel to That Christmas Night —
Not Learned Until Long Afterwards

The night had grown stormy and

very cold. The driver of a stage which ran daily between two points in that hilly country had been bewildered by the storm, and had lost his way, and it was long past his usual time of arrival. He had on board a passenger who was anxious to reach the deathbed of her father. His horses almost refused to face the storm, when suddenly, having urged them up a hill, he saw, far in the distance, a glow of light. It was the glow of the window of the big living room. Grandfather always insisted that the blind of that window be raised, and the tree which shaded it in summer was fastened back in winter, so that the light from lamp and fire blazed out across the snow. The man who saw it was twelve miles away, but he knew whence it came, found his bearings, landed his passenger, and finally got to his own home, to eat a belated Christmas dinner, safe and warm in his own log cabin.

May the children and the "grown-ups" of the Great Lakes know as glad and good a Christmas as came to the three children in the red nighties, 50 years ago in old Ontario.

The best way to make sure of your job is to stop feeling sure of it.

The train stopped in a prohibition town. A man thrust his head out of the window and excitedly called out: "A woman has fainted in here; has anyone any whisky?"

"An elderly-looking man put his hand in his hip pocket and reluctantly drew forth a bottle half full and handed it to the man at the open window. To the astonishment of all, the man put the bottle to his lips and drained the contents. As the train began to move, he called back to the bewildered onlookers:

"It always did make me nervous to see a woman faint." — Everybody's Magazine.

Officer (as company is temporarily about to vacate trench which has been reported mined): "You two will remain here; and if there is an explosion you will blow a whistle. You understand?"

Private.—"Yes, sorr! Will we blow it going up or coming down, sorr?"—London Opinion.

"Isn't the horse a peculiar animal?"

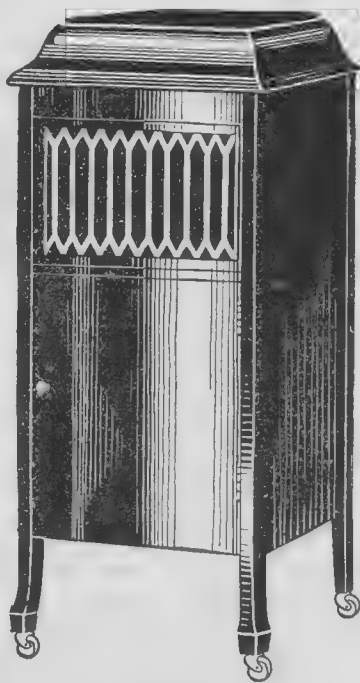
"In what way?"

"Why, he can always eat best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth."

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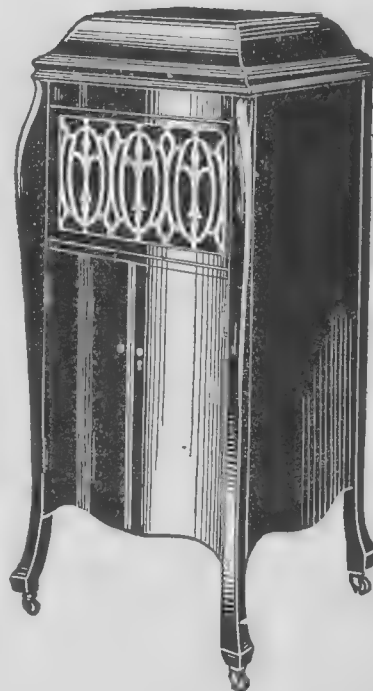
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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF WOMANHOOD

Christmas season is the harvest time when the wealth of character's virtues is gathered and distributed for humanity's good.

The very word "treasure" has a fascinating lure. Treasure—that which is very much valued. A treasury is a storehouse for valuables. There are treasures that can be destroyed and treasures that last forever. The first are material the second spiritual. Christmas is the season for taking inventory of spiritual treasures and, of course, this directs the distribution of both spiritual and material treasures. First let us determine the kind of treasure we most desire: "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things; and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things."

The most valuable treasure in the world is Christly wisdom, for, "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Out of this wisdom comes the love that blesses constructively the humanity of the world. History reveals a golden treasury of womanhood that has blessed civilization for all time, with lives reflecting visions of the Christ whose birth we celebrate this month.

There are our women of the Bible, who were intensely human. Have we allowed length of time to blind our understanding of their real value to womanhood?

Woman's everyday life made Ruth see God. Ruth in turn sweetened the atmosphere of Bethlehem. She is the type that draws humanity to her—not by her beauty—but by her qualities of unselfish devotion, of honest service, of womanly dignity and modesty. Amiable, courteous, unassuming, she illustrates how a religious woman may carry the spirit of Christianity into the conduct of daily life. No literature contains a lovelier picture of womanhood in its various aspects than the story of Ruth—and she was influenced by the love of a mother-in-law. Deborah, a stateswoman and probably the greatest recruiting officer of all time, strengthened the history of Israel. She was a teacher, leader and patriot. She exercised a most decisive influence. In a condition of hopeless oppression and social disorganization she had the courage and power to organize a successful national resistance. Women of sincere patriotic spirit do see visions.

Deborah had acquired a sovereign position by virtue of qualities which her people recognized as the inspiration of God. "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Deborah's voice and manner were charged with the invisible Presence. Such courage was derived from a lofty faith in God and a burning indignation against wrong. This woman patriot gave her country rest for forty years.

Abigail, that savingly attractive woman led David on to heroic action through her power of spiritual wisdom and mental ability. Her pleas are among the most eloquent in history. Every true woman like Abigail has insight which is prophetic and poetic. These are the women who are teachers of men by their appeal to the nobler side of their natures.

Only a healthy mind is able to admire and the Queen of Sheba was a woman of this type. In her search for wisdom she created a popular desire for learning.

Every person we admire enlarges our soul and as we add to our learning the beauty in everything of admirable qualities about us our soul expands. The more we admire the larger are we.

The Shulamite maiden hallowed the king's court by her example of pure, Christly love; and a little captive maid converted a heathen people to the knowledge of God. From those times on up to the present, women of faith and prayer and determination have cleansed

and influenced the atmosphere of history, for purity and patriotism are synonymous.

The golden treasury of womanhood has contributed to every period of history. Every great movement has had its heroines.

"I am Joan the Maid, sent by God to save France," pleaded the girl with the vision, as she begged the king for troops that she might go and raise the siege of Orleans. "In God's name let us go," she urged. "I shall have hard work, but my Lord will help me."

"You require an army," said one, "saying it is God's will. If that be so there is no need for men-at-arms, because God can drive them away by His pleasure."

"The men-at-arms shall fight," she answered, "and God shall give the victory."

"Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

Another gem from the treasury was Lady Jane Grey, of whom Tennyson wrote:

"Seventeen, and knew eight languages, in music, Peerless, her needle perfect, and her learning, Beyond the churchmen: yet so meek, so modest,

So wife-like humble to the trivial boy, Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard

She would not take a last farewell of him;

She feared it might unman him for his end.

She could not be unmanned—no, nor outwoman'd.

Seventeen—a rose of grace!"

One time Princess Mary presented her with a magnificent robe, which she desired her to wear.

"Nay," replied the girl (Lady Jane Grey), "that were a shame, to follow my Lady Mary, who leaveth God's word, and leave my Lady Elizabeth, who followeth God's word." With serene dignity and true courage she left her impress on the pages of history.

When Madame Roland was a girl in her early teens, she had to take charge of the home duties as her mother was dead. Her father became very unkind and neglectful and her days were clouded with worried anxiety. It was then she found comfort in her love of good reading. She learned beautiful passages and enlarged suggested thoughts until she forgot her griefs. She trained herself in those virtues that create courage and when the great crises in her life came she had the strength to meet them. During the French Revolution, when some commissioners called at her cell, hoping to get the secret of her husband's retreat from her, she looked them calmly in the face and said: "Gentlemen, I know perfectly well where my husband is. I scorn to tell you a lie. I know, also, my own strength. And I assure you that there is no earthly power which can induce me to betray him."

Among the heroines of history we proudly add Susanna Wesley, whose life was so full of strength and song that through her sons the message of Christianity will touch the hearts of men and women for all time.

Turn over the pages of hymn books and you will find Samuel Wesley's songs in the part under the heading of "Songs of Praise." We inherit from her life, which found expression through her sons, a wealth of joy and gratitude for the blessing of Christianity. She recognized the need of the touch of Divine guidance in rearing her splendid sons.

Then Fanny Crosby, whose blindness brought her so near the Divine Presence that she continually breathed out to the world in beauty of verse, created melody and harmony for all time. Listen to one of her songs—then look through your hymn books and you will be surprised at the number from her beautiful mind:

"Thou, my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.
Not for ease or worldly pleasure,

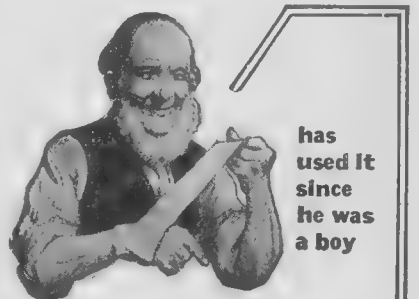
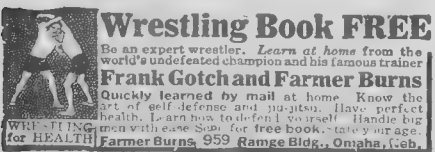
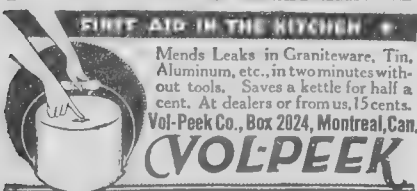


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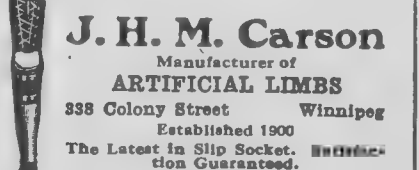
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Nor for fame my pray'r shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee."

Fanny Crosby's physical eyes may have been blind, but she gave to the world spiritual vision.

Why do thousands, year after year, visit the home of Harriet Martineau in the English lake district? Because she was in many respects the most helpful and capable woman of her century. She was the sixth child in a family where there seemed to be time for everything but love. Harriet was starved for kindness and as she was plain and sickly she felt nobody loved her. The whole world needs encouragement—that was part of the mission of the Christ child. In one of her own books Harriet Martineau says: "The happier a child is the cleverer he will be. This is not only because in a state of happiness the mind is free, and at liberty for the exercise of its faculties instead of spending its thoughts and energy in brooding over troubles, but also because the action of the brain is stronger when happy; the ideas are more clear, impressions of outward objects more vivid, and the memory will not let them slip." Harriet Martineau as an author stimulated all classes. Wendell Phillips said of her: "Her influence on the progress of the age was more than equal to all the other women combined in an age fertile of great genius among women. Her brave soul stood up, one among a thousand, but one with God makes a majority." This was Harriet Martineau, another gem in the golden treasury of womanhood.

Can a woman travel 15,000 miles visiting and working in two hundred villages without blessing bountifully a nation? Such was Lady Somerset's record in Great Britain for the cause for temperance.

Sarah Robinson, when told by her surgeon that she could never be strong or well, and must never marry determined to be of use to her community and she started the Soldiers' Institutes in England.

The noble work of noble women has saturated the atmosphere of all ages with progressive ideas, and the impressionable years of girlhood are enriched by a knowledge of the lives of these women. Can we leave out of the golden treasury of womanhood the woman who started the chain of rescue homes that has sheltered thousands of girls in many countries, Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the wife of the great Salvation Army leader? Mrs. Booth has coined this expression for girls: "Do not make pleasure your god. Make God your pleasure."

The golden treasury of womanhood has been greatly enriched during the years of the war. Think of that young British woman, Col. Kathleen Burke, winner of a dozen of the most coveted military decorations of the principal Allied Powers, the first of her sex to enter Verdun during the siege, and Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Cambrai and Douai. Wounded at Verdun, gassed at Valenciennes and crossed the Atlantic sixteen times during the height of the submarine peril. This young woman, alone and unaided, by a speaking tour, raised \$1,000,000 for Scottish hospitals and over \$3,000,000 for other war works of mercy.

The golden treasury is full of "war jewelry," a review of which would fill volumes. We hope a great author will some day record their biography for history. In writing of these women Mabel Potter Dagget says: "There is that about all real experience that does not fail to leave its mark. You may get it in the quality of the voice, in a chance gesture, or in the subtle emanation of the personality that we call atmosphere."

Our pioneer women of Canada who have paved the way for the girl of today, our great Canadian women like Nellie L. McClung, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Mrs. McNaughton and scores of others who are creating Canadian history, our mothers of the land who are instilling character into the lives of little children so they will develop into men and women who will rise in the scale of civilization, our business and professional women—these, all these, belong to the golden treasury of womanhood. I believe that within this Canadian land of promise we shall have the finest, cleanest, strongest and most powerful men and women (Continued on page 80)

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SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address to-day and we'll send you, postpaid, a full size 10c package of "FAIRY BERRIES," the newest and most delightful confection, and with it just \$5 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "FAIRY BERRY." They'll like them so much that everybody will buy a package or two at once. Just one or two little "FAIRY BERRIES" will sweeten the mouth, perfume the breath and ease the throat. They are so delicious they just sell like hot cakes. Return our money, only \$8.50, when they are all sold and we will immediately send you the grand complete doll's furniture outfit and walking doll just as you see them above (over 42 pieces). We pay all delivery charges right to your door. You take no risk as you may return any you cannot sell and receive grand prizes or cash commission for what you do sell.

MY NAME
IMA WALKER

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Christmas Presents!

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY is mighty good value at \$1.00 a year. Don't you think so? At this season of the year when the question of Christmas presents crops up, you should remember that the small sum of \$1.00 may be spent in such a manner that your friends will have occasion to think of you, not just once, but every month. A year's subscription to THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY solves the high-cost-of-giving-presents problem, and relieves you of every little bit of worry and trouble. Send us a list containing the names and addresses of your friends whom you wish to remember, and we will do the rest.

Young Woman and Her Problem

By
Pearl R. Hamilton

Cont'd from page 79

our environment, and we would have the position of the Canadian woman one of womanly achievement in sympathetic growth, intellectual attainment, physical strength and moral influence until other nations shall exclaim in admiration: "The Queen of Womanhood—the Canadian!"

Look into the lives of these women I have mentioned. What was the secret of their power and influence? "Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

These women have listened to and have felt the vibration of the pulse of humanity through soul communion. Their faith in Divine guidance gave them immeasurable depth and strength and power. God's voice for ever whispering points the way. In the silence of the soul love that is real teaches us the joy of loving—sweeps the soul and leaves it clearer, purer, holier.

The ordinary woman loves those who love her; the noble woman finds something to love wherever God's creatures are. The ordinary woman pities physical weakness; the noble woman pities all who suffer from physical, moral and spiritual weakness and disease, and loves those who need her help. The ordinary woman sees defects in her associates, the superior woman discovers the divine in people and has universal sympathy.

The perfume of a woman's personality does not come forth without bruising and as we think of the brightest gem of

the world has yet known — for such must be the outcome of pure, ideal, high-minded womanhood. God has woven his most precious jewels in the embroidery of

all in the golden treasury of womanhood—Mary, the mother of Jesus—we see in the most highly honored of all women, one who said: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour, for he hath regarded the low estate of this hand-maiden; for behold, from henceforth all generations shall be blessed."

What does "Christmas" mean to our girlhood and womanhood? Without the birth of the Christ Child would there be a golden treasury of womanhood?

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE NEWS NOTES

Several societies have sent assistance for the needy wives and children of returned men who are established on farms under the Soldiers' Settlement Board. Besides several bales of clothing, cash donations were sent by the following Institutes.

Belmont.....	\$25.00
Elkhorn.....	14.00
Rosser.....	25.00
Neepawa.....	40.00
Hamiota.....	10.00
Rockwood.....	10.00

The Neepawa ladies are educating themselves along various lines which they feel will make them better citizens. At the last meeting a "provincial election" for the constituency of "Beautiful Plains" was staged. A deputy returning officer, a poll clerk, secretaries, a constable were all present, not to mention voters of every possible type. All details of a real election were considered.

The Souris Institute are sure that the foundation of good home-making is laid in girlhood. To further this end, they offered special prizes in connection with the Boys' and Girls' Club Fair, for exhibits of window drapery. The ideas were carried out by shoe boxes. The Souris girls

are planning to have especially attractive homes some day.

Reston Women's Institute is busily engaged in securing a library.

The Boissevain Rest Room has moved into its permanent home, a small building which they now own, in a good location.

The members of the Basswood Institute are sending assistance to sufferers in the fire stricken districts.

Arizona is raising money for improvements for the community hall.

RESTON WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The Reston Women's Institute was fortunate in securing Dr. Fraser, from the Public Health Department, Winnipeg, to give an address at the October meeting which was held in the evening to give every one a chance of being present.

At the California convention Dr. Fraser found that Manitoba was not only abreast but ahead of other countries in its attention to public health and its number of district nurses.

A book shower was held on Saturday, 16th October in the Rest Room and was quite a success. About 50 books were added to the volumes sent by the Extension Department of the Agricultural College. Tea was served from 4 to 10, bringing in \$13.75 towards the funds.

The cemetery committee did excellent work during the summer. The fund was well subscribed to and is still open.

The Women's Institute has certainly "come to stay." \$30.00 was subscribed to the school fair for prizes, and whatever leads towards uplift and progress, the Institute will stand behind, ready to help.

At next month's meeting there will be a discussion on the best way of training children and making the home attractive. It will take the price of the debate, "Resolved that at the training of children,

strictness has better results than leniency." Six ladies will take part in this debate and judges will decide which side wins.

LIDSTONE NEWS NOTES

The Women's Institute of Lidstone held a very successful Hallowe'en Social. The entertainment consisted of games, contests, and music. The proceeds will be used for the Children's Aid Society, and to purchase materials with which to make garments for needy dependents of soldiers.

THE PIPER OF DREAMS

Down on a bank where the river gleams

Gold in the sunset's glow,

Sitteth a quaint man a-piping dreams

Piping so soft and slow;

Dreams for the babies in snowy cots

Brought by the Fairy Sleep,

Dreams for a million tiny tots,

Birdies and woolly sheep.

Hovering near him a host of things,

Crowding around his feet,

Flutt'ring of hundreds of fair wings

Music so low, so sweet,—

Prince in the gloomiest dungeon deep

Dreams of his princess dear.

Suffering little ones fall asleep

Dreaming that heav'n is near.

Wonderful dreams for boys who're good,

Beautiful dreams for girls

Giants and dwarfs, in a magic wood,

Fairies and mermaid's pearls.

Night—and the gleam of a silver birch,

Touched by the Lady Moon,

Silvery beams on the Piper perch—

Rivulets softly croon.

Dawn—and the sky with a rosy glow,—

Piper and dreams are fled!

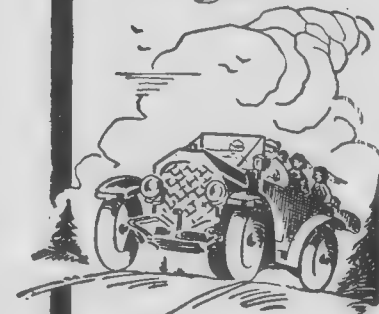
Where have they gone to now? Do you know?

Sleepy, I "spect," to bed.

(W. F. Perry)



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WORLD'S
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Hints for Housekeepers

By F. A. M.

An empty baking-powder can may have its usefulness prolonged in the following ways:

1. The cover makes an excellent cookie cutter; while the base, with a few holes punched by the aid of the hammer and a nail, makes a lightning potato cutter. Place cold boiled potatoes on the pan and a few thrusts of the cutter will slice them.

2. Punch holes in the bottom of the can and use as a soap-shaker. Odd bits of soap may be utilized. Keep the cover on after placing soap inside.

3. By making numerous small holes in the cover, the can may be used as a flour-shaker, but care must be taken to see that the cover fits tightly.

When boiling a small pudding use a deep pot, the lower section of a double boiler or cereal cooker will do. Fasten the pudding cloth securely to the handle of the cover, and when placing it on the pot, invert the cover, thus suspending the pudding in the boiling water. There will be no danger of the cloth burning on the bottom and it is easy to lift it out when done.

When canning fruit, paste the label on the cover of the jar and it is more readily seen.

If, even after sealing your jelly glasses with parowax, you wish to protect them further, a cover of paper is quickly and securely held in place by a rubber band.

Care of Carpets

Laying a carpet down upon a freshly-covered floor before the boards are thoroughly dry is a frequent cause of moths. The floor should be left uncovered for at least twenty-four hours before the carpet is relaid, and then, if it is to remain in place for some months, sprinkling a little insect powder between it and the floor will be found a wise precaution. When beating carpets remember that a too vigorous application of a stick or beater on the right side is liable to ruin the texture. Keep your hard blows for the wrong side where your energy can do no harm. Tea leaves are splendid things to sprinkle over the surface before applying the broom, but they should be rinsed in cold water and well squeezed prior to being thrown down. If this precaution be omitted delicate colors contained in the carpet design are liable to become stained. Small pieces of newspaper soaked in water and well pressed, or a few handfuls of dewy, freshly cut grass have a wonderfully revivifying effect upon worn carpets. Sweeping with a broom moistened with salt and water will brighten faded colors, whilst sponging lightly with hartshorn will restore those injured by an acid of any sort.

Carpets, To Revive—Any carpet or rug before being cleaned in any way must be well beaten. Then, when this has been satisfactorily performed, stretch it again upon the floor. Remove any grease spots, either by means of blotting paper and a hot iron, or by well rubbing the place with hard soap, well washed off with cold water; equal parts of magnesia and Fuller's earth mixed with boiling water, applied as hot as possible to the spot and allowed to dry, will also banish grease. Then dissolve a quarter of a pint of ox-gall in a quart of hot water (rain water is best if procurable)—if the carpet be a large one this quantity must naturally be increased—and go over the carpet with a soft brush, well dampened with this solution. Treat about a square yard at a time. After having well rubbed the surface with the ox-gall mixture wash it over with a clean soft cloth wrung out in hot water. When the entire surface of the carpet or rug has been so treated hang up in a strong current of wind to dry.

Carpets, the colors of which are dull without being really faded, can be revived by sponging with ammoniated water. Allow a brimming tablespoonful to each pair of water.

Potato water is also an excellent carpet reviver. Scrape a pound of potatoes into half a pail of warm water, stir well, strain, wring out a flannel in the liquid and rub the carpet well with it.

The sailor had just told the old lady in the train what his share in the great war was.

"In a submarine!" she exclaimed. "How nice! And what do you do?"

"Well, mum, I runs for'ard and tips her up when we wants to dive."

Elgin Watches



TRADE MARK

The Mother

"Mother, what time is it?"

From dawn till bedtime, these words echo in Mother's ears.

In a well-regulated home, things happen "On Time." The Mother who directs her household by the Elgin enjoys the result.

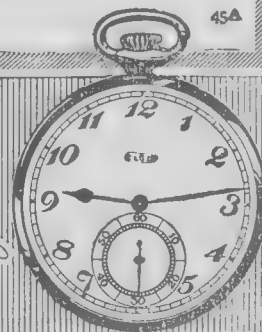
She starts the family off to school and business "On Time" because the Elgin is dependable.

Bread rises, pies and cakes bake, meat roasts, meals are served—the whole family gets up and goes to bed by the tick of the Elgin.

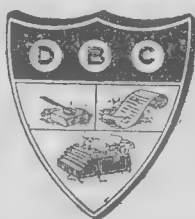
Homes ordered on *Elgin Time* are an achievement in restfulness and contentment.

There is a Jeweler in your vicinity who carries a pleasing selection of *Elgin Watches*—faithful guardians of Time.

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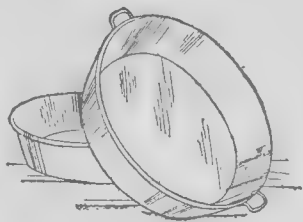
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Why a Kiss is Dangerous: How to Cure Cracked Lips

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG, M.A., B.A., M.D.
(John Hopkins University)

You ne'er saw nectar on a lip, but where your own did hope to sip. Yet there are full many a pair of luscious lips that guard more venomous tongues and more germs than lurk in the mouth of a fly.

House flies, you know, have dirty lips, which include a wire-like tongue. This complicated tongue of the house fly looks like a wire bread toaster. Myriads of hollow wires go to form the tongue.

From this gyrating surface the fly spreads its saliva over the sugar, bread, butter, milk and your other fodder. Flies cannot eat solid food, so nature has provided them with this mechanism to liquefy everything first with the germ-full saliva.

One fly spoils the pudding, and all your groaning dishes, even if you kill that fly an hour afterward. There are no ripe cherries on the most tempting fly lips. They all hide deadly poisons, which, like tuberculosis and cancer, may not materialize for a score of years. Human saliva, true enough, is a necessary aid to digestion. All saliva contains microbes, especially the bacteria of pneumonia, bronchitis, blood poisoning, tonsillitis and others.

Perhaps each man and woman acquires a sort of immunity to the germs in his or her own saliva, and thus escapes diseases until exposed to some one else's saliva.

Those ancient medical men called the ephemerides, made a deep study of the human saliva. They describe a blue saliva in certain persons. This might have been due to blue pus or the blue pigment germ, bacillus pyocyaneus. Copper and other poisons might have done this also.

Dr. Marcellus Donatus describes a woman of sixty whose saliva was green, yet she remained always in good health. It turned out that she had been in the habit of biting her lead pencils. Accidentally a bit of indelible green lead lodged in a hollow tooth and the aniline dye kept staining her saliva for many moons. The eminent Dr. Paget relates a similar instance.

Red saliva, violet saliva, yellow saliva, purple saliva, as well as brown and iridescent colors, have been reported. These have been traced to such germs as the bacillus violaceae, or violet-making pigment microbes. There is no actual ailment present, only the odd-looking saliva.

Often the very lips, fair as a spout to tumble pearls and diamonds out, contain a secret danter which only subsequent events may disclose.

Little red veins, swollen and like a blood blister, often appear upon the lips. An irritating saliva may cause this, or biting the lips may be responsible.

Some astringent application, such as a styptic pencil or an alum ointment suffices to cure it.

Chapped lips and cracked lips, not to mention fever blisters upon the lips, may be traceable to unfortunate habits, to fevers, to infections on the thin flesh of the lips, to the rapid evaporation in the cold air of saliva from the lips.

Too much talking or silly gossiping, which keeps the corners of the mouth puckered up in contempt of others, often brings this just punishment.

The cracks and crevices are usually cured by glycerine and various other appropriate lotions. These heal as well as assuage the pain.

A Stitch in the Side

It may be a very slight and momentary stab, like the stick of a pin, or it may be a sensation like the tearing of the flesh or the rasping of a file at each indrawing of the breath; it may mean nothing of consequence, or it may point to the most serious trouble within the chest or the abdominal cavity—such is the more or less painful condition that the young doctor calls "pleurodynia"; which is only Greek for "a stitch in the side."

It is not necessary to describe the nature of the pain at greater length,

for almost everyone knows it by personal experience. Ordinarily it lasts only a short time, and, although unpleasant while it endures, it is, like seasickness, soon forgotten after it has passed. Perhaps the most common cause of a stitch in the side is a local congestion of the pleura, or membrane that covers the lungs and lines the chest walls. Just as you may see now and then a little area of redness or roughness on the skin somewhere, so a similar area may occur at some spot on the pleura; when that happens, the opposed surfaces get dry and do not play smoothly against each other; the result is pain during the movement of breathing.

Another common cause is a slight congestion of the spleen; that is usually the cause of the stitch that comes after running or exercising too soon after a full meal. It would take too long to explain the process in detail, and it would not be particularly interesting, either, it is enough to say that exercise increases the rapidity of the circulation; and that causes a little congestion, first of the liver and then of the spleen. The enveloping membrane of the latter is stretched thereby, and when with each inspiration (which the exercise makes deeper than usual) the distended stomach presses on it, you feel a sharp pain.

The pain is really in the abdomen, but the nerves refer it to the left side of the chest, rather far down; and nervous people therefore, often think it is in the heart. The pain may be in the right side, although that is less often the case; it is then caused by temporary congestion and distention of the liver. Sometimes the trouble is in the diaphragm; then it is owing to lameness of that muscle, and feels like the dart of pain the sufferer from rheumatism often feels in his arm or leg.

For the ordinary stitch, rest, with perhaps a little rubbing or a warm application, is all the treatment that is needed. If, however, the pain persists the trouble may be more serious—a pleurisy, for example, or pneumonia—and the sufferer, if he is wise, will ask his doctor to find just what is the matter.

Trembling

Trembling, or tremor, which is the word physicians generally use when speaking of the thing as a symptom of a disease, is a continual succession of involuntary muscular movements to and fro that are slight in extent and that occur rhythmically. Tremor may affect only a single group of muscles, such as those of the hand, the neck or the tongue, or it may involve a limb, or even the entire body. The causes are of the most varied character. Cold, fear, anxiety, anger or intense expectation can cause it, as we all know from personal observation. It is also a common symptom of poisoning from mercury, lead, tobacco or alcohol; it occurs in many nervous diseases, such as paralysis agitans and paresis, and in extreme weakness, as in early convalescence from typhoid fever or other tedious or debilitating diseases. It is also common in the aged.

A peculiar form of trembling is that called "intention tremor." That does not mean that it is intentional, for real tremor is always involuntary, but that it occurs when the sufferer makes a voluntary movement or "intends" to make one. The tremor that often occurs when a person attempts to hold his arm in a certain position is a kind of "intention tremor," but it is called "static tremor" in order to distinguish it from the other kind.

Neurologists speak of a "fine" and a "coarse" tremor, according as the vibration is slight or pronounced, and of a "slow" and a "rapid" tremor, according as the oscillations vary from four to ten times a second. A tremor is like a tic in that it can be controlled for a time by a strong effort of the will, but it can never be mistaken for a tic, for

that occurs at irregular intervals and actively only in one direction. The movements of chorea, or St. Vitus's dance, are also more spasmodic and irregular. Tremor differs from convulsion in its slight extent and the rapidity of its oscillations. A symptom that more closely resembles tremor is fibrillary contraction, or muscular twitching. That consists in the contraction of a part of a muscle; it is seen most frequently in the ball of the thumb or in an eyelid. It can usually be arrested by firm pressure or by the brief application of a piece of ice or a cloth wrung out of very hot water.

A tremor may be so fine as not to be noticeable on ordinary inspection, but it can always be felt by the hand. A tremor is almost always a symptom of some abnormal nervous state or of actual disease, and its treatment consists in the removal of the cause, if possible.

Exercise

All writers and all lecturers on health topics urge the advantages and indeed the necessity of abundant exercise. Their prescription is, however, somewhat indefinite, for they never say exactly how much exercise a person should take, and they do not often tell us what is the best form of exercise; unless, indeed, they are writing or speaking of some course of treatment directed to special ends, such, for example, as gymnasium exercise—which is excellent if you take it in moderation, but entirely inadequate if it is the only form of exercise that you take.

In certain conditions of ill health, particularly in heart disease, the physician often prescribes exercise in doses that are as exact as his doses of medicine. He measures the exercise by means of paths laid out on level and graded places and marked with distance and elevation signs. He gives the patient instructions to walk such and such a distance on level ground or on a designated ascent. Sometimes, also, the physician prescribes resistive movements, such as contractions of the arms or of the legs.

In health there is no need of such exact dosage; yet even then some attempt at regulation is useful. A person receives the advice, "You ought to take a lot of exercise." If he is indolent, that may mean to him a half-mile stroll once or twice a day—not enough to send the blood through his body an inch an hour quicker; another person, ambitious and conscientious in doing what he is told to do, will take "hikes" of ten or fifteen miles a day and spend an hour at gymnastics—perhaps much to his injury. The amount must depend on whether the person is stout or lean, young or old, of active or phlegmatic disposition.

There is for all of us a happy medium between too little and too much; the way to find it is to use common sense. Exercise should never be carried beyond pleasant fatigue—a point that varies, of course, according to the condition of the person. For most of us, brisk walking is the best and most available form of exercise. A good plan is to begin with a mile a day and to increase the distance gradually, keeping short of real fatigue—not lazy inertia—until you cover four or five miles every day. If you are under seventy and in average health, that is not too much, when taken in two or three installments. If it causes undue fatigue, you are probably not so well as you think you are, and you should go to your physician for a thorough examination of your heart, lungs, kidneys and nervous system.

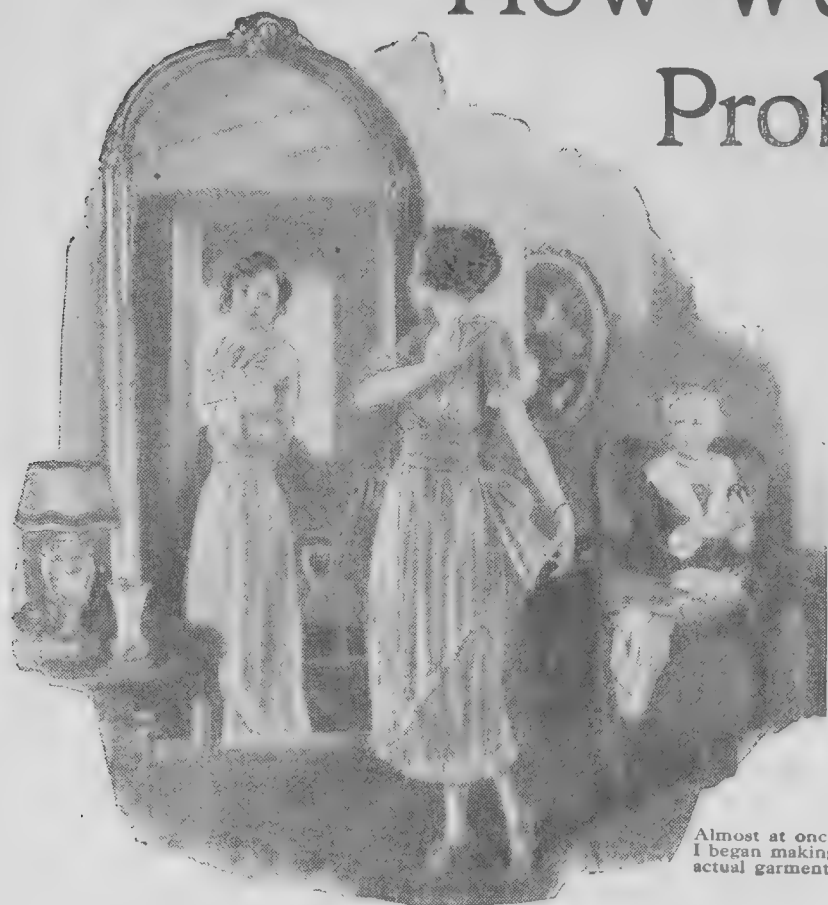
How to Remove a Tight Finger Ring

Take a length of strong thread and pass one end under the ring. Pull through a few inches and wind the remainder tightly and regularly round the finger right up to the nail. Then take hold of the short end and pull it in such a manner as to unwind the thread above the ring. The thread pressing against the edges of the circlet will gradually remove it from the finger, even if the knuckles be much swollen.

How We Solved the Clothes Problem in Our Family

By Irene Stevenson

Illustration by EDWARD A. POUCHER



Almost at once I began making actual garments

EVER since I can remember I have longed to have distinctive, becoming clothes. Every girl does, I think. But most of us find it difficult to have them in these days of soaring prices. A year ago I found the way, not only to have pretty, attractive dresses and other things for myself, but to a solution of the clothes problem in our family.

What is more, I have found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to our happiness and success that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us, Ted, my ten-year-old brother; "Sister," just six, mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There was never any money left for clothes. We wore our old ones as long as they would stand it and then called upon the village dressmaker to make us just the simplest kind of clothes, so her bill would be as small as possible.

Well, one night after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that I could help by learning to make my own clothes. Neither of us knew anything to speak of about sewing. I remember my first attempt was on a little summer dress for myself. Just the other night, I was looking at a picture of myself in that dress. Well—the clothes I make now are different.

At the time, though, I felt pleased and mother and I were convinced that we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. So I tried—evenings after I had finished my day's work. But soon my troubles began! I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the ludicrous garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But when we canvassed the possibilities for getting the necessary help and instruction, the outlook was gloomy indeed.

I couldn't possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes—we could scarcely get along as it was. We simply had to have the little money I was bringing home each week. And there seemed to be no other way.

Then just when I was most discouraged, some-

thing happened—it seems to me the only thing that could have happened to change the situation and make possible more happiness and success and independence than I had dared to dream.

Like most girls interested in dress, I read several fashion magazines. And in one of them, I found the solution of my problem. The picture first caught my attention. And the story was about a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew.

But she had quickly learned right in her own home, during spare time, through an institute of domestic arts and science, how to make just the kind of dresses and hats she had always wanted.

It was so true to life, so much like my own case, that I read every word and mother agreed with me that it was surely worth finding out about, at least.

So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make our clothes.

The information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute offered just the opportunity I needed, so I joined at once and took up dressmaking.

I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

The work begins with the very simplest stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceeds by logical steps to the making of the most elaborate gowns and suits.

Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful waist for mother after my third lesson! And in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. It's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient. This has made it possible for women of all ages and in all circumstances to take the Institute's courses.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things

I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

But the biggest thing my Woman's Institute training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

Well, when I found I was getting along so splendidly, I decided to do more than make just my own clothes. I saw that I could turn my study to further profit.

It wasn't long before my dresses attracted the attention of the best-dressed people. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy.

In less than six months from the night I first read about the Woman's Institute, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone. Mother, who had been deeply interested from the start, learned a great deal and helped me. But I had to get first one, then two, women to do the plain sewing. Now I am planning to move my shop from home to a business block in town.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money. My income is large enough to make us very comfortable indeed.

To any woman who wants to make her own clothes or take up dressmaking as a profession, my advice is: Write the Woman's Institute and ask about their work. More than 65,000 delighted members have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, to make all your own and your children's clothes, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the coupon below, and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail, the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 16-M, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets, and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| ☐ Home Dressmaking | ☐ Millinery |
| ☐ Professional Dressmaking | ☐ Cooking |

Name

(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address



WITH turkeys at their present price, many of us will, this year, choose something else, around which to build our menu. And there are many other meats just as delicious, when carefully cooked and daintily garnished. Chicken pie tastes just as good, if not a little better, than roast chicken. Then there is baked ham, the small pig roasted whole, and Belgian hare or rabbit.

A chicken pie dinner suggests New England. The menu might be something like this:

Planning the Christmas Dinner

Cranberry Frappe

Cranberry frappe or frozen cranberries, are a variation from ordinary cranberry sauce or jelly, which would be welcomed by all the family. For the frappe, use 1 quart cranberries, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups water, juice of 2 lemons. Cook the cranberries and water eight minutes, then rub through a sieve. Add sugar and lemon juice, and freeze to a mush, using equal parts of ice and salt. Serve in sherbet glasses.

salad dressing and finely chopped pimentos and green peppers. Spread on toast. Place in oven till heated and serve at once.

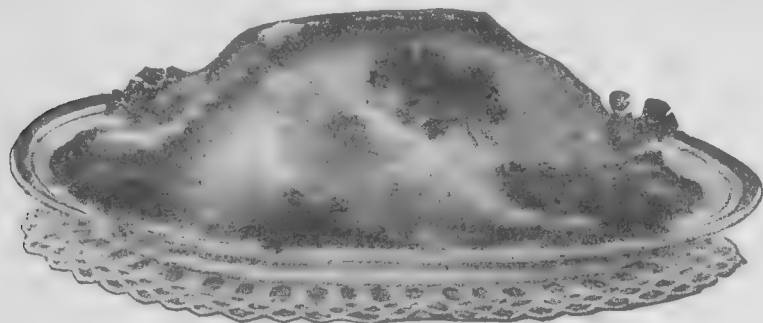
Christmas Salad

should be carried out in the colors of the season. Nothing could look more festive than a real Christmas candle salad, made by standing half of a banana, cut cross-wise, on a slice of pineapple, and placing half of a Maraschino cherry on top for the

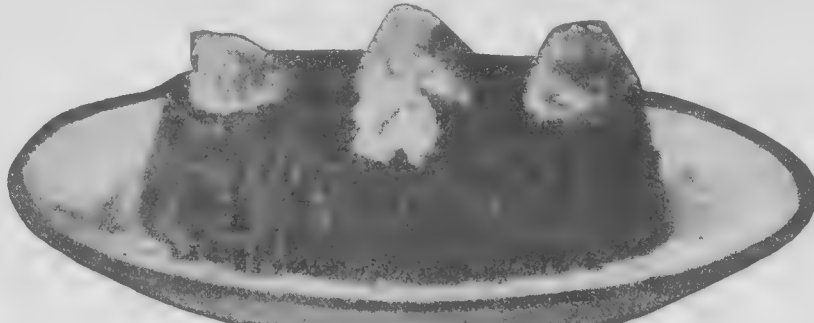
serve, place each on a lettuce leaf, scoop out the centre, put a spoonful of cooked salad dressing in each, and fill the cavity with drained peas. The salad dressing may be tinted green.

Pineapple Delicious

A dainty dessert is Pineapple Delicious. Cut canned sliced pineapple in cubes, mix with marshmallows, cut in quarters. Let stand in a cold place for some hours, then drain off all juice. Mix lightly with stiffly whipped cream slightly sweetened. Serve in pretty glass dishes. Cubes of



Roast Goose.



Plum Pudding.

Chicken Pie

Boiled Potatoes	Baked Squash
Creamed Onions	
Stuffed Celery	Cranberries
Christmas Pudding	Hard Sauce
Mince Pies	
Apples	Nuts
	Raisins
	Coffee

If we select a roasted pig, perhaps this would be our dinner:

Fruit Cocktail

Small Roast Whole Pig or Baked Ham
Currant Jelly
Mashed Potatoes
Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Celery
Olives
Strawberry Ice Cream
Fruits
Nuts
Candy
Coffee

Hare-en-casserole may be substituted for chicken pie.

Rabbit or hare may be cooked in the same way as chicken pie, or chicken-en-casserole.

Fruit Cocktail

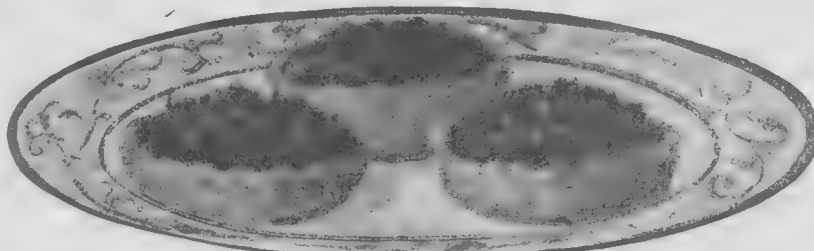
Cut grape fruit and oranges in cubes, mix and chill thoroughly, and serve in tall-stemmed glass dishes or sherbet cups, with a bright red cherry in the centre of each cocktail. If mint leaves are to be had, place half a dozen around the edge of each glass, with the points showing above the fruit mixture.

Stuffed Celery

Mix chopped olives and chopped pimento with soft cream cheese. With a knife, fill the hollow in pieces of celery, with the mixture, cut in three-inch pieces.

Glazed Sweet Potatoes

Wash and pare medium-sized sweet potatoes. Cook in boiling salted water till soft. Drain, cut in halves lengthwise, and lay in a buttered flat pan. Make a syrup by boiling $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, four tablespoons of water, and one tablespoon of butter. Brush the potatoes with this syrup, and bake till brown, basting once or twice with the remaining syrup.



Individual mince pies with only one crust.



Chicken Pie.

Frozen Cranberries—4 cups cranberries, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water. Pick over, and wash the cranberries, add the sugar and water, and cook ten minutes, skimming when necessary, cool and pour into one-pound baking powder cans. Pack in equal parts of ice and salt, and let stand 4 hours. Cut in slices to serve. Individual plum puddings or mince pies always look dainty.

SUPPER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT

If we have our Christmas dinner at noon, we will want just a light, dainty supper. Perhaps it will be a tasty dish cooked in the chafing dish, or a salad, with sandwiches, Christmas cake, and tea or coffee.

Cheese Dreams

are delicious. Mix cream cheese with

flame. A very little cream dressing may be dripped down one side of the "candle," the rest filed around the base.

Shrimp Salad

Mix equal quantities of celery rings and canned shrimp, cut in cubes, with cooked salad dressing, using a fork gently, so as not to mash them. Remove the centre from a firm head of cabbage, leaving a case into which the celery and shrimp mixture is piled. Decorate with whole shrimps and strips of pimento.

Princess Salad

Make a tasty tomato aspic by using two cups of strained tomato juice, seasoned with salt, pepper, onion juice, and celery salt. Bring to a boil, and stir into it one tablespoon of gelatine dissolved in cold water. Mold in cups. When ready to

stiff lemon jelly may be used in place of pineapple.

Candied Cranberries for Decoration

1 cup cranberries, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water.

Select large red berries. Prick each one in 3 or 4 places. Drop carefully into the boiling syrup made of the sugar and water. Cook slowly for 5 or 6 minutes. Remove from the fire, and allow to stand over night. Re-heat and allow to stand in the syrup another night. Heat again and while still hot remove the berries from the syrup and drop on waxed paper to dry.

THE NEW CANDIES

Although the price of sugar is creeping down, we are still looking for recipes which will use as small a proportion as possible.

If we spread the candy that we make over the surface of a great many kernels of pop-corn, a little will go a long way. Pop-corn is a nutritious, easily digested food, of which we do not use nearly as much as we might, but it does not keep long after being popped. The children would love men and animals made from pop-corn cake.

Gum Drops

Three tablespoons gelatin, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn syrup, $\frac{3}{4}$ cups sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water. Soften the gelatin in the cold water. Boil the sugar and syrup till it forms a soft ball in cold water. Add the gelatin and lemon juice. Boil a moment longer. Strain, and let cool a few minutes.

Sift corn starch to at least half an inch depth in a shallow pan. With a knife handle make depressions in it. Pour in the gelatin mixture carefully, and leave till firm. Shake off the corn starch. Roll each drop in granulated sugar. If the sugar will not stick, hold them over steam for a moment.

Maple Balls

Three quarts popped corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup maple syrup, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Pop the corn, pick it over, and discard the kernels which did

Better Cookery

By Miss G. Dutton

Cont'd from page 84

not pop, and place in a large bowl or kettle. Melt the butter in a sauce pan, add the syrup and sugar and boil until it becomes brittle in cold water. Sprinkle the salt over the corn, then gradually pour over it the hot syrup, stirring constantly. Mould into balls, handling as slightly as possible. Cool.

Pop-corn Cake

One quart popped corn, 2 tablespoons molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup corn syrup, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Pop the corn and pick over, discarding unpopped kernels, and chop it, or put through the food chopper, using a coarse knife, and sprinkle with the salt. Cook the sugar, corn syrup and water in a sauce pan, till it forms hard balls when tried in cold water. Add the molasses and butter, and continue cooking till it forms a very hard ball in cold water. Add the pop-corn, stir till well mixed, and return to the fire for a moment to loosen it, then turn out on a buttered slab or tray, and roll out as thin as possible with a rolling pin. Cut in squares, or form into balls, or fancy shapes.

Candies in which gelatin is used are generally favorites.

Fruit Nut Bars

Two tablespoons gelatin, juice of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, juice of 1 orange, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup nuts, 1 cup chopped fruit. Boil the sugar and water for 15 minutes, add any desired chopped fruit (figs, dates or raisins), and the chopped nuts, and cook five minutes stirring constantly. Add the gelatin dissolved in the orange and lemon juice. Pour into a flat dish, and when quite firm, cut in cubes and roll in granulated sugar.

Uncooked Creams

One egg white, unbeaten. As much icing sugar as it will take (about 2 cups). Flavoring. Mix the powdered sugar into the egg white, until stiff enough to knead, till smooth and creamy. Add any desired flavoring and color. Mould with the hands in balls, ovals, etc., and decorate the tops with halves of English walnuts, dates, bits of candied peel, or it may be used as the filling for dates or prunes, or may be dipped in chocolate.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS**Nut Pudding**

1 cup molasses	1 cup chopped suet
1 cup sweet milk	1 cup broken walnut
2-3 cups flour	meats
1 teaspoon soda	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. chopped figs
1 teaspoon salt	2-3 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup seeded raisins	

Sift dry ingredients together, mix fruit, nuts and suet and add molasses. Add flour and milk alternately. Put in bowls, cover, and steam three and one-half hours. Serve with Foamy Sauce.

French Fruit Pudding

1 cup finely chopped suet	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 cup molasses	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 cup sour milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ cups chopped and seeded raisins
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup currants
1 teaspoon cinnamon	2-3 cups flour

Add molasses and sour milk to suet. Add 2 cups flour sifted with soda, salt and spices. Add the fruit mixed with the remaining flour. Put in greased mould. Cover, and steam four hours. Serve with Sterling Sauce.

PUDDING SAUCES**Sterling Sauce**

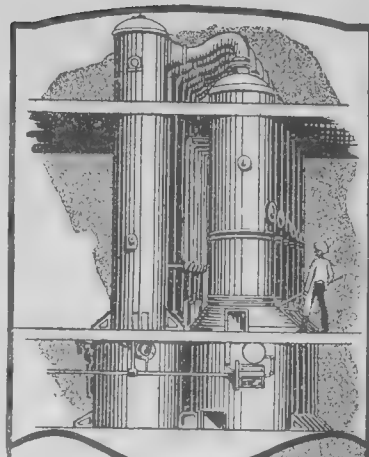
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	4 tablespoons milk or cream
1 cup brown sugar	
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, and milk and vanilla very slowly to prevent separating.

Foamy Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter	1 egg
1 cup powdered sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then egg well beaten, and flavoring. Beat while heating over hot water.



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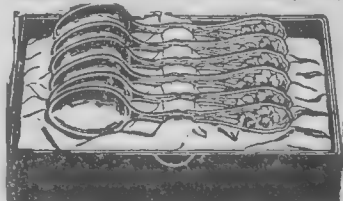


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You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time as everybody you know will gladly try a bottle of this lovely new perfume at only 25c. Send us your name and address to-day and we will send you the 16 bottles all postage paid, and trust you with them until sold. Then return our money, only \$4.00, and we will promptly send you the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only seven of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We arrange to pay all delivery charges right to your door.

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It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is
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Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of
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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO FARMERS

The time of Peace on Earth, and
 Goodwill towards Men is now at hand
 and to the farmers of this country it
 may be said that the need of goodwill
 was never greater. We have passed
 through the vicissitudes of another
 growing season and have won through
 to a good harvest, taking the country
 as a whole. The past years of national
 danger have seen the farmer patiently
 carrying on to supply the world with
 much needed food. To the farming
 community as a whole our thanks are
 due and may this Christmas be a happy
 one on homestead, farm and ranch.

SOME NOTES ON THE POTATO

The Potato (*Solanum tuberosum*) an
 important food product in this country,
 will greatly increase its yield under
 certain methods of cultivation that have
 been tried for a successive number of
 years; the object being to give these
 methods a thorough try out under differ-
 ent conditions of weather, etc.

Judging from figures published in pre
 war days, potatoes were produced in
 immense quantities by some of the
 European countries. In this country and
 others where the potato is common, it
 comes to the table with a clock-like
 regularity and is looked upon as a
 matter of course. Its praises are not
 sung, but in times of scarcity it is
 greatly missed for its absence cannot
 be lightly passed over and there is no
 substitute that will take its place with
 anything like efficiency.

Its great palatability is one of the
 chief reasons for its popularity and
 there are very few people who do not
 care for it. Its great keeping qualities
 make it a year round vegetable, hence
 a mainstay in the food line, while it
 can be grown almost anywhere in
 Canada.

This vegetable belongs to the Night
 Shade family and the cultivated species
 is a native of Chili and some of the
 neighboring countries. It was supposed
 to have been introduced into Europe
 by the Spaniards toward the end of
 the sixteenth century. Sir Walter
 Raleigh or some of his colonials brought
 it from America to Ireland in 1586.

Though endeavors were made to en-
 courage the growing of potatoes in
 England, they were not given much con-
 sideration until 1743 when a famine
 in Scotland gave them a prominent place
 as a cheap food and then their cultiva-
 tion was undertaken with greater zest
 and so they won their way to their
 present popularity.

As is the case with many other forms
 of vegetation, the wild potato is not of
 the size and quality of the cultivated
 one but is improved by cultivation and
 selection and it is to-day vastly different
 from what it was in the seventeenth
 century.

The potato appears to thrive best in
 a climate that is moist and temperate,
 but nevertheless it will make good yields
 irrespective of location provided it has
 a season long enough for it to reach
 maturity and there is sufficient moisture
 in the soil. The most suitable soil for
 the cultivation of potatoes is conceded
 to be a rich deep, warm sandy loam,
 and as potatoes require a great amount
 of moisture to properly mature, the
 soil should be of a character to retain
 moisture, in addition to its other qual-
 ifications. Clay and clay loams are not
 so suitable to the potato crop as they
 are usually colder and stiffer and retard
 the development of the potatoes.

Before planting potatoes, the soil
 should be well prepared and for best
 success should be loose as in such soil
 the tubers will be smooth and shapely.
 Ploughing under of barnyard manure
 makes the soil looser and assists in
 furnishing plant food.

Spring ploughing is usually considered
 best for the potato crop and if possible
 the land should be got into a thoroughly
 pulverized condition to a depth of about
 six inches before planting time.

When rotted barnyard manure is used
 it should be applied in the spring and

thoroughly mixed with the soil. On no
 account should rotted or fresh manure
 be put in the drill with the sets as it
 has been very well proven that such
 a practice will tend toward the develop-
 ment of scab.

In regard to the time of planting
 consideration must be taken of the
 location in Canada, condition of the
 ground and time of spring frosts, but
 other things being equal, the earlier the
 potatoes are planted the greater the
 probability of a very large crop. They
 should not be planted when the soil
 is cold and wet on account of the danger
 of rotting.

When planting, consideration should
 be given to the deductions of those who
 have year after year endeavored to set
 a precedent as to the most economical
 distance apart to plant the sets so as
 to get the largest yields with the least
 amount of seed. Varieties which have
 small tops should be planted a little
 closer than those kinds which are more
 vigorous. It has been found after re-
 peated tests that the net average yield
 was greatest from sets planted in rows
 two and a half feet apart, with the
 sets 14 inches apart in the rows, though
 those planted 12 inches apart yielded
 nearly the same. Where potatoes are
 highly ridged, rows three feet apart
 might be better. In order to kill a
 large proportion of weeds, the ground
 should be harrowed once or twice before
 the potatoes come up or just as they
 are coming up, so, in order to guard
 against the sets being dragged out by
 the harrow, they should be planted from
 4 to 5 inches deep. Unless the surface
 soil is kept loose and free from weeds
 the potato crop will not be large.

The planting of potatoes is accom-
 plished in various ways but the one
 considered to be the most satisfactory
 is to open the furrows with a double
 mould board plough, and deep enough
 so that when the potatoes are covered
 and the soil levelled, the sets will be
 from four to five inches below the
 surface. A common method is to open
 the furrows with an ordinary plough,
 drop the sets and close the furrows
 with the same implement. In either
 case the soil should be levelled with a
 smoothing harrow. The most satis-
 factory method of all when there is a
 large area to be planted is to use the
 potato planter.

When the weed seeds have germinated
 but before the plants are above ground,
 the soil should be harrowed with the
 smoothing harrow to level it and kill
 the weeds. As soon as the rows of
 young plants are distinguishable the cul-
 tivator should be used in order to
 loosen the soil for the development of
 the tubers. Care should be taken in
 this operation in order that the plants
 be not disturbed. It is advisable to
 cultivate about every ten days, depend-
 ing, of course, on the weather in order
 to keep the surface soil loose until the
 rows are overgrown by the tops. A
 good cultivator is very necessary in the
 growing of potatoes as cultivation is
 very important as done of the best
 ways to conserve moisture.

Any article on the cultivation of
 potatoes would not be complete if
 mention were not made of some method
 of combatting that annual and odious
 pest, the Colorado beetle. He is one
 of the most consistent features of potato
 growing in some districts, unfortunately,
 and unless one plans to upset his
 season's arrangements, he will see to
 it that your potato tops are well
 "pruned". Preparations for spraying this
 pest should not be delayed until there
 is bad injury but spraying should com-
 mence as soon as the young bugs hatch.

In about a week after the eggs are
 laid the young beetles appear and make
 rapid headway in the destruction of the
 foliage. The damage done by these pests
 when there is little or no means
 employed to combat them is enormous,
 in fact, they are capable of making the
 crop scarcely worth digging.

When the potato plants are growing
 up a sharp lookout should be kept for
 the first appearance of the young bugs
 as injured vines mean that a loss has

About the Farm

By Allan Campbell

Cont'd from page 86

already been inflicted, therefore, it is best to be ahead of them if at all possible. As soon as the pests are noticed to have made their appearance, a good insecticide should be immediately applied. Paris green and arsenate of lead are two of the best poisons to use. Paris green should be used in the proportion of 8 ounces of Paris green to 40 gallons of water with about 4 ounces of lime to neutralize the affect of free arsenic in the foliage. Four ounces of Paris green will kill the insects when used with the above proportion of water but does not act as quickly as 8 ounces. Arsenate of lead is used in the proportion of two to three pounds to 40 gallons of water.

Potatoes should be dug in dry weather in order that they go into storage in a perfectly dry condition. If they go into storage in a wet condition any disease that may be affecting them will have a good chance for development and affect the sound ones with which they are in contact.

When the soil is well drained and not wet there is not much danger in leaving the crop in the ground about a month after the stalks die, but, of course, it is advisable to harvest them as soon as possible if they are a healthy crop. If, on the other hand, there has been any blight in the crop they are better left in the ground as the tubers which are diseased will generally show signs of rot after frost and then need not be taken up at all and hence will be prevented from development of the disease when in storage and affecting the sound ones.

Now is the time to think over the merits of the varieties which may present themselves to one's fancy for next season's seed. For Manitoba conditions it has been found by a number of years experience in the growing of potatoes that the most desirable varieties for an early crop are, Early Bovee, Hamilton Early, Early White Prize. For main crop the varieties recommended are, Wee McGregor and Empire State.

THE ICE HARVEST

The climate of this country has provided a harvest of ice on the rivers and lakes that should be taken advantage of as the use of ice on the farm takes form in many and varied ways. The days may be cold and bleak when the time comes to gather in the ice blocks and store them and the trip to the river may be anything but a pleasure but when one considers the great benefit to the home a good supply of ice is, the temporary discomfort occasioned by the hauling will be well recompensed. What a welcome drink for the haying or grain harvesting days is that which has the soothing touch of ice when everything else seems burning to the touch and every so-called cold drink seems lukewarm.

Where there is any dairying done, ice becomes a necessity for the proper keeping in condition of milk, cream, etc. In hot weather there is the constant worry of keeping the milk in good condition and it greatly simplifies matters when there is a trough full of water and ice where the cans of milk can be placed so that the animal heat may be cooled off at the earliest opportunity. This practice will save a good deal of risk and will ensure the delivery of the milk in a reasonable condition of temperature.

In the farm house the installation of a refrigerator will be a boon to the housewife as then the keeping of perishable articles of food will no longer be a matter of so much uncertainty. Also the luxury of ice cream can be placed on the farm bill of fare. Should sickness visit any member of the farm household, a supply of ice near at hand would perhaps prove of inestimable value.

The storage of ice is not a very difficult task as it will keep for a surprisingly long period in buildings that certainly would fall short of the standard of an ideal ice house. No floor is required in the ice house, which may be an old log building but it is just as well to see that means are

provided for drainage, and this end may be accomplished by having several inches of coarse gravel at the bottom. At least one foot of sawdust should be placed under the ice and about eighteen inches of sawdust over the top. Insulation between the ice and the walls of the building should consist of not less than a foot of sawdust.

The ice should be packed so that each tier is level, or as level as possible, having the blocks about one size. The sawdust should not be placed between the blocks of ice but fill in the crevices with crushed ice or snow in order to make the mass as much a solid block as possible.

A substitute for sawdust may be found in cut straw, hay or chaff, but if such conditions occur that it is not possible to get sawdust conveniently, the above substitutes should fill in double the space around the sides of the

ice and over the top as is recommended in the case of sawdust.

In regard to storage, it is estimated that ten blocks of ice eighteen inches by thirty-six inches by ten inches thick will weigh one ton, and one ton of solid ice measures thirty-six cubic feet. If one hundred pounds of ice were used per day for four months, sixty blocks of ice of the above dimensions would be required. It is estimated that from one and a half to two tons of ice per cow is considered necessary to cool the milk for the season.

In harvesting the ice there is no need for a large amount of equipment but good work may be done with a cross-cut saw having one handle only and a plank to use as a straight edge, some ice tongs and an ice hook will about complete the list of tools, etc.

Of course, if a neighbor-gang can undertake the work for mutual benefit

so much the better. The ice can be methodically marked out, sawn, split, a skidway erected and the ice blocks hauled out by means of tongs on the end of a chain to which in turn a team is hitched.

CLASSIFY OUR EGGS

Now that the Egg Laying Contests being conducted throughout the Dominion have aroused such a general interest in the production of eggs, some remarks on the care and handling of such an important food would be opportune.

Eggs, being perishable food products, require careful treatment and protection from the time they leave the hen to their arrival on the table. In the first place the shell is not supposed to give the same protection as the surrounding tin does to the canned tomato, but, being very porous allows for evaporation when the egg

(Continued on page 96)

STOCKHOLM

Sweden's Masterpiece

The STOCKHOLM CREAM SEPARATOR



SEVENTEEN years have been devoted by the Master Mechanics of the World's Largest Cream Separator Factory in perfecting this masterpiece. Sweden is the birthplace and the home of the cream separator industry, located where dairying is carried on by the most improved and scientific methods. Over One Million European farmers indorse the Stockholm. When you purchase a Stockholm you are getting the best machine that money can buy—and, on easy terms. Sold direct to you on our great special offer. Find out about this Master Separator. Send coupon TODAY.

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A guarantee that all materials are the best obtainable and free from flaws; a guarantee of perfect workmanship; a guarantee that the Stockholm is easier to operate and maintain; a guarantee that it is the most efficient skimmer; a guarantee that the Stockholm is the most practical separator to operate, the easiest separator to clean and the cheapest separator to maintain; a guarantee that any time within 10 years we will replace any parts that may prove defective on account of either poor workmanship or poor material. No Stockholm Separator is ever sold without this 10-Year Guarantee.

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Every Stockholm Cream Separator is sent on 30 days FREE TRIAL. Sold direct to you. No money down. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Examine the workmanship, material and construction. Satisfy yourself that it is the cleanest skimmer. Examine the BLADE-DISC BOWL, the very small number of parts and see how easy it is to keep them clean. Then take advantage of our exceptional offer. Small first payment after free trial and the balance in easy monthly payments. Find out about this great offer. Send the coupon below.

Duty Free The Canadian Government realizes the great importance of every farmer owning an exceptionally good cream separator. For this reason the Stockholm Master Cream Separator is now being admitted into Canada free of all duty charges.

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for free catalog and full details of our splendid \$7.50 after trial offer. Do not buy blindly. Post yourself on all the details that make the Stockholm the Master Cream Separator. Find out how it is sold Direct to You, eliminating all the enormous profits of the Middleman. Read our iron-bound 10-Year Direct Guarantee. Send the coupon now—TODAY.

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Please send me your catalog. Tell me how I can get the Stockholm Cream Separator on your easy payment plan. Also send me the absolute 10-Year Direct Guarantee that you make on the Stockholm.

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The Only Secret of a Beautiful Complexion

A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being. Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to every body cell. These poisons are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddied skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to daily evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those toxins that mar the skin and endanger health.

Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Works on a New Principle

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles, in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world, and the only secret of a beautiful complexion.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only bearing the Nujol trade mark.

How and why internal cleanliness will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN." Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol, Room 701, 22 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal, P. Q. Please send me copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN".

Name

Address



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Boys and Girls of the Cosy Corner:—Your editor cannot let this wonderful month go by without a personal message to all the new friends who form our happy family. Just think that this time last year there was no Cosy Corner, and now here we are with a home of our own, crowded every month with friends from all parts of Canada. The letter box at the door clicks open with letters of all kinds and sizes, and the postman staggers under his load of mail. Many boys and girls are already wearing the beautiful gold button of the W.H.M. C.C. By this time next year we shall probably have had to enlarge the Corner, add another post box and bonus the postman! And as for the Club members—well, we have a good stock of buttons now, but they won't last for ever!

The editor's message to you is an old, old one, but there has never been a better one in all the twenty centuries of this world. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." There are so many sad and lonely people in the world to whom even a smile and a greeting are a welcome gift. Don't forget them this year, or the little children who are spending this lovely season in hospitals, or in homes where there is no money for the good things we like so well. Remember, too, that the hospitals are still full of soldiers who many months ago gave their health and strength, one of the greatest gifts they had, that you might be free and happy as you are to-day. Is there nothing you can do for them? And what about the children of the men who gave the greatest gift of all, their lives? Do you want them to think they are forgotten by the people who were safe at home? Try and remember these things and you will have the merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years, and there is no better wish that your editor can wish you.

BOBBY BURKE.

SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Christmas Thought

I have always thought of Christmas-time as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women and little children seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say, "God bless Christmas."

—Charles Dickens.
(Slightly altered.)

A Christmas Carol

"What means the glory round our feet,"
The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace was born."

"What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels answering overhead,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw;
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, clasping kindly hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

SOMETHING WE HAVE RECEIVED

Dear Editor:—My sister has been writing to the Cosy Corner and I thought I would like to send in a riddle and perhaps a drawing or some suggestion. I would like some of the boys of the Corner to write to me.

Riddle: Why is a peacock like the letter P?

Because it is nothing (0) without its tail—Donald A. Sutherland, Hillcrest Farm, Excel, Alta.

Little Peggy gazed wonderingly at the pearl eardrops worn by her mother's caller; then she asked: "Do you have to button your ears on?"—Boston Transcript.

Dear Editor:—Having read in the W.H.M. that you would like children to write to you I thought I would let you know something about where I live. I live in a wilderness where there is no town where you can buy anything. There is a small store four miles from here, also a station and post office. The boat comes to Lardo twice a week and the train goes as far as Gerrard, where there is another lake. Gerrard is thirty-two miles from here.

I will close as my letter is getting long. Wishing the editor and members the best of luck, also hoping that some boy or girl my own age will write.—Anna Kedziora (age 14), Cooper Creek, Lardo, B.C.

Dear Editor:—I received the badge to-day and I must say it is the best I have seen of all Children's Clubs in Canada. I was surprised and delighted to receive it and I display it with pride. I enjoy all parts of the W.H.M., especially the Cosy Corner and the stories. Thanking you again, I am, Richard Lee.

Dear Bobby Burke:—Thank you for button. It is so pretty that I am never tired of looking at it. I like the way it fastens too. I had a lovely flower garden; but since the frost the flowers are nearly all dead. The pansies and the stocks are the only ones that are still in bloom. We are the only ones round here who have still got green leaves on our poplar trees. I am very busy crocheting warm woollen clothes for my dolls. I do not want them to be cold this winter. I am learning grammar, history, arithmetic and hygiene at home. I do not go to school. I like grammar and history the best. Good-bye, from your friend, Iris Noel (age 9), Alcomdale, Alta.

Dear Bobby Burke:—I always read the Children's Cosy Corner and like it very much. I think the W.H.M. is a good magazine. I have read many books at school and at home. We have a library at school. I live in the country about six miles from the Saskatchewan River. I am thirteen years old and will be in the seventh grade next summer. Hoping to see this letter in print, and all success to the Cosy Corner, an interested reader.—Norris O. Gilland, Elk Point, Alta.

Dear Bobby Burke:—I thought I would write your interesting club for I have written to two other clubs and have never seen my letter in print. I like to read the letters in the Cosy Corner. I am ten, and passed into grade 6 in the spring. I have two brothers and a sister. We have all the plums and choke cherries we need on our own farm and then a lot go to waste. Will some of the girls please write to me? Funny story.—A girl was sitting at her desk with her feet in the aisle, and chewing gum. "Mary," said the teacher, "take out your gum and put your feet in." Wishing the Club much success.—Elsie Cameron, Roland, Man.

Note.—The editor has received a very long letter from a little girl in Chipman, N.B., which is unsigned. The editor must tell all the Cosy Corner readers now that no letters can be answered except through the Cosy Corner, as it would take far too much time, with the many letters we receive. Watch for your name in the Cosy Corner, and perhaps occasionally your letters, if they are interesting and not too long, will appear as well. Answers to competitions must be in by the date set because those competitions close in time for the printing of the magazine, and answers received after that date are useless. If you want to win a button keep close watch of the competitions, which are given in the page every month, as buttons cannot be awarded for general letters no matter how interesting they may be.

Vera Francis, of Carmangay, Alta., and L. May Campbell, of Beatty, Sask., would like to correspond with Cosy Corner readers.

When answering Advertisers, please mention
"The Western Home Monthly"

SOMETHING TO PLAY

Family Coach

Good games for the Christmas party—All the old favorites such as musical chairs, blind man's bluff, London Bridge, pinning tails on the donkey, drawing a pig with your eyes shut, family coach. How many of you know that good old game? First choose the best story teller in the room and warn her that she is expected to tell a most thrilling story of a coach (the big fat one you may see in all old Christmas pictures). The players then sit on the floor in a circle and each player takes the name of the part of the coach, the right front wheel of the whip, the seat, the dashboard, etc. Then the story begins, and as the story teller introduces each name the players must stand and turn round. If they fail to do this they must pay a forfeit. For instance the story may go like this: "And as the coach rolled down the hill the 'right front wheel' rolled over a big stone, tipping the coach so that the 'front seat cushion' and 'the whip' rolled into the ditch." During this sentence three people should have risen and turned round. When the words "family coach" are used every one must stand and turn. The forfeits are redeemed by this method: One person kneels blindfolded while another holds over her head the handkerchief or ribbon that has been forfeited and asks: "Heavy, heavy, what hangs over you?" "Fine or superfine" (the answer to this question is "fine" if it is a boy's forfeit or "superfine" if it is a girl's. Then the blindfolded player goes on, "to redeem this forfeit (he) or (she) must kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one that (he) or (she) loves best," or any forfeit may be given, such as a song from someone who hates to sing, an original verse recited, or some other thing which will cause fun to everyone present. This is a splendid game for young, middle-aged or old at Christmas time.

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT

Chance of a Lifetime

Aunt Mary was very strict—too strict for Eric and his little sister, who were fed up with staying with her.

She certainly tried her best to amuse and, one morning, took them to the zoo. But it was a failure.

"Eric, keep away from that cage! Molly, your hat's crooked! These seats are dirty, Eric; keep off them. If you bite the finger of your glove again, Molly, I shall take you straight home!"

It was a never-ending gramophone record on good behaviour, and Aunt Mary never seemed to tire.

At last the little party paused before a cage and Aunt Mary consulted her catalogue.

"This, children," she announced, "is an anteater."

Eric looked cautiously around as he whispered to Molly:

"Can't we push her in?"—London Blighly.

The Quarrel

Two matches were squabbling one day. When one became scratched in the fray. "You struck me!" he cried. "This the other denied."

And then lost his head right away.

—From the Youth's Companion.

The Son Went Down

Father ruefully gazed at his last dollar. "Money has wings and house rent makes it fly," he said.

"Yes," said his fifteen-year-old son, "and some houses have wings, for I've seen many a house fly."

"You're smarter than your old dad, maybe, my son, but I always thought that no part of a house except the chimney flew!"

Tom—"If a burglar entered the cellar, would the coal shoot?"

Jack—"No, but perhaps the kindling wood."

A pleasant lady customer was looking at teakettles. The patient clerk handed large teakettles and small teakettles, aluminum, porcelain, and copper. Finally the pleasant customer said: "Well, thank you very much. I was just looking for a friend."

"Wait," said the patient clerk. "Here is one more. Perhaps you will find your friend in that!"—Harper Magazine.

A Sagacious Mouse

Mice had been making inroads upon the family larder and wardrobe, and so the head of the family set a trap, the bottom of which was simply a piece of tin in which the manufacturer had left little slits, or openings, about a half inch wide, parallel with each other and extending the full length of it. When in the morning he found a single mouse rushing wildly from wall to wall of its cage, he lifted the trap from its hiding place and laid it on a thick rug in front of the grate, where a fire was burning briskly. Then, although he had no intention of being cruel, he entirely forgot that the little creature was in danger of being roasted alive.

When he returned the mouse had actually built a barrier ten or fifteen times the size of its body between itself and the fire. With its teeth it had cut away the fuzz on the surface of the rug through the slits in the bottom of the trap, and had heaped this material together into a veritable wall of defence until it entirely filled the trap.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

An Envelope Circus

We're going to start something! You know what that usually means, boys, don't you? It means there's going to be something doing! Well, there is, too, a circus, and here are the first two animals, the fierce lion and the frolicsome kangaroo. Paste a heavy envelope together, trace on the patterns, cut out carefully and crease on the dotted lines before opening the forms. The folds may be worked out from the pictures. The lion's nose, as you see, must be creased down the centre and then all pasted together after the head has been folded up and back; the mane at the front will be improved by a little pasting. If you would rather not cut the tail out of the back of the kangaroo, cut a new one from another part of the envelope. Paste it on, pointed downward at the dotted lines. Curl it up to help support her when she is sitting. The tail of the kangaroo is its chair. Could you cut some small kangaroos to ride in their mother's pocket.



SOMETHING TO DO

Send in before January 10th (prize names to appear in February number).

1. The best recipe you have for home-made candy. The prize, a W.H.M. C.C. button.

2. An original drawing (all your own work) of your own dog. His name, age and breed, with your own name, age and address to be written underneath. Now, here is a chance for the artists! We will publish the best picture, or perhaps more than one, and award a membership button in the W.H.M. C.C.

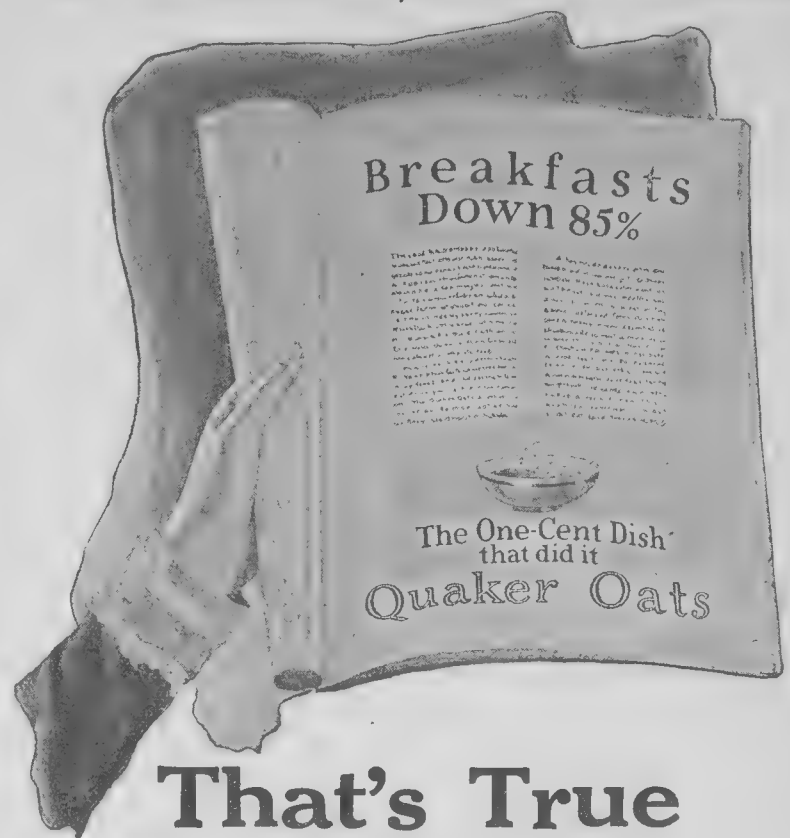
In Repose

"I see ye have a new hired man, Ezra," said Eben Potter. "How is he doing?"

"Resting considerable easier than the other one did, thank ye!" replied the grim farmer.

"There we stood, the tiger and myself, in the thick of the jungle, face to face!"

"O major, how perfectly frightful it must have been for both of you!"—Passing Show.

That's True
in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent. as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save \$125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs $6\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ per 1,000 calories, the energy measure of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

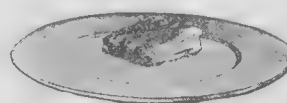


Quaker Oats
6½ cents per
1,000 Calories

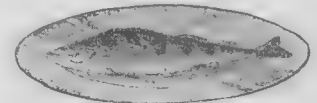
In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some \$125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As vim food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.



Average Meats
45 cents per 1,000 Calories



Average Fish
50 cents per 1,000 Calories

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Cost per Serving

Dish Quaker Oats	1c
4 ounces meat	8c
One chop	12c
Serving fish	8c
Bacon and eggs	15c

Quaker Oats

For the children's sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children's sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Make your light food nourishing

Put a spoonful of Bovril into your soups, stews and pies. It will give them a delicious new savouriness, and you will be able to get all the nourishment you require without making a heavy meal.

BOVRIL

Don't Neglect Your Teeth!

DO not abuse your system by neglecting your teeth. More than half the ailments to-day are directly due to bad teeth.

My assistants are highly qualified and thoroughly familiar with the modern methods of operating and extracting, and my system is practically painless. When in town for Christmas call at our office for free examination.

Up-to-date Repair Dept. in connection.

Dr. Parsons

McGreevy Bldg., Portage Ave., Winnipeg



Color Sells Butter

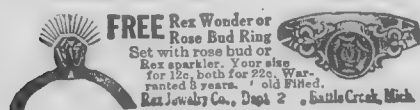
Add a rich "June shade" to the splendid taste of your butter and get top prices. Try it! It pays!

Dandelion BRAND Butter Color

gives that even, golden shade everybody wants. Purely vegetable. Harmless. Meets all laws. Small bottle costs few cents at any store. Enough to color 500 lbs.

Silk Remnants for making Quilts, Pillow Tops, Bags, Portieres, Fancy Work, etc. Send 10c. for big package of beautiful pieces in rich colours and attractive patterns, and our catalog describing our wonderful remnant bargains.

Dept. 41, Chicago Silk Co., 39 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.



CROCHETED TAMS AND TOQUES

The woollen tam and toque will be very popular this year with the school girl and the sports girl. Here are a few suggestions which will prove helpful to those who like to make their own. The brushed wool toque is very much in vogue and is easily made if instructions are carefully followed. To some the tam appeals and the one depicted here is very becoming. The child's toque and baby's hood in wedge stitch if worked in two colors of wool will turn out dainty and comfy. These tams and toques do not take much time to make and may yet be done in good time for Christmas gifts.

LADIES' CROCHETED TAM

Monarch Down.

2 Balls Jade.

1 ball White.

1 Medium Bone Crochet Hook.

1st row—Ch. 3, join in ring, 7 s.c. in ring. 2nd row—2 s.c. in each of 7 sts. Take up both threads of st. throughout entire cap. 3rd row—* 2 s.c. in 1 st., 1 s.c. in next st. Repeat from * around row having 7 widening points. These are called sections. 4th row—* 2 s.c. in

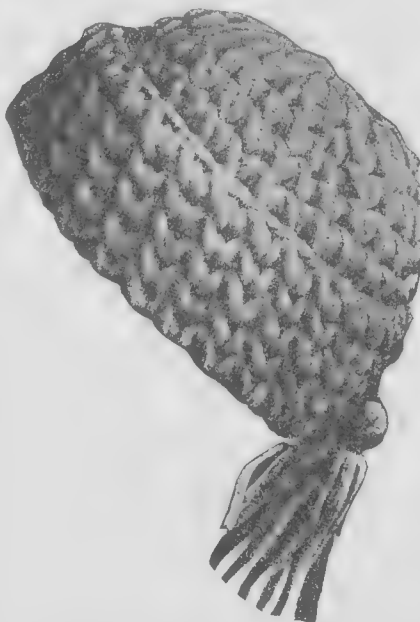


Child's Crocheted Hood. Instructions on page 96

draw through all loops on needle, chain 1, * hook in same space, draw up a loop, wool over, hook in next space, draw up a loop, wool over, draw through all on hook, chain 1, and repeat from *, widening by making an extra stitch in every other stitch of last round.

3. Widen in every 3rd stitch.

4. Widen in every 6th stitch.



Work six times around plain, that is, without widening; then if color is used for the turnover, join it in and work once around, turn the work so that the border will be right side out when turned up, and work around five times more. Make a chain of 18 or 20 stitches, according to length you wish the tassel, wind the wool over four fingers, or a card five inches wide, 20 times, slip off, tie tightly near one end to form the head of tassel, and cut open the other end.

LADY'S BRUSHED WOOL HAT WITH FILET CROCHET BORDER

Abbreviations: ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; h., hole.

Materials: 4 oz. of Teazle Wool and 1 oz. of the same wool in a contrasting shade, for the border.

A steel hook size 1½, and a wire brush. The hat measures about 22 inches round the border edge, and from edge to centre top of crown 10 inches.

It is advisable to mark the commencement of each round (colored cotton or a small safety-pin is suitable for this purpose), to avoid confusion as to the starting-point of each succeeding one.

CHILD'S TOQUE IN WEDGE-STITCH

This pretty cap, which will fit a girl of ten to fourteen years, and is easily enlarged to any desired size, requires five hanks of eiderdown-wool. If desired, two colors may be used, say white for cap and blue for the turnover or border. It is worked in wedge-stitch, and Germantown wool may be used by making more stitches. Use a bone hook of suitable size, that is, one which will carry the wool easily without catching in it. Make a chain of 4 stitches and join.

1. Draw out the loop, insert hook in

ring, draw up a loop, wool over, insert hook in ring, draw up another loop, wool over, draw through all the loops on needle, chain 1, and repeat until you have 11 wedge-stitches in the ring; join.

2. Draw up loop, insert hook in 1st space, draw up a loop, wool over, hook in next space, draw up a loop, wool over,

Commence at centre of crown with four chain, which join into a ring.

1st round—Work 8 d.c. into the ring.

2nd round—* 1 d.c. into next stitch,

2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round. Twelve double crochet now in round.

3rd round—* 1 d.c. into next stitch, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round. Eighteen double crochet now in round.

4th round—* 1 d.c. into next stitch, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round. Twenty-seven double crochet now in round.

5th round—* 1 d.c. into next stitch, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round, then 1 d.c. into the odd stitch at end of round. Forty double crochet now in round.

6th round—* 1 d.c. into next stitch, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round. Sixty stitches now in round.

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th rounds—1 d.c. into each stitch in the round. Still sixty double crochet in the round.

11th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next three stitches, 2 d.c. into the next stitch, and repeat from * all round.



Seventy-five double crochet now in round.

12th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next four stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round. Ninety double crochet now in round.

13th, 14th, 15th and 16th rounds—1 d.c. into each stitch all round. Still ninety double crochet in round.

17th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next five stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round, 105 double crochet now in round.

18th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next six stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round, 120 double crochet now in round.

19th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next seven stitches, 2 d.c. into the next stitch, repeat from * all round, 135 double crochet now in round.

20th, 21st and 22nd rounds—1 d.c. into each stitch all round. Still 135 double crochet in round.

23rd round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next fourteen stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, repeat from * all round, 144 double crochet now in round.

24th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next seventeen stitches, 2 d.c. into next stitch, and repeat from * all round. 152 double crochet now in round.

Work on without further increase upon these 152 stitches for eighteen rounds, thus forming the head portion or crown. The crown is now gradually decreased to fit round the head as follows:—

43rd round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next seventeen stitches, then decrease the next two stitches thus: insert hook into the first of the two stitches, draw wool through, insert hook into the second stitch, draw wool through, then put wool over hook and draw through all three loops on hook, thus reducing the two stitches to one.

Repeat from * all round. 144 stitches now in round.

44th round—1 d.c. into every stitch all round.

45th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next twenty-two (Continued on page 96)

Our Fashion Letter giving information regarding Latest Winter Styles for all occasions

— — — — —

Specially written for "The Western Home Monthly"

The shops are showing a very interesting array of dress materials: broadcloths, serges, poplins, panamas, velour checks and plaids, and wonderful coatings, heather mixtures, tweeds and twills. In silks there is every sort of color and weave, and for every occasion, evening, afternoon or street wear. Cotton fabrics are also on view in plain and fancy crepe materials, foulards and gingham. Embroidery will be used lavishly and fur is considered good for trimming. Street dresses of dark blue tricotine are shown heavily braided in white soutache. Brown will be much in evidence in shades ranging from chestnut to the tones of henna and terra cotta. The fall blouse styles, may be long over the hips, or end at the waistline. Girdles are shown usually as part of the blouse or cut in one with it. "Tie back" effects are very popular. Some blouse models in heavy silk, button at the centre and up to the chin, and are finished with flaring peplums to hip length. The best blouses are in subdued colors, with the trimming of bright colored embroideries. Heavy embroidery in wools, chenille and silk, beading and applied motifs are featured. Leather will be a stylish trimming on serge and tricotine. Dyed laces in popular shades, especially blue and brown will be used. Black lace is shown on dinner and evening gowns, of velvet, taffeta or satin. For the navy blue school dress a smart finish would be a collar and cuff set of orange or canary organdy. Plaited skirts are still popular, many are so plaited that the plaits are apparent only when one walks. The woman who travels may have a jacket suit, or a three-piece model, or a one-piece frock with short coat of fur, or a utility coat of duvetyn or tweed. With a dark suit, a blouse of matching color, but thin fabric mounted on a lining is best. The hat should be small or medium size, never large, for wear with a tailored suit. For informal evening affairs a dress of black velvet or satin is attractive, with short sleeves, round neck, and a smart sash. Always long white gloves are required. A collar of fine lace or embroidery may trim an evening gown. Collars and laces tinted to a cream or ivory shade are very appropriate and charming. Copper dyed and honey color laces are used for dress trimmings as well as for millinery. Grey will be a good Fall and Winter color, as will also taupe in the light shades for young women, darker shades in taupe are reserved for matrons. Tulle chiffon and crepe will be used for girdles, tied back in bows and finished with streamers. Skirts of tailored dresses remain short and scant. Suit coats may be short, half long and three-quarters long, and though some belted models are shown, the majority are fitted at the waistline and flare below. This is a strong indication that circular skirts and draperies will be popular before the close of the season. Tailored sleeves are straight and sewed into the arms without fulness. Coat collars are straight and high and convertible. The Russian blouse style is in evidence on many new models, with side closing and loose belt. Afternoon dresses will show long sleeves and high close fitting collars. For home and evening wear skirts are comfortably full. A dress of French serge may be attractively trimmed with rows of soutache braid. Worsted embroidery and a shaped collar of chiffon form an effective decoration for a taffeta dress. A frock of broadcloth may have novelty braid embroidery for decoration, or bands of velvet. Brocaded satin and serge go well together. Girdles are again in vogue, usually they form part of the blouse, or are cut in one with it; some are in tie-back style. Jacket effects are shown on some of the new blouses, with closings to the chin. While colors for separate blouses are all subdued, the trimmings are bright and brilliant; heavy embroidery in wools, chenilles, and silks are shown, also beading, and applied motifs. Collars and cuff sets of canary or orange color organdie and mull, are used on frocks of navy blue, brown and black. A blouse of grosgrain taffeta is finished with sash ends of self material, crossed over the front at the centre, and fastened with a large buckle. On a blouse of silk duvetyn, bands of georgette in a matched shade form a very effective trimming. A dress of brown serge is trimmed attractively with Roman silk. A dress of navy blue taffeta is trimmed with ruchings of georgette set on around the skirt at hip length in oval motifs. Sleeve frills and a vestee of the georgette complete a very pretty effect. A smart frock of serge has a vestee and collar of satin, edged with a tiny frill of self material. A coat of broadcloth or velour has a narrow band of fur on a choker collar, fastened by one large button. Patch pockets and a narrow belt finish this style. A child's coat of wool velour may be trimmed with fur and fancy buttons. Bead embroidery is pretty on a satin dress. A collar and cuff set of filet lace is smart on a dress of brown taffeta. A dress of serge for a miss of 14, has a knife plaited skirt and a basque bodice trimmed with figured silk collar, cuffs and tie.

See following page for illustrations and
... details regarding patterns ...

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3426



WAIST
3175

SKIRT
3417



3075



3405

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

(Continued from previous page)

A Simple Frock for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3432 was used for this model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. As here shown the dress is of plaid gingham with collar, belt and cuffs of white drill. One could have checked woollen, serge, velveteen, taffeta, gabardine or percale. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Combination—Waist pattern 3418 and skirt pattern 3413 are here portrayed. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard at the foot, and will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 26-inch size. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. Plaid suiting and serge combined would be attractive for the skirt. The waist could be of linen, flannel, batiste, lawn, satin or crepe. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Gown for Dress Occasions—Waist pattern 3175 and skirt pattern 3417 are here combined. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width at the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the entire gown of one material will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. For tunic and waist body of contrasting material $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards will be required and $4\frac{1}{2}$ for skirt and yoke. Velvet and satin, net and satin or silk, crepe and lace or, satin and georgette would be attractive for this style. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A New and Attractive Style for the Young Miss—Pattern 3410 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 4 yards of 44-inch material. Embroidered serge, printed crepe, beaded georgette, tricotine, satin, and velveteen are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Very Pleasing, and Youthful Design—Pattern 3424 is here portrayed. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 44-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Serge or velveteen, braided or braid trimmed, plaid or check suiting, also broadcloth and tricotine are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Styles—2991—Percale, gingham, chambray, lawn, flannette, and drill are good materials for this style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or loose, at elbow length. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Charmingly Quaint Dress for the Little Girl—Pattern 3428 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. A 4-year size will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 27-inch material. Challie, embroideries "all-over," voile or batiste, taffeta or china silk, serge, albatross and gabardine, also linen, and gingham may be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

For the Little Ones' Wardrobe—3001—You will find this coat very comfortable and pleasing in velvet, plush or other pile fabrics, also in silk, velour, bedford cord, eiderdown, serge and other coatings. The cap could be of material contrasting to that of the coat, and will be suitable for lingerie fabrics as well as the heavier materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch material for the coat and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch material for the cap, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of lining. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Simple Apron With New Pocket Feature—Pattern 3414 is shown in this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, linen, lawn, seersucker, drill, sateen and alpaca are attractive for this style. The pocket is stitched underneath the apron at the sides, and the flap buttons over it. The pocket may be placed over the apron if preferred. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Set of Nursery Toys—2298—This comprises a monkey, a rabbit and an elephant. Developed in flannel, cotton or domed flannel and stuffed with cotton, down or swadust, these animals are the delight of little children. The patterns are cut in one size only. It will require one yard of brown flannel for the monkey and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of red flannel for his suit. The elephant requires one yard. The rabbit $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Blouse Dress for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3409 is shown in this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 10-year size will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Velveteen, taffeta, satin, tricotine, serge, gabardine, and all wash fabrics are attractive for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Gown—Pattern 3405 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inch bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is about 2 yards. This will be an excellent model for crepe de meteor, crepe de chine, velveteen, satin, taffeta, or printed georgette, also for serge, tricotine, duvetyn and gabardine. Braid, fur, pipings, lace or embroidery may serve for decoration. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Costume—Ladies' waist pattern 3425 and skirt pattern 3419 are here developed. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Embroidered duvetyn and crepe are here combined. To make this costume for a medium size will require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Attractive School Dress—Pattern 3431 was used to develop this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. The blouse closes at the left side in front. As here portrayed, blue serge braided with fine soutache was used to make this attractive style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



CORRECT LINES

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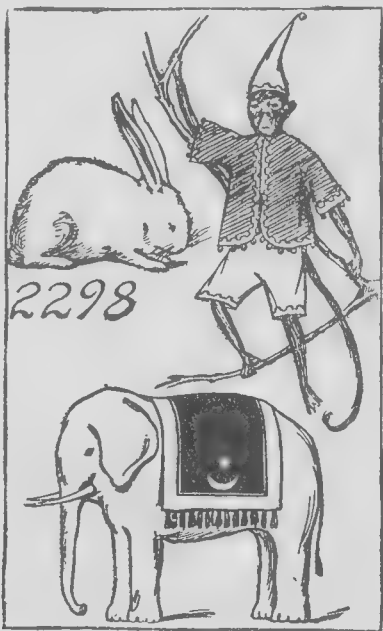
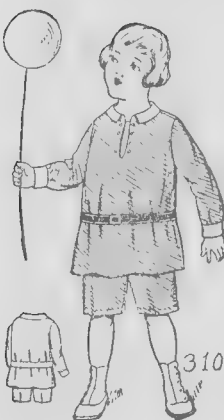
A Smart Coat Model for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3373 is here depicted. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 42-inch material. Serge, cheviot, polo cloth, evora cloth, velours, tricotine and also pile fabrics, velvet, corduroy and caracul are attractive for this model. The collar may be worn closed high at the neck or rolled in revers styles, as illustrated. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Work or Morning Dress—Pattern 3426 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. This design has good features. The blouse may be slipped under the skirt, and the bib portion arranged over its front in apron style. When not required the bib portion is slipped under the blouse, which worn over the skirt turns the dress into a model which may be worn out of doors for shopping, marketing, etc. The width of the skirt at the foot is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Child's Dress—3075. This is a new and attractive model, very nice for gingham, lawn, batiste, nain-sook, percale, silk or poplin. The sleeve may be finished in bishop style or in elbow length, as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Blue or white linen embroidered, or piped with a contrasting color, would be good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for Small Boy—Pattern 3103, cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years, is here illustrated. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth, velvet, corduroy, linen, gingham, chambray, and drill could be used for this model. Size 4 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern to this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Night Dress—Pattern 3406 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. Muslin, lawn, dimity, crepe, washable satin, crepe de chine, cross-bar muslin and silk may be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



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Correspondence

The editor of the Correspondence Page wishes to thank the writers to this page for the many interesting letters that have come to his desk during the past year. It is the aim to make this page as entertaining and instructive as possible. These columns are open to all correspondents who submit matter of general interest. That the page has been a source from which its readers have derived much enjoyment and information is evidenced by its popularity. The publishers of the magazine unite with the editor in wishing all the contributors to this section a Bright and Merry Christmas and goodly prosperity in the forthcoming year.

An Eloquent Toiler of the Land

Dear Editor and Readers,—Seeing many letters in your delightful, interesting and instructive journal, qualifying the good will and appreciation of so many readers, it has also tempted me to congratulate its many merits and rejoice with all lovers of good literature. I note that the W. H. M. is a journal especially adapted to reach the minds and requirements of all classes of people no matter whether they live in city or country. I am a person without envy toward our city friends. I live in the country and pursue the duties allotted to the farmer. But I love our city neighbors and if their ideals, beauties and happiness are to be found there, we as free, high-minded farmers and farm-ettes should rejoice with them, for were it not for the two classes neither could have the pleasure of admiring the other. As for myself, I have experienced a bit of life in both city and country. I admire our fine cities made up and composed of people with refinement and superb intellect. I thrill with rapture and gratitude when I comprehend the greatness and goodness of our many institutions of business and learning. Then we may say our cities are beautiful indeed.

But, "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods. There is society where none intrude, by the deep sea with music in its roar." Yes, I love the freedom of country life. I like my pets of the animal and bird creation. Nature is beautiful and seems to draw the mind from the handwork of man and fix and fasten it in close touch with the Almighty Maker of the universe.

Now, Lady Nowah, Reader and June Artist, is not this the real issue of your country delights where you go to send in your day-dreams? Lest I impose upon the generosity and good nature of our editor for space in his journal, I bid you now a friendly adieu.

40 Bachelor.

Not Luck but Pluck

Dear Editor,—Here I come, through the downpouring rain and icy blast, hoping to gain shelter in this illuminated corner. The W. H. M. is certainly a good story-teller. I just love to listen to its wonderful tales. "Peaches." What a very poor name you suggested for the man who does his own house-keeping! If you had put the letter "P" before the letter "L" it would have sounded better, but that wouldn't do, anyway. A girl who runs a farm is called a farmerette. You know when they want to name a substitute for something they put "ette" at the end, such as flannel, flannelette; Harry, Harriette. So I think an imitation housekeeper should be called a housekeeperette. Eh, what, "Bubbles"?

"Just Guess," you look to me like an unmarried school-mam in her early thirties. Am I right? I hope all the young men who read your letter will turn over a new leaf. If they do the "Toes of Toinette" will be theirs.

"Maid of the West," I thank you for your compliment and I should think you deserve one. Judging from the lovely description of your city, I should think you were living in Calgary, Victoria or Kamloops. I hail from a close

relative of the latter. Well, as you are all tired of my company, I will depart. With best wishes.

November.

Wants to Meet "Just Guess"

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been a subscriber to the W. H. M. for only a short time and am very pleased with it. I have been reading the Correspondence Page and quite enjoy it. "Just Guess" has ridden rough-shod over the popular young man and I quite agree with her in most things she says, and I am very glad there is someone who has much the same idea on that subject as myself. May also add that I would be very pleased to meet her, be she married or single. There is just one thing; she blames the parents too much I think. Of course, we all know that the bringing-up a boy gets has much to do with the way he turns out. I think, "Just Guess," that you forgot to mention the more rough and ready he is the more careless and useless he becomes and the girls fall right in line with him. So just as long as there is that kind of a girl there will be that kind of a young man. There is heaps more I could say on the subject, but perhaps someone else would like to have their say. However, I am very thankful that I am not one of those popular fellows, yet am a long way from being ideal, but if I were the fellow that my mother thinks I am, I would be quite all right.

I think "Jean" must be just about as sympathetic as Dr. Burke in Dorothy Canfield's story in the October issue.

Hoping to see this epistle in print.

Fault-finder.

P.S.—If any readers care to write I promise to answer all letters.

More Fun in Summer

Dear Editor and Readers,—This is my first letter to your interesting Correspondence Page, and I hope to see it in print. I live on a farm and am very fond of animals, especially horses. My home is in southern Alberta on the open prairie. I possess a pony.

I liked "Lady Nowah's" letter. I wish she would write to me. I think there is a happier time to be had on the farm in the summer than in winter. In the summer we have riding, dancing, motor-ing and picnics. I have a Brownie No. 3 which takes very clear pictures. If "Lady Nowah" cares to write I might be able to give her some advice about her camera. I have had my camera for about three years. It takes splendid pictures. I print and develop the pictures myself. I love to crochet and tatt, also embroider. We have a big phonograph which is a great pastime in the winter. The crops are good this year. I did some stooking.

Too bad about your flapjacks, "Lonely Bach." I enjoyed "Steve's" letter, it was very interesting. I think my letter is getting rather long, so I will close.

Would like to correspond with "Lady Nowah," if she cares to write. My address is with the editor.

Primrose No. 2.

Health Comes First

Dear Correspondents,—Since living on a farm, I have been reading The Western Home Monthly regularly, and I think it is the best magazine in Western Canada. I enjoy the Correspondence columns especially. I have always lived in the city until about a year ago, when I decided to try farm life, and now I wouldn't want to live anywhere else, though I know lots of farm boys that are going off to the city. I used to miss the noise and life of the city, but in a few months I learned to love the big, free, open prairie. While I like the farm I am on, I am not so sure that the farm likes me, as I do play some wild tricks on others sometimes. But they always forgive me, for which I am grateful, for mischief just pops out before I can



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Correspondence think. What can you expect from a boy of 19? This Thanksgiving Day I was just thinking how much I have to be thankful for. Healthy, hard work in the open air; congenial associates and a pleasant home. I guess health is the best gift a person can have. I have often heard people say that it is easy to be cheerful if you are healthy.

I suppose all the girls are busy making all those pretty Christmas presents that I see in the magazine. That is where girls have an advantage over boys, for we can't make boudoir caps and do filet work, whatever that is. Won't someone enlighten me?

This seems to be growing into a rather long letter, so I had better stop and give someone else some room. Wishing you all good luck.

A Bad Pill.

A Newcomer from Ohio

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have read The Western Home Monthly for only a short while, as I have not lived in Canada quite a year, but I think it is a very interesting magazine, especially the Correspondence Page. I, like "Steve," was interested in the letter from "Hokus-Pokus," but I do not agree with him about the loneliness of the farm, because I do get lonesome at times. To account for that I came from a more thickly populated country. I came from Ohio to Canada, but spent most of my life in the heart of the hills in West Virginia, the home of the Cherokee Indian, and, like the Indian, I long for the upland when I get lonesome.

I think if "Violin Lover" would thaw out himself a little bit, the girls would not be so cold.

I have a team of Kentucky horses which I brought from Ohio, and, like "Steve," wish Cupid would help me find a fair coachman. I am eighteen years of age, five feet five inches in height and weigh 135 lbs.

With the best of luck to the editor and all the readers of the Correspondence Page, my address is with the editor.

A Mountain Lad.

Jimmy is a Girl

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been reading your most interesting paper for the first time to-day and certainly enjoyed it, especially the Correspondence Page.

I live on a farm in northern Saskatchewan and like outdoor life and sports just fine. I have often helped out with the farm work when hands were scarce.

"Jean's" letter interested me much. I agree with her that the stories of The Western Home Monthly are fine. I also enjoyed the letter written by "Peaches." Wonder if he means what he says about "Mr. Luckyboy." I believe he is trying to work up an argument.

I would like to hear from any readers near my own age, seventeen. Although I am a girl I will sign myself,

Jimmy.

Does Not Like City

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been an interested reader of your magazine for some time, but never had the courage to write before and should not have done so even now had I not been lonely and saw a letter in your September number from Manitoba and the farm. I, too, have lived on a farm in Manitoba, but came to the Coast to attend business school. I have heard city girls say, "City for mine!" and I wonder if they have ever known anything else. The city does not appeal to me. I am fond of horseback riding and have done a great deal of it. I also like skating and dancing and would like to hear from any of the readers. My address is with the editor. Wishing the magazine every success.

A.L.C.H.

Excuses are the patches with which we seek to repair the garment of failure.



Growing Old Together

THIS aged couple, mellowed by time and the experiences of life, are happily growing old together.

They are happy because they are healthy. Life is still full of interest to them, and they are wide awake to new ideas.

These are the kind of old people that everybody likes. For, in spite of the years, they are cheerful and optimistic.

It is only natural that the blood should get thin and vitality wane as age advances, but there are ways of keeping up the quality of the blood and maintaining health and vigor.

Very many men and women have found in Dr. Chase's Nerve Food exactly what they need to restore energy and strength and keep them healthy and happy.

As an example Mr. Stephen J. Leard, North Tryon, P.E.I., writes: "At seventy-five years of age my heart gave out and became very irregular and weak in action and would palpitate. My nerves also became weak, and I could do nothing but lie in bed in a languishing condition, losing strength and weight. In that condition I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and am cured. Had I not obtained this treatment I would now be in the box with the roof over my nose. At eighty-one I have an energy which means go, and I am writing this letter so that old people like myself may prolong their health and strength by using this great medicine."

There can be no doubt that this treatment contained exactly what was required to build up Mr. Leard's system.

We are constantly receiving so many letters of this kind that we can, with the greatest confidence, recommend people of advanced years to put Dr. Chase's Nerve Food on trial, as a means of restoring and maintaining health and vigor.

Here is another interesting letter. This time from a lady:

Mrs. Joseph Lalonde, Hydro Glen, Ont., writes: "I have to thank you very much for what your medicines have done for me, especially the Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills. I was so run down and nervous last summer that I was in bed most of the time, unable to do any work. I have also been troubled with my kidneys for over twenty years, and tried every doctor I knew of without any permanent results, but I can say that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills have made me feel quite different. Since taking this combined treatment I have been able to do my housework, and although I am now 76 years old, I feel better than I have for years."

("I know Mrs. Joseph Lalonde, and believe her statement regarding Dr. Chase's medicines to be true."—W. P. Flannery, Postmaster.)

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Work for Busy Fingers

Cont'd from page 90

stitches, then decrease the next two stitches as directed in previous decrease round, and repeat from * all round. 138 double crochet now in round.

46th round—1 d.c. into each stitch all round.

47th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next twenty-one stitches, then decrease the next two stitches, and repeat from * all round. 132 stitches now in round.

48th round—1 d.c. into each stitch all round.

49th round—* 1 d.c. into each of the next twenty stitches, then decrease the next two stitches, repeat from * all round. 126 double crochet now in round. Work eight more rounds without further decrease upon these 126 stitches. Now join on the contrasting wool for the border, and work one round, putting 1 d.c. into each stitch all round. Here the filet pattern is commenced.

1st round—Five chain to commence the round, miss two stitches, 1 tr. into next stitch, * 2 ch., miss two stitches, 1 tr. into next, and repeat from * until two stitches of round only remain, then 2 ch., and slip-stitch into the third chain of the five worked at the beginning. There will be forty-two holes in the round.

2nd round—Five chain to commence round, 1 tr. on first treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, repeat from * all round, then 2 ch., and slip-stitch into third chain of the five commencing the round. There are still forty-two holes in round.

3rd round—Five chain to commence round, 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round but finish at end of the group of four treble, making the fourth treble of this group by slip-stitching into the third chain of the five at commencement. There are five holes between each group of four treble in this round.

4th round—Three chain to stand for first treble of round, 2 tr. into first hole, 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., miss two treble, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round, finishing with 2 ch. after the group of four treble, and slip-stitching into the top of the third chain at commencement of the round, thus linking the pattern together.

5th round—5 ch. to commence round, miss 2 tr., 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., miss two treble, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 tr. into next hole, 1 tr. on next treble, 2 ch., miss two treble, 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round, working at end the 2 tr. into hole, and slip-stitching into the third chain of the five at commencement to form the fourth treble of this group, and so complete the pattern.

6th round—Five chain to commence, 1 tr. on next treble, * 2 ch., 1 tr. on next treble, and repeat from * all round, making 2 ch., and slip-stitching into third chain of the five at commencement to complete last hole of round.

Last round—1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c., all into first hole, * 1 d.c., 2 ch., 1 d.c., all into next hole, and repeat from * all round. Fasten off securely

Turn the hat inside out, as this will be the right side of it, and brush well all over, using the brush in one direction only. The filet border should not be brushed, as the design is more effective if the border is left smooth.

After the hat is brushed turn back the border.

CHILD'S CROCHETED HOOD IN WEDGE-STITCH

See page 90 for illustration

Materials required are one and one-half hanks of 4-fold Germantown wool, white, or any preferred color, and a bone crochet-hook of medium size. While intended for a small child, this hood

may be very easily enlarged to fit any head.

Chain 4 stitches with white wool, join.

1. Chain 3 for a treble, 19 trebles in ring, join.

2. Draw up a loop, insert hook in 1st stitch, * wool over, draw up a loop, wool over, hook in next stitch, over, draw up a loop, wool over, draw through all the loops on hook, chain 1, insert hook in same stitch, and repeat from * until there are 19 wedge-stitches in the round.

3. Draw up loop, insert hook in 1st space, draw up a loop, over, insert hook in next space, draw up a loop, over, draw through all loops on the needle, chain 1, * insert hook in same space, draw up a loop, over, insert hook in next space, draw up a loop, over, draw through all stitches on needle, chain 1, and repeat, widening by putting 2 stitches in every 3rd of previous round.

4. Widen in every 5th stitch.

5. Plain, that is, without widening.

6. Widen every 3rd stitch.

7, 8, 9. Plain.

10. Plain to within 7 stitches of the end; break wool and fasten it at other end again.

11, 12, 13, 14, 15. Same as 10th row, leaving the 7 stitches for back of neck.

16. Fasten in, chain 3, and work a treble in every stitch. It is very pretty to use a thread of ice-wool with the Germantown when making the border.

17, 18. A double in each stitch around bottom or neck of hood.

19, 20, 21, 22, 23. A double in each stitch across front, working in both veins of stitch.

Turn back the border, finish with a bow of ribbon at back, a rosette on top, and ribbon ties.

To make the hood larger you have but to continue widening the crown until of proper size, which will make the front proportionally longer and leave the neck wider. Any fancy stitch may be used in the same way, following the general directions given.

Classify Our Eggs

Cont'd from page 87

is subjected to certain temperatures and also it will not keep evil odors from affecting the contents.

The system of grading eggs is a very commendable one and should appeal to all consumers and retailers. A dozen eggs may consist of many kinds such as large, small, clean, dirty, new laid, and nearly stale. A bad egg or two in a dozen may give all the rest of them a bad name and cause dissatisfaction to a good customer. The systematic classification of eggs puts your business into the daylight and the various grades may be sold at a fair price as such grades. The adoption of the system of weight would be far more satisfactory than selling eggs of miscellaneous sizes, for with the latter plan it is somewhat of a gamble in regard to value. For instance, one customer may purchase some eggs for a given price, then another customer may come along and purchase the same quantity of eggs, paying exactly the same price and have a fairly good margin of value over the first customer in the extra weight of his eggs. Eggs should weigh a pound and a half to the dozen.

Cleanliness is a very important factor in the egg market and if the eggs are put up attractively one may rest assured they will have a far greater appeal to the buying public than a similar group of eggs with just as good merit under the shell but lacking in the clean appearance. Cardboard cartons with the name of the retailer on the lid and made to contain a dozen eggs apiece have a winning way with the public, and make the handling of eggs much safer.

An Easy Way to Raise Poultry

"What," said the lady who does her own marketing, "is the price of these chickens?"

"A dollar and a quarter apiece, ma'am," replied the market woman.

"Did you raise them yourself?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes, ma'am. They was only a dollar ten last week," was the reply.

Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

trading and bargaining the element of goodwill, is proving his religion. Extortion and injustice are wholly irreconcilable ideals. Every man must make his choice. No one can play a double game.

INTERNATIONAL GOOD-WILL

In their thinking some men get little beyond the circle of self, others get little beyond the family circle. The great majority think on terms of the community and the nation, but sad to say, some never rise beyond this to the conception of universal brotherhood. Now, it is right that a man should be loyal to himself; it is an imperative duty that he should look after his own family; if he is to accomplish anything worth while he must unite with members of the community in furthering community ends, and if he is to discharge the duties of citizens he must be possessed of a patriotic spirit, he must love his land "with a love unfeigned," and serve it "with a gladness of mind." Yet, there is a possibility beyond all this. The people of Germany were incapable of taking the next step. They were too intensely German. There are signs that some of the people to the south of us are too intensely American. It comes out in the utterances of their public men and the foolish claims of their writers in their magazines. So too, it is possible that we in Canada may be so limited in our sympathy that we may never see the people beyond our borders, nor understand how our own happiness and welfare are wrapped up in their prosperity and how our thoughts of self and man and God, are dependent upon a recognition of the rights and claims of others.

There are some who go so far as to say that national allegiance stands in the way of world brotherhood. This is a fundamental error. The only way for a man to reach the broader conception is to work up by degrees from the lower orders. Shakespeare was right when he said:

"This above all, to thine own self be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to anyman."

In the same way it is only the man who is true to himself, his family, his neighborhood and his nation, that is capable of the love, that will encompass all men. A broad cosmopolitanism which is not prepared for by concrete manifestations at home, has nothing in it of enduring quality. If you like to say it, here is the weakness of Bolshevism and related movements.

For those who have perfected themselves in the smaller sphere there is need to-day as never before of viewing all actions and problems as they affect the world or the whole of mankind. Anything that does not make for universal well-being is amiss. Good-will in its highest form is good-will to men. That feeling which prompted the great leaders of the world to aim at a League of Nations was a truly christian feeling. The expression of their wish may not have been satisfactory to all, but the idea was a noble one, and it must in time prevail. It is impossible that the people of this world shall continue to be arrayed against each other in worrying groups. Whatever others may say or do it is for christian people to emphasize that good-will which recognizes the right of all men to divine Sonship. Race, language, creed, and color, these represent only minor distinctions in the great family of the "Children of the King." And so at Christmas time we can all join in the angel song—good-will at home, good-will in the nation, good-will in the whole round world. Let the bells ring out peace—good-will to men.

THE REFERENDUM

The three prairie provinces are to be congratulated upon their decision to prohibit the importation of liquor. Whatever action will now be taken by the various governments will depend no doubt upon the expressed will of the people. The next vote will take the form: "Do you favor government control of liquor shops or do you wish the province to be bone dry?" This question is a simple one and people will have little difficulty in arriving at a decision. There are some things we have a right to prohibit in any land. Among these are forms of amusement, occupations and temptations that are likely to misdirect or injure the developing life of young people. We are probably guilty in not exercising supervision in many lines. In the case of liquor we do well to keep it away from children, and because of them we willingly forego any desires we may have acquired as older

people. The voice of a man who is claiming individual liberty is drowned out by the voices of children claiming protection. That is one argument we cannot overlook. My neighbor was right when he said: "I'll vote not for myself but for wee David."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

It was very difficult for a Canadian to get excited over the American elections. On one side a man who opposed the League of Nations, without knowing what he would put in its place, and yet claiming that something should be put in its place, on the other side a man who tried to win the election in America by telling Britain how to settle her distinctively local problems,—it was pretty hard to distinguish between them. Fortunately we have learned that in American elections it is possible to discount the utterances of the speakers. President Harding will no doubt work out something almost similar to the League and will claim that it is a wholly new idea. The Democrats will say that it is the same thing in a new dress. And so the agreement will continue. What need we care, provided the nations of the world come together to prevent war and to guard the rights of the weaker? Towards this end we can all work, and we can extend to the President-elect our best wishes that he may be successful beyond all expectations in realizing his hopes for world-peace. We trust that when his term of office has expired his name will be as highly esteemed as the names of the great men who have preceded him in office.

HOW "MEDICINE HAT" GOT ITS NAME

By Max McD.

It will be surprising to many people to be told that a head-piece was responsible for the name of the Western Canadian City which Rudyard Kipling designated "The City Born Lucky" and there are few who really know the incident that called forth the name.

Medicine means more to an Indian than to us. We think of it as something diabolical that is good for us—queer anomaly—but the Indian distinguishes as "good medicine" and "bad medicine" anything that he fancies will change his fortunes for better or worse. Imagine that an Indian is hunting antelope and meeting with no success. Presently he finds an empty rifle shell or the top of a tomato tin, and shortly after he gets a crack at his game. Can he doubt that the piece of tin or the shell gave the luck. Not he. In this he is as reasonable as many of his white brothers. He wears that tomato tin or empty shell about his neck with his other jewelry and it is "good medicine."

Well, several years ago there was a Blackfoot chief who lived in the vicinity of Seven Person's Creek which is now the City of Medicine Hat. He and his party hunted mostly, and for diversion made war on their enemies, the Crees. He had much satisfaction in the wearing of a head-piece of feathers which he called his "medicine hat," for when he wore it he had good fortune if he had luck.

It was a dark day for the chief when he last met the Crees in the place where now stands the growing city. He fell upon them with great industry, smiling, slaying, scalping, fairly beaming with satisfaction. But just as the enemy was in flight a gust of wind whirled out of the west, caught the magic hat, and tossed it into the swift-running Saskatchewan. Instant was the effect; the poor chief lost all confidence in himself and his cause, and with victory at his hand he forebore to grasp it, but fled over the plains toward the Rockies followed by his tribe.

And thus befell the evil that leaves its record in Medicine Hat.

A Polite Inquiry

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor, says a writer in the Cleveland "Leader," he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw the little boy sitting on the edge of the pig-pen, watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he.

"How is your pig to-day?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"



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